

The **A** **MERICAN** **L** **EGION** *Monthly*



The Story **ARMISTICE**
of the
BY THE AMERICAN HIGH COMMISSIONER



"No, I'm too tired to play..."

Too tired. You like to play . . . but your energy is low. Why? Has sluggish health taken the snap out of living and made your physical condition a source of constant complaint?

Constipation—insidious foe of health—will undermine even the *strongest* physique. The wastes produced by the body must be thrown off, else disaster is certain. Constipation is the root of nearly all sickness!

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Pluto Mineral Water comes direct to you from America's greatest spa—French Lick Springs. Here this natural mineral water is fortified, sealed in sterilized bottles, and

shipped to every part of the world. Thousands of people annually travel to French Lick to drink the health-giving waters; you, in your own home, may enjoy the same health benefits!

Used regularly, Pluto Mineral Water prevents constipation and its disagreeable results. (Many take a little each morning upon arising, diluted in plain hot water.) Or Pluto Mineral Water affords sure, safe, and rapid relief—even in the most stubborn case of constipation. It acts gently, yet surely. From thirty minutes to two hours is the usual time.

Pluto Mineral Water is bottled at French Lick Springs, and is sold throughout the country at drug stores and at fountains. Ask the fountain specialist to mix your drink of Pluto Mineral Water with any of the popular thirst-quenchers.

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Since earliest times, French Lick has enjoyed a reputation as a health resort. Today French Lick is America's foremost spa, where thousands come to take rejuvenating baths and drink the health-giving waters. Golf (two eighteen-hole courses), horseback riding, tennis, hiking, and other outdoor sports; a huge 800-room fireproof hotel; complete medical staff in attendance. For reservations address French Lick Springs Hotel Co., French Lick, Ind., T. D. TAGGART, Pres. Booklet free.



When Nature
Won't,
Pluto Will

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America's Laxative

WATER
Mineral Water . . .



They Jeered at Me— But I Made Them Applaud Me Three Weeks Later!

I HAD never been called on to speak before but I thought of course I could do as well as the rest of the bunch. When the chairman asked me to say a few words I told him I wasn't a speaker, but he said, "Oh, it's easy, you won't have a bit of trouble. Just talk naturally."

The minute I was on my feet I began to realize that speaking was a lot more difficult than I had expected. I had made a few notes of what I wanted to say, and had gone over my speech at home several times, but somehow I couldn't seem to get started. Everyone appeared to be bored and hostile. Suddenly I noticed two of the members whispering and laughing. For an instant I almost lost control of myself and wanted to slink out of that room like a whipped cur. But I pulled myself together and made a fresh attempt to get started when someone in the audience said, "Louder and funnier!" Everyone laughed. I stammered a few words and sat down!

And that was the way it always was—I was always trying to impress others with my ability—in business, in social life—in club work—and always failing miserably. I was just background for the rest—I was given all the hard committee jobs, but none of the glory, none of the honor. Why couldn't I talk easily and fluently like other men talked? Why couldn't I put my ideas across clearly and forcefully, winning approval and applause? Often I saw men who were not half so thorough

nor so hard working as I promoted to positions where they made a brilliant showing—not through hard work, but through their ability to talk cleverly and convincingly—to give the appearance of being efficient and skillful.

In 20 Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me a forceful speaker almost overnight. I learned how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. At the next meeting, just three weeks later, I got up and made the same speech I had tried to make before—but presented so forcefully, so convincingly that when I had finished they actually applauded me!

Soon I had won salary increases, promotion, popularity, power. Today I always have a ready flow of speech at my command. I am able to rise to any occasion, to meet any emergency with just the right words. And I accomplished all this by developing the natural power of speech possessed by everyone, but cultivated by so few—by simply spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of my own home, on this most fascinating subject.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing talker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-conscious-

ness and hashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Today business demands for the big, important, high-salaried jobs, men who can dominate others—men who can make others do as they wish. It is the power of forceful, convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation; another from a small, unimportant territory to a sales-manager's desk; another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national importance; a timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker. Thousands have accomplished just such amazing

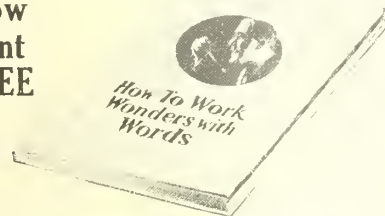
things through this simple, easy, yet effective training.

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This book is called, *How to Work Wonders With Words*. In it you are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things that keep you silent while men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech.

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Not only men who have made millions but thousands have sent for this book—and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless "Hidden Knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

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The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly



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THE STARS IN THE FLAG

IOWA: The 29th State, admitted to the Union Dec. 28, 1846. The land passed into possession of the United States in 1803 as part of the Louisiana Purchase. The first settler was Julien Dubuque, a Frenchman, in 1788, after whom the city of Dubuque is named. His was an isolated post. Indians on trapping and hunting expeditions, especially on the trail of the buffalo, ranged over the prairies and dominated the region until the 1830's. The United States after the Black Hawk War of 1832 bought the vast hunting ground from the Indians, and American settlers came in by covered wagon to take up their homes on government lands. Before Congress established Iowa Territory in 1838 the land had been made in 1812 a part of Missouri Territory, then in 1834 a part of Michigan Territory, and in 1836 a unit in Wisconsin Territory. Population, 1840, 43,112; 1928 (U. S. est.), 2,428,000. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2,500 and over), 1000, 25.6; 1010, 30.6; 1920, 36.4. Area, 56,147 sq. miles. Density of population



(1920 U. S. Census), 43.2 per sq. mile. Rank among States (1920 U. S. Census), 16th in population, 24th in area, 24th in density. Capital, Des Moines (1928 U. S. est.), 151,900. Three largest cities, Des Moines, Sioux City, 80,000; Cedar Rapids, 58,200. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$10,511,682,000. Principal sources of wealth (1923 U. S. Census), slaughtering and meat products, \$152,631,945; butter, \$67,972,113; corn sirup, corn oil and starch, \$20,208,040; all farm products (1920 U. S. Census), \$890,391,209, corn, oats, barley, wheat, live stock; mineral products (1925), \$38,420,203, lead, coal, quarry products. Iowa had 113,719 men and women in service during the World War. State motto, adopted 1847, "Our Liberties We Prize, and Our Rights We Will Maintain." Origin of name: Named for a tribe of Sioux Indians whom the French called Aiaouez or Aiaouas and the early American settlers the Ioways. Nickname: Hawkeye State. Its "Tall Corn" state song has country-wide fame.

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THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1929, by The Legion Publishing Corporation. Published monthly at Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second class matter January 5, 1925, at the Postoffice at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 cents; yearly subscription, in the United States and possessions of the United States \$1.50, in Canada \$2, in other countries \$2.50. In reporting change of address, be sure to include the old address as well as the new. Publication Office, Indianapolis, Ind.; Eastern Advertising Office, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Western Advertising Office, 415 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

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FLORSHEIM SHOES will take you faster on the road to success—they have the well-bred smartness that oversteps obstacles. Men who wear them are the men who get there

THE MAN WHO CARES OWNS SEVERAL PAIRS

Billie and SEVERAL OTHERS

By Orland Kay Armstrong

THEY look quite hopeless when they come in," explained Miss Gladys Henderson, superintendent of The American Legion Hospital for Crippled Children at St. Petersburg, Florida. "But here's an example of how they look when they go out. Come here, Billie!"

A sturdy youngster of four who was playing on the lawn dropped his sand shovel and started in a steady walk toward the nurse. Unless one observed closely he would not see that the boy put down his feet carefully and precisely.

"This is Little Billie," the nurse smiled down at him proudly. Little Billie smiled back, his round cheeks the picture of sturdy health. Then, at a wave of her hand, he turned back to his play, oblivious of everything but that sand and shovel.

"This boy," Miss Henderson continued, "was picked up an abandoned waif by members of a Legion post near here and brought to the hospital. He was a forlorn specimen of undernourishment, and his two club-feet completed the sad picture. It is remarkable that a child born with such misshapen extremities could ever walk as you saw him walking. But marvelous modern surgical skill, plus scientific hospital handling, does it. We are corresponding with a family who plan to adopt him."

Little Billie belongs to the second largest class of orthopedic cases with which The American Legion Hospital deals, that of club-foot. He is typical of the eighty-nine children that have been admitted for treatment there since the institution was founded and sponsored by St. Petersburg Post early in 1927. Seventy of this number have been discharged as cured.

The hospital report shows that eighty-nine crippled children have been admitted for treatment, and an additional one hundred and one have been admitted to the hospital clinic. Some of the eighty-nine have gone out in a few weeks. Others have had to remain for six to nine months while the slow process of correction to bones and tissues took place. Seventy of the number have been discharged as cured or as having had everything possible done for them. Fourteen patients are now at the hospital, ranging in ages from a squirming little fellow of fourteen months who occupies a place of honor in his kiddie-coop in the "orderly room" to a girl of twelve. Forty percent of the number have been treated for infantile paralysis; twenty percent for congenital club-foot, a few for paralysis and tuberculosis of the bone, and the remainder for osteomyelitis and rickets.

Sunshine, plenty of milk and other nourishing food



A group of patients pose with Mrs. Edith Tadd Little, secretary of the board of directors of The American Legion Hospital for Crippled Children at St. Petersburg, Florida, Charles L. Snyder, president of the board, and Misses Grace Valdair and Maude Burkart of the nursing staff

assist medical skill in doing the work. The climate is favorable to outdoor play the year round, and a part of the routine of the day comprises several rounds of play in the sunshine for those who can use their legs and sunbaths for those in the chairs, unencumbered with anything but a minimum of clothing.

The hospital's financial report shows that the children are being treated at an average per capita cost of \$66.67 per month, which is considered low. Something near \$40,000 has been expended on the project. Two charity balls have averaged receipts of about \$3,000 each. All the American Legion posts of the Department of Florida have responded generously.

Some have given benefits that have netted substantial amounts.

With the St. Petersburg hospital as a guiding incentive, the whole Department of Florida has been busy with the work of aiding crippled children along lines suggested by The American Legion program. After nearly four years of preliminary activity the program became a reality when on May 30, 1929, Governor Doyle E. Carlton, in the presence of American Legion officials and sponsors of the program in the Legislature, signed a bill which appropriates \$50,000 annually to carry on the work.

Much had to be done before the State was ready to give official recognition and this liberal appropriation to the aid of crippled children. The movement took definite shape four years ago when C. Howard Rowton, Department Adjutant, recommended a committee to study the need of such public welfare service in his annual report. This committee was appointed with Judge W. S. Criswell of Jacksonville, Department Chairman of the Child Welfare Committee, as head. At the convention in Coral Gables in March, 1928, Judge Criswell made a report recommending that the Department undertake an intensive survey of the crippled children situation in Florida. The idea was enthusiastically adopted. The survey got under way, with the co-operation and support of the national organization.

That Florida Legionnaires got behind this survey with a will is proved by the fact that every post but four established a survey committee and aided in collecting the data.

The survey showed that there were in the State about two thousand crippled children under the age of sixteen. Crippled adults were included in the survey at the request of the State's vocational rehabilitation department, and the blind were included on behalf of the State School for the Blind (Continued on page 48)



Grateful for Legion help

"IT'S THE Quality of Sleep that Counts,"

says

HARVEY DUNN

"SLEEP that is broken, uncomfortable leaves the body and nerves no more rested than on going to bed. It is wholesome sleep . . . sleep that is deep, untroubled . . . that restores energy and gives one a confident start on the new day.

"My use of the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring has shown me the immense improvement this equipment makes in the quality of one's sleep. Every part of the body gets complete relaxation. I am telling all my friends to get this sleeping equipment for perfect rest."

To find out what type of sleeping equipment gave the sleeper the most actual rest per hour, the Simmons Company, through scientists, physicians, colleges, and private individuals, has made a scientific study of sleep.

The results of this study are built right into every Beautyrest Mattress . . . and into every Ace Spring. They are different, entirely, from any other mattress and spring. Mechanically and scientifically, they are perfected to give you the utmost in energizing sleep. Equip your own bed with them!

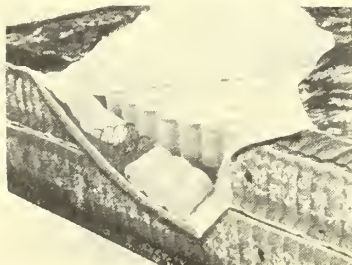
In furniture and department stores Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, \$39.50; Ace Box Spring, \$42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, \$19.75. Look for the name "Simmons". The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.



HARVEY DUNN, *Ex-captain U. S. A., Official War Artist*

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Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring are here shown together . . . in matching damask coverings. They may be purchased singly in shades to harmonize with room decorations. Note the inner coils in the Beautyrest . . . coming clear to the edge.



Simmons Ace Open Coil Spring . . . a development of the popular helical spring type but so greatly improved as to have slight resemblance. More coils than most springs.

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NOVEMBER, 1929

Your face knows it's winter...

*And so does your
Gillette Blade, for it
has extra work to do*

THE biting winds of winter contract your skin, make it rough—hard to shave. Your razor then has a far more difficult job to do than it has in summer.

Yet you can always get a comfortable shave, no matter what the weather does to your face. Why?

Because your smooth, sure Gillette Blade never changes, under *any* conditions. It can't. Machines, accurate to one ten-thousandth of an inch, ensure its even precision.

Four out of every nine employees in the Gillette blade department are skilled inspectors who actually receive a bonus for every blade they discard.

You may not wear the same face in November that you do in May, but count on Gillette Blades to shave you smoothly, swiftly, surely. They keep your face feeling young, and looking it. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

★ Gillette ★



There's a lot of difference between the cold, wind-stiffened skin of late autumn and the tanned, freely perspiring face of July—and it makes a lot of difference in shaving. Yet it's easy to enjoy shaving comfort all the year round. Simply take ample time to soften your beard. And use a *fresh* Gillette Blade frequently.



King C. Gillette

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

THE STORY OF THE ARMISTICE

BY MAJOR GENERAL CHARLES D. RHODES, U.S.A.

THIS narrative pretends to be nothing more than an unadorned tale of adventure: An American general, bearing credentials from Marshal Foch and instructions from General Pershing, pushed through the retiring German columns after the Armistice of 1918 and became the American High Commissioner on the Permanent International Armistice Commission at Spa, Belgium. The experience was exciting and illuminating. If its story points any moral at all, it is that the armistice agreement was so promptly and inexorably carried out during the first month of the Commission's existence that it would have been well-nigh impossible for Germany to have retired behind her Rhine defenses, snapped her nimble fingers at new as well as old conventions, and begun a new war for better terms.

Armistice Day, with the swiftly passing years, is becoming more and more a day of commemoration and of thanksgiving rather than the anniversary celebration of a great victory. And as November Eleventh succeeds November Eleventh, few of our people probably realize what grave concern, not to say distrust, followed the signing of the Armistice. Those were anxious days at the end of 1918, while the severe terms of the convention were being rigorously and fearlessly carried out. Who knows but that that prompt and relentless policy, carried out under the discerning eye of Foch, did not, after all, forestall new military operations by the Central Powers? For the agreement of November 11, 1918, was to exist for but thirty days, with the option of extension. Extensions were granted, of course (on December 13, 1918, and on January 16 and February 16, 1919), but no one could foresee that at the time. And in the universal joy over the coming of peace few were aware of the disquieting spectre which hovered on the horizon—Germany reconsidering her agreement of November 11th as ill-advised, hasty, unnecessary, and unwise, and determined to hold out for better terms.

To most of us who were fighting America's battles in the



MOURING VICTORY

By Daniel Chester French

COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Meuse-Argonne the signing of the Armistice came as a distinct surprise. Perhaps the fighting men were too busy even to dream of peace overtures. Certainly most thinking men on the firing-line were incredulous that Germany would agree to a permanent peace, or that, having made and accepted certain proposals, she intended her action to be more than a gesture to gain time. Most officers of experience realized that if Germany could place the Rhine defenses between her enemies and herself the war might be prolonged to Germany's distinct advantage.

The writer had been promoted to a major-generalcy in the Argonne and assigned to command the veteran and brilliant Rainbow Division, effective at such time as the great major offensive permitted. I was daily familiarizing myself with every detail of my new command, spending much time in the trenches and getting acquainted with officers and men. The division was in the midst of the drive on Sedan, and at our command-post at Maisoncelles my diary of November 7, 1918, records the following unexpected message intercepted from the Eiffel Tower wireless: "To German High Command: If it is desired to discuss terms of Armistice, German plenipotentiaries should enter the French front at Guise, Le Cateau (Le Cateau), or (unintelligible). FOCH." At the same time an unofficial report reached me from our First Army that German plenipotentiaries were already in conference with Marshal Foch.

And still the combatants fought on as if no armistice were contemplated. It was as if the Allies were driving home the conviction that per-

manent peace could only be attained by waging relentless and implacable war. Our Rainbow Division was moving forward daily over ground littered with abandoned German artillery, dead horses by the hundred, thousands of castaway helmets, and many other tangible evidences of a not altogether orderly retirement by the Germans. The roads were becoming worse every hour. Overloaded trucks wore great ruts in long-suffering



Villa sous Bois at Spa, Von Hindenburg's wartime headquarters, assigned to the American members of the Armistice Commission

macadam and a sticky mud was in evidence everywhere. French peasants followed on the heels of the Division, all smiles for the American soldiers whom they termed liberators. One old fellow leaned into my Cadillac and asked quite anxiously if I thought the Armistice had yet been signed. The very air seemed surcharged with rumors of a cessation of hostilities, which most of us discounted as improbable.

The fighting went grimly on. German artillery fiercely shelled our advance, and my note-book records that on the night of November 9th I fell asleep in the midst of an especially heavy hostile bombardment comforting myself with the homely philosophy of the trenches: "Unless a shell has your name and number, you are safe. But when it spots your identification-tag, you'll never know what hit you." It took many months of campaigning under fire to find comfort in such soldier logic.

On this same date, wild reports reached our front lines that the German navy was in the hands of mutineers, that Bavaria had elected to become a republic, that the Kaiser had been asked to abdicate within twenty-four hours, that the Crown Prince had been intercepted and shot as he fled into Holland. On November 10th, a well-authenticated story reached us that the First, Second, Forty-second and Eighty-ninth Divisions were to form a so-called pursuit corps to be sent to Austria at once. Later reports had it that the Kaiser had actually abdicated and that the Crown Prince had renounced succession to the throne. Indeed it is still one of the unsolved mysteries of the war how such information from the enemy's lines—much of it false, to be sure, but many items founded on fact—could pass swiftly across a fire-swept No Man's

land. Stories of war-prisoners and intercepted radiograms accounted for much of this, of course, but did not explain all.

On the morning of the historic eleventh of November I assumed command of the Forty-second Division, and at eleven, the Armistice went into effect. On our front all hostilities ceased at this hour, but our neighboring Seventy-seventh Division reported some hostile artillery fire as late as 1:30 p.m.—probably shells from an isolated German battery which was without news of the signing of the Armistice. During the war

several amusing instances had occurred where itinerant doughboys had found an abandoned German gun in some out-of-the-way spot with unlimited ammunition near by and, pointing the piece in the general direction of Berlin, had fired away to their heart's content. In all probability German troops had similar experiences.

The day following the Armistice orders reached me from General Pershing to report back at American General Headquarters, and regretfully turning over my division to the senior brigadier, I started for Chaumont by way of Les Islettes and St. Didier.

On November 14th General Pershing informed me at Chaumont that I was to represent our country on the Permanent International Armistice Commission. The latter was already assembling at Spa, Belgium; my presence there was required without delay; and I must needs organize my staff and push through the German army to my destination. A penciled note and telephone call received at a muddy dugout at the extreme front had hitherto been my only information as to a new job. I had never heard of an armistice commission, much less knew its purpose and organization. But at Chaumont a memorandum from Marshal Foch himself apprised me in



The steel door that gave entrance to the Kaiser's private dugout at Spa. Looks as if a Yankee officer were considering its possibilities as a souvenir



Spa, Belgium, German General Headquarters during the war, later the scene of the meetings of the Permanent International Armistice Commission

some detail of the wishes of the Commander of the Allied Armies.

In brief, the Armistice Commission was to consist of a commissioner and an adequate staff from each of the Allied Armies. It was to assemble without delay at Spa, Belgium, prepared to enforce the clauses of the armistice agreement, more especially those pertaining to repatriation of prisoners of war, prompt transfer to the Allies of surrendered war material, and disposal of interned soldiers and civilians and of military transport and supplies.

General McAndrew, Chief of Staff of the A.E.F., seemed to feel that our country would not care to receive its share of the enormous amount of war supplies which Germany was to turn over, and that our share might well be given to our Allies. I argued strongly for its retention by the United States. My memory went back to boyish impressions of Trophy Point at West Point, with its souvenirs of Burgoyne's surrender and of Scott's campaign in Mexico; and I felt that with the return of peace the possession of German artillery, machine guns, trench mortars, and airplanes, mementoes of the greatest war in history, would be a constant inspiration to the citizens of the future and a reminder of what their forefathers had fought for in far-away France.

The American Commander-in-Chief heard us patiently to the end, and then directed me in no uncertain terms to secure from Germany all of the so-called booty of war to which the United States was entitled under the armistice agreement.

A somewhat amusing aftermath occurred in Washington some two years later when I was describing this Chaumont conference to a Congressman. The latter listened with marked attention, and then, with a pretense of righteous indignation, exclaimed: "So you're the

chap who got me into all that hot water! Why, every municipal park, every court-house square and public playground in my district has been pestering me to death for one of those German war-relics! And the awful tragedy is that there are not half enough to go round!"

The Armistice Commission was already assembling at Spa, and I was told by the High Command that haste must be made in organizing my staff and assembling my transportation and necessary equipment for a hurried journey through

No Man's Land and the retiring German army.

The war was supposedly over, and our G.H.

Q. literally gave me over a million officers and men from whom to select the staff.

The trouble was to find suitable specialists within a few hurried hours, and, with their necessary baggage, get the entire mission over the almost impassable roads and demolished bridges of the great battle area to the little Belgian town which was to be our headquarters.

Eventually, after many inquiries and much telephoning, part of the American Mission was assembled at Chaumont and started for Spa November 15th. There were eight officers, two of whom were interpreters, six field clerks and twenty orderlies and chauffeurs, all in some six automobiles and a light truck. It was impracticable to wait for the entire staff, which ultimately consisted of some twenty-five officers taken from the entire

American Army. Most of them were experts in their line of work. Among them I like to remember the services of Major David A. Reed, Field Artillery, now Senator from Pennsylvania, who was specially charged with checking up on surrendered German artillery, and Colonel Van Rensselaer King, a railroad man of ability and experience, whom General



German drivers turning over trucks to enlisted representatives of the A.E.F. in accordance with the Armistice terms. No hard feelings are apparent

Major General Charles D. Rhodes (wearing light trench coat), American High Commissioner on the Permanent International Armistice Commission, about to leave American G.H.Q. at Chaumont for the Spa conferences

An American member of the Armistice Commission staff about to enter the Hotel Britannique at Spa, where the sessions were held. The German sentry seems about to present him with a highball



Atterbury kindly loaned me to supervise the German turnover of locomotives and railroad cars.

One of the petty but amusing annoyances of our hurried start for Belgium was lack of decent or even clean clothing. Most of us had practically come direct from the trenches. Our battle uniforms were covered with mud and grime and were somewhat lacking in buttons. A few of the staff had no head-covering except trench helmets. Nearly all reported to me with gas-masks slung over shoulders ready for immediate use. I myself had uncomfortable forebodings of sitting as a member of a formal and punctilious tribunal to settle weighty affairs of state clad in the orthodox habiliments of a not over-clean Argonne dugout. A wag at General Pershing's headquarters, a cheerful soul with much imagination, even started a story which went the rounds of the messes that the execution of the Armistice agreement, on which the fate of great nations was resting, was being held up because the American High Commissioner was unable to find a suitable pair of pants. But the broken-down army truck with its supply of needed clothing and equipment reached us in the nick of time, and the situation was saved.

The Allied High Command had radioed the German High Command of our start from Chaumont, and had received reply that our progress through their battle lines would be facilitated. We had no trouble whatever in passing German troops, and did not once have to show our credentials. The entire German army seemed to know that the Armistice Commission was meeting at Spa, and our late opponents gazed on my leading car, with its double stars, G.H.Q. insignia and tiny American flag, with considerable interest and curiosity.

This exchange of radiograms between the High Commands of the German and Allied armies had an interesting personal angle for me. The message announcing my appointment as High Commissioner and departure for Spa was picked up in England, cabled by our Associated Press to the United States and on November 16th given to our people through the press. In a little Kansas community, my own family and friends thus learned for the first time in months of my whereabouts and movements. It was, even a decade ago, an impressive illustration of the scope of the radio.

The route to our destination lay through Châlons-sur-Marne, Rheims, with its pathetic but still lovely cathedral, Dinant, Givet, and Liège. It was a roundabout trip, but was selected for me by Marshal Foch as the least shot to pieces.

As it was our progress was very slow, requiring many detours around shell-holes and broken bridges, and we stopped for the night with General Humbert and staff of the French Third Army near Laon.

The day following, November 16th, we passed the most advanced French outposts over the miry Chimey-Marle road and traversed much of No Man's Land. In the early afternoon we entered Belgium, and the people met us with great enthusiasm, cheering and waving their hats to the first Allies they had seen in four long years. Thousands of French and Belgian boys of military age were trudging the highways homeward bound, after summary release by the Germans, eager to reduce the number of mouths to feed. The young fellows carried their few belongings on their backs; a few hauled small wagons. They appeared to be in good physical condition, and their faces wore a perpetual smile at sight of the American uniform and flag.

About dusk we rolled into a tiny Belgian town where news of our coming had not preceded us. An old peasant woman, catching sight of us, raised her withered hands above her bent shoulders and uttered a cry which was taken up by the entire village. "You are Allies! You are Allies!" Immediately we were surrounded by every able-bodied person in the hamlet, and the old woman, in almost hysterical delight, insisted that we alight for a moment. Soon her tiny kitchen was packed with happy faces, and it was pathetic to see her take from a secret hole-in-the-wall her hoard of American Red Cross coffee, milk, and sugar which she insisted on our sharing with her. The German soldiers, we were told, had left them that very day, and they took it as a happy omen that the Americans, whose beneficence they had learned to love, were entering their village on the very heels of their oppressors.

We passed the night with his honor the mayor of Givet, France, who, rather against his will, had been required to act as civic executive during most of the four years of German occupation. After such a long period of coercion and restraint, it was natural that he should pour out his troubles to us—repeated requisitions on the impoverished town for money and supplies, restrictions on trade, alleged indignities to women and children, and cruelties



Part of the price of losing a war—hundreds of German trucks delivered to the A. E. F. at Coblenz in accordance with the Armistice terms

Two American members of the Commission, with a representative of the German Army, about to leave Spa for Coblenz to arrange for the taking over of material



to prisoners. What was of more immediate interest and importance to me, however, were his statements as to recent rioting by German soldiers in which they had killed certain of their officers. If true, this was a most significant state of affairs in the hitherto iron-disciplined German army. If German soldiers dared to do this the Fatherland must be in a bad way.

Early next morning, November 17th, after petit déjeuner with the good mayor, our party almost immediately re-entered Belgium. Everywhere we were enthusiastically greeted. The Belgians seemed to have no possible doubt that the war was over for good.

Near Dinant, we began to run into the retiring columns of German troops, and all day long we pushed through the transport of swiftly marching German soldiers. They made a fine appearance and were undoubtedly veteran first-line regiments. One soldier told me happily that they looked forward to spending Christmas at home. The officers were courteously responsive to our calls and signals for road space, but many soldiers regarded us with sullen ill-will. One German private shook his fist at us, but a facetious member of my staff suggested that perhaps he took us for a group of his own officers. We were much impressed with the high morale of these troops; their transport was decorated with flags and greens, and with high spirits the soldiers sang in unison as they marched.

Soon we passed into the war-famed city of Liège. Although the German army was still holding the city, vast crowds of Belgians gave vent to their feelings and frantically cheered us, while Allied flags waved everywhere. German soldiers looked impassively on, probably quite as glad as the Belgians that the long war was over at last. We had the belief, afterwards confirmed, that these Germans had been kept in ignorance of the exacting terms of the Armistice, and that most of them were returning home with the happy conviction that the Fatherland had come out of the war with many material advantages as well as with glory to German traditions.

The town of Spa, which we reached in mid-afternoon—a place of about six thousand people, and one of the oldest watering places in Europe—is about twenty-five miles from Liège and a much shorter distance from the German frontier. In addition to its casino, it was famous in pre-war days for the medicinal properties of its mineral springs. Here, early in the year 1918, the Kaiser had established the General Headquarters of his armies, and here the German High Command made itself comfortable while the war raged at the front. The Kaiser spent much time here, and, according to our Belgian informants, had signed his abdication in Spa a short time before our arrival.

We found that four lovely villas, originally built for and occupied by wealthy Belgians and more recently commandeered by the German General Staff, had now been reassigned to the four members of the Armistice Commission. The French Mission was already occupying the villa just vacated by the Kaiser, as

was the Belgian Mission that of the Crown Prince. The British were making themselves comfortable in General von Ludendorff's late home, while I found myself inheriting the delightful Villa sous Bois from his Excellency Field Marshal von Hindenburg, who, it seems, had rather hurriedly departed some days before.

We took immediate possession of our future home, which was picturesquely located on the hills overlooking Spa, assigned living quarters and office space to our staff, and started a mess which ultimately cared for many itinerant visitors from many corners of Europe. The night of November 17th thus found me sleeping the sleep of the just in a luxurious brass bed presumably recently used by the Commander-in-Chief of the German armies. I mentioned this the following morning to my British friend and colleague, Lieutenant General Haking, who exclaimed with feigned concern, "Pon my word, old chap, I'd have thought you would have had a frightful nightmare!" Haking's sense of humor cropped out often—a fortnight later, when I invited him and his staff to eat Thanksgiving dinner with us, he said, "Thanksgiving! Thanksgiving! What's that for? Is it to give thanks for shaking poor old England off your hands a hundred and fifty years ago?"

Villa sous Bois was spacious, comfortable, and most attractive to officers who had spent months in the mud of the front lines. A few days after our occupancy of the Villa began one of my aides told me that after exploring every nook and corner of our palatial home there remained one mysterious room on the second floor, its doors barred and locked, which was as yet unexplained. With hushed voice he told me he had visions of Bluebeard and a chamber filled with the bodies of murdered (Continued on page 48)

GOD HAVE

By
William
T. Scanlon

Illustrations by
Raymond Sisley

XXXI

I GOT my men together and we started north along the trench. The men were all excited and talking it over. It was their first real hand-to-hand fight.

I met a bunch of Signal Corps men and asked them if they had seen anything of the Sixth Marines. They pointed up to the northeast and said all the outfits were somewhere up in those trees. They also said there was a long communication trench half a mile over on the right that led directly up there. We got out of the trench we were in and started across country for the other trench. I split the platoon up into groups, because the Germans were dropping shells again.

We found the trench all right and made good time. We ran across lots of dead and wounded Germans but none of our own men. Nearing the woods we met Big Tex of the Third Platoon coming our way. He had his hand bandaged up.

I said, "How did it happen, Tex?" and he answered me, "Oh, it's nothing but a little nick . . ."

Somebody said, "Bon blessé, Tex."

I said, "Is our outfit up ahead?"

Tex said, "Yes, follow the trench to the end . . . They are off on your left in the woods."

We did and as soon as we got to the woods we sat down for a rest. Lieutenant Meredith of the Battalion Scouts came along. He used to be in charge of this Fourth Platoon before he was put in charge of the Battalion Scouts. The old timers used to call him Hardboiled Meredith. Still they used to like him pretty well.

He talked to Weed and a few of the others of the old bunch. Then coming to me he said, "What's the idea of being back here?"

I said, "We got separated from the company . . ."

"Well, the company's up ahead—you better join them."

He passed on and as soon as we were rested we started on again. After a while we came to the place where the company was dug in so I told the fellows they had better dig in along the same general line.

Then I went to look for Lieutenant Marco. I found him in a



"I beat it over to his dugout and

dugout that had formerly been used by the Germans. It wasn't a very deep one. I told him the Fourth Platoon was now in position with the rest of the company. I don't believe he knew they had been missing.

He said, "We will have to have a guard out tonight. You had better take charge of them yourself."

"Just a company guard?" I asked.

"Yes . . . The captain is down a ways in a dugout if you want to see him."

The captain and some of the lieutenants were down in a forty-foot dugout, so I took Howell's squad and posted them close by it. It was getting dark, so I sat down at the mouth of the dugout to wait.

Pretty soon the German artillery got busy dropping shells in the valley below us—in the rear. Now and then a shell landed up close to where we were. Hits were made and I could hear the wounded call out. Some of the shells passing overhead had a slushy, wobbly sound. They were full of gas. It was hard to tell how close they were landing, as they exploded with a muffled

MERCY *on* US



found him buddled up in a corner half dead"

sound. I was company gas non-com and it was up to me to be on the lookout for gas.

The dugout the captain was in was a deep U-shaped affair with two big mouths which opened toward the German lines. I had a picture of a shell dropping into one of the mouths or entrances to the dugout. It would make a horrible mess, as there were quite a few men at the bottom.

The gas shells kept coming over and I got uneasy so I climbed down to the bottom of the dugout and told the captain the Germans were dropping gas shells close by and that the gas would finally settle down in these dugouts.

Captain McDevitt said, "See if you can find out how close they are dropping and let me know."

I climbed up again. You couldn't pay me to stay in that dugout. I would rather take my chances on the topside.

I posted one of Howell's men at the dugout as gas sentry and then started back through the trees in our rear to find out where the gas shells were landing. It was pitch dark and there was a heavy undergrowth among the trees.

I finally made my way back to where the woods ended. Once in a while I could catch the faint odor of mustard but not enough to hurt anybody. I stood at the edge of the woods for some time sniffing the air. The wind was blowing from the west. Suddenly I heard a *pluff* sound as though somebody had dropped a bag of water. There was also a light explosion. Then another landed. The gas shells were dropping in a cleared space about fifty feet away. I saw the grayish vapor rise and gently float away to the east. I was glad the wind was in the west.

It was a clear October night. No moon, but millions of bright stars. I walked along the edge of the woods for quite a distance toward the west until I came to the western boundary of the woods. There was another wide open space across which I could see another dark woods. Gas shells were dropping out in this open space also, so I started back through the wood toward our camp, sniffing the air as I went along. It seemed bad in spots but clear in others.

A machine gun suddenly opened up in the west, shooting toward the south. Soon the

bullets swept over my head and then the sound died away to the north. I crouched down. Soon I heard it coming back from the north—*ratatatatat*, then *crack* CRACK CRACK over my head and then CRACK *crack*, *ratatatatat* as it swept away to the south. Just some German machine gunner who was sweeping back and forth with his gun. He sprinkled things around for about ten minutes and then turned in.

I got to the dugout and reported to the captain that the shells were hitting close but so far with the wind in the west we were all right.

But not long after this I heard the soft explosions nearby in the trees and soon I got a strong odor of gas.

I hollered down the dugout, "Gas!"

Someone answered, "All right."

I put the clippers on my nose and held the mouthpiece to my mouth but did not put on the mask proper. I passed down the line waking up the men and shouting, "Gas! . . . Gas! . . ."

The shells were hitting around us thick now. When I got back to the captain's dugout the man on guard told me the lieutenant

wanted to see me. I beat it over to his dugout and found him huddled in a corner half dead. They were dragging out a couple of fellows and I heard that a shell had hit in the opening of the dugout, wounding two fellows, Mowry and Quinn. (This Mowry was no relation to Spud Mowry. We had three Mowrys in the original outfit and this was the last of them.) The lieutenant was the only one that was not actually hit, but the concussion had knocked him out.

"That you, Sergeant?" he said.

I said, "Yes."

"Stay with me! . . ." He put his mask on.

This day he had seen his first battle. Somebody had told him back at Gondrecourt where they held a school for officers that the practice trenches and the hardships they had to endure while training were a lot worse than they would find under actual fighting conditions, but he had found out that there is a lot of difference between a shell screaming over your head at a training camp simply looking for a place to land and one screaming toward your head looking for you to land on.

I stuck around in the hole for awhile but I didn't like being in any of those German dugouts.

Finally I said, "You better move over to the captain's dugout. It's forty feet deep. Only a direct hit can get it."

I got him up and helped him across to the deep dugout and down the steps of the first entrance. The holes joined at the bottom. A blanket had been hung across the middle of the dugout and the captain and his crew were on one side and just a bunch of men on the other side. They also had a blanket over the opening leading in from the entrance.

I pushed the blanket aside and told the lieutenant to cross over to the other side where the captain was. But he said it was all right here with the men and sat down.

The other fellows in the hole were sitting around a short piece of lighted candle playing black jack for cigarettes. They all had their gas masks on so they couldn't talk and they would tap with their fingers, meaning, "Hit me," and then hold out their hand when they had enough. It was a nice quiet game—no cursing or arguments.

XXXII

I LEFT the lieutenant there and went up to the topside again.

I tested the air to see if the gas was clearing away but it was still strong so I kept my mask on.

Soon I heard the *put-put* of a chauchat on our left. I listened, then again it went—*put-put-put*—a longer string this time. Our whole left flank was open for ten kilometers or more. It was up to each company to protect its own flank. The chauchat opened up again.

I went over to Howell and said, "Five men," pointing to the left. (You don't say much when you've got a gas mask on.) I wanted five men to go with me to see what was happening.

Howell got the men together. Men with gas masks on are a dopey lot. They bump into each other, hold their breath and then *blah-h-h* it out the flutter valve. They are not so bad when sitting quietly but just as soon as they have to move they get to adjusting the masks and helmets drop off. It's hard to hold your helmet on when you've got the gas mask on your face.

But finally we got started. I left my rifle with the gas sentry near the deep dugout but I had an automatic and a good trench knife—one of those three-edged triangular daggers with the saw-tooth handle guard. A rifle and bayonet is an awkward thing in a thick woods. If you hold it at trail it catches in the underbrush. If you hold it at port or any position in front of you it keeps bumping against trees. Still they are handy to have along if anything breaks. But I figured that if we were going to have a hard time getting through these trees so would the Germans. They could not see any better in the dark than we could, and so long as there was gas they would have to wear gas masks, so things sort of evened themselves up.

We stumbled along through the trees stepping in on top of a man now and then. He may have cursed us out but he did it to himself—the gas masks are good that way.

We reached the man who had been firing the chauchat—he was the last man on the left—and I knelt down beside him and slipped back the cloth part of my mask so I could talk better.



"What's the matter?" I said.

"Blub-blub," pointing to some woods across in front of him. He was trying to talk with the mouthpiece in his mouth. Some fellows never would learn how to talk with a mask on. This fellow would have the whole rubber tube leading from the canister full of spit in no time. I could tell from the way he was slobbering around that it would not do to have him talk much.

I said, "Don't try to talk . . . Are they there now?" pointing across the way. He nodded his head.

"Shoot a burst across . . ."

He opened up. I wanted to see what spot he had in mind.

I said, "I'm going across . . ."

He nodded.

Just then a voice on my right said, "That you, Nap?"

There were only three men left in the company that knew me as Nap. They were Brown, Goff and Bendow of the original first platoon.

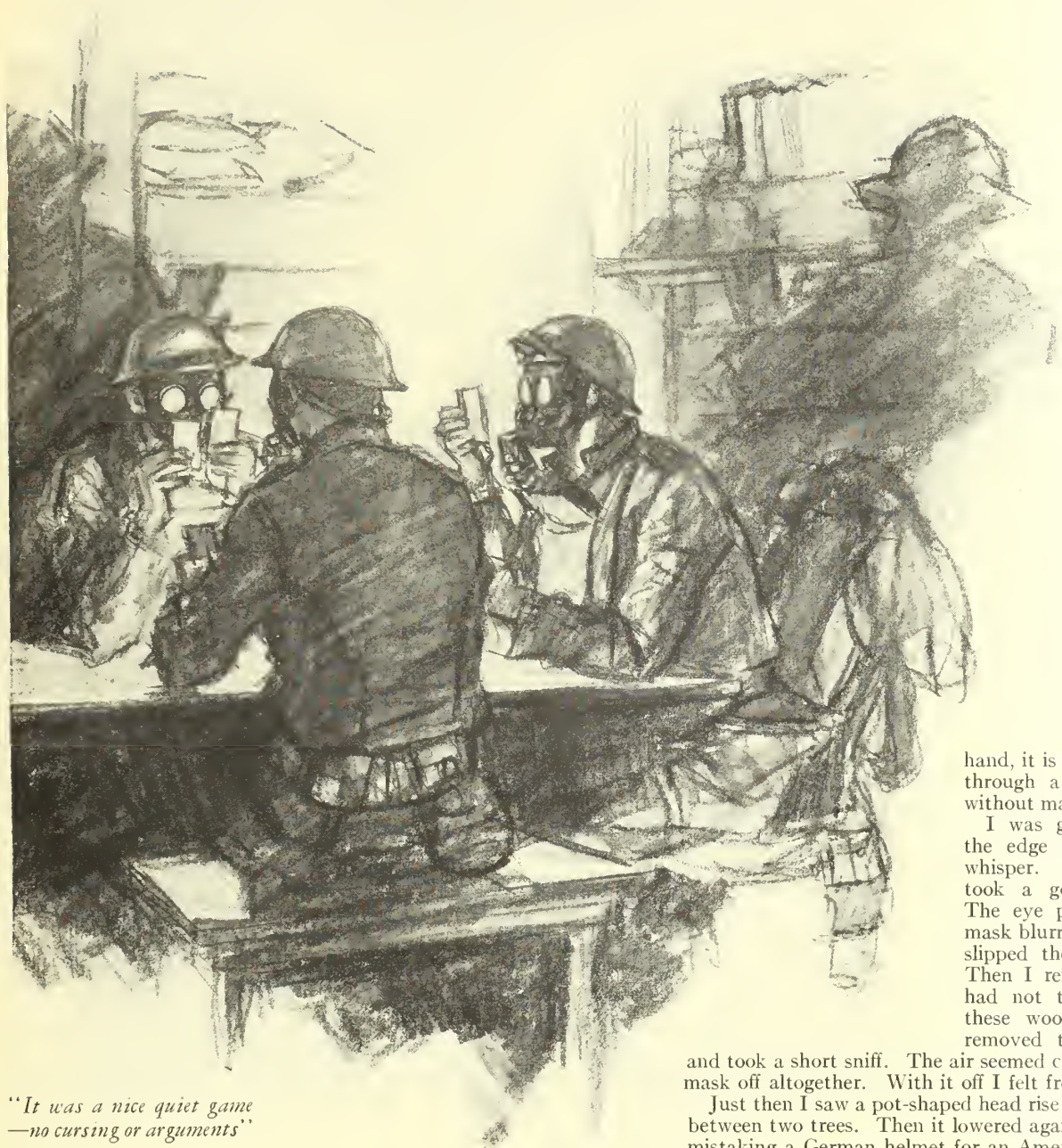
I remembered now that the captain had mentioned that the first platoon was on the left flank. The man that spoke was about three feet away but it was hard to recognize a voice through a gas mask.

I shifted over and said, "Brown?"

"Yes."

Brown and I had worked together in the dark before so I decided to take him across in the other woods with me rather than pick out a new man, so I said to him, "Come on across with me."

Brown got up and I led the way to the left where the woods ended. I told Howell to place his men along this left edge of the woods so they could cover our movements and to shoot fairly high if he heard me holler. Naturally I would be lying down.



*"It was a nice quiet game
—no cursing or arguments"*

To shoot over the heads of the Germans had a tendency to confuse them, especially at night.

Brown and I got clear of the trees and brambles and then we got down and started to snake across the open place on our bellies. It was only about twenty-five yards over to the other woods. Reaching the woods, we crept in. All woods at night look alike. In fact, there is no look. About fifteen or twenty feet in I stopped to listen but could hear no sound. We moved down about twenty-five feet and I was about to give it up as a dud when I heard a twig crack. It came from the edge of the woods nearest our lines. The open space we had come across was east of these woods. This open space was light compared to the darkness of the wood, and by looking through the trees towards the lighter place I could detect any movement that might take place between me and the space. It was like being in a dark room looking out into a lighter room.

I was sure I saw a bush move. I placed my hand against Brown's shoulder as a caution. We listened. There was a slight rustle ahead.

I whispered to Brown, "Cover that spot . . . Shoot fairly high . . ."

Then I started forward toward the spot on my hands and knees. By placing one hand carefully ahead and removing any sticks, then bringing the knee up to the spot occupied by the

hand, it is not hard to move through a woods at night without making a noise.

I was getting nearer to the edge when I heard a whisper. I stopped and took a good look ahead. The eye pieces of my gas mask blurred my vision so I slipped the mask part off. Then I remembered that I had not tested the air in these woods for gas so I removed the nose clippers

and took a short sniff. The air seemed clear, so I took the mask off altogether. With it off I felt freer to move.

Just then I saw a pot-shaped head rise up in the opening between two trees. Then it lowered again. There was no mistaking a German helmet for an American helmet even in the dark.

I lay flat and got my automatic out, then raising on my elbows with my left hand supporting my right wrist, I took aim on the spot where I had seen the head. It came up and I fired. The head dropped. I knew I hit. I crept closer and could hear a muttering of voices. They couldn't tell very well which way the shot came from. I aimed to the left of the last shot and fired again. Just then a rifle cracked and I heard a bullet whizz over my head. It was Brown firing.

I crawled toward the left as I figured the Germans would run that way in leaving. A form arose ahead of me and at the same time Brown's rifle cracked again. The man stumbled forward and nearly fell over me. He was carrying something because I heard it thump against a tree. He was lying a foot or so ahead of me. I couldn't tell whether he was dead or not so I cased forward on my belly with my head raised. There was a flash just ahead of me and I heard a ting from my helmet. My right hand was in front of me holding the automatic. It was not more than a foot from the man lying down. I fired. I heard a sort of *ugh*. Still holding the automatic trained on the man, I squirmed forward. My left hand came in contact with his hand holding a revolver. He made no move. His head was lying between his outstretched arms. I pushed the head. It rocked kind of limply so I knew he was dead. Lying beside his body was a light German machine gun. He must have been carrying it.



"We're in our own barrage!"

I remained quiet for a few moments. It was always a question how many Germans were used to form a machine gun post. It might be anywhere from three to six. I couldn't hear any movement so I called to Brown in a fairly loud voice, "Brown, take off your mask. There isn't any gas here . . . But keep down."

Soon I heard Brown's voice, "Shall I come ahead?"

"Yes, crawl over."

I heard him coming and kept saying, "Over here," in a low voice until he finally reached me.

He said, "What's that beside you?"

"A dead German . . . There must be one or two more over there on the right . . . This one was making away with the machine gun. You nipped him first, I think."

We crawled over to the spot at the edge of the woods and there were two more Germans lying there. I shook them to see if they were dead and they were. The small tripod was still up in its place and two cans of ammunition lay alongside of it.

I said, "Let's go back to the outfit. I don't believe there are any more Germans around here."

We crawled down to the spot where we had first entered the woods. I called across to make sure before starting, "Coming across, Howell."

Then we ran across in a crouching position. The men still had

their masks on. I couldn't smell any gas on this side either so I told them to take off their masks.

There wasn't anything else to do around there so I told Howell to get his men up and we would go back to the dugout. I said good-bye to Brown and told him if he wanted a machine gun to pick up the one across the way in the morning.

Howell and I went on a little ahead of his men to see that there was no gas. The air was practically clear. I kept saying to the men who had holes along where we were traveling, "No gas . . . no gas." Some of them took their masks off. The others made no move. They were either asleep or dead.

Reaching the deep dugout I sniffed around, but the air seemed clear. I didn't know how it was at the bottom of the dugout. Usually the gas settled in such places and remained there for some time. I was figuring on whether to go down or not because I was tired and the climb up and down those steps—there must have been seventy-five or a hundred of them—was a goat-getter.

Just then somebody climbed out of the dugout. It was Ben Dawson and he was a sick man. He vomited for a while and then asked me if there was any gas. I said no.

Dawson said, "That damn hole is full of it."

It was past midnight, so I called Corporal Benson to relieve Howell. Things had quieted down somewhat, though there were

still shells, so I went over to the shallow dugout the lieutenant had been in and told the fellow on guard to tell Lieutenant Marco where I was.

Pretty soon somebody else came crawling into the hole. It was the lieutenant. He couldn't stand the other dugout either.

I dozed off. It had been a long day—no food, no water.

XXXIII

EARLY the next morning I was awakened by somebody calling:

"Where's the 97th Company's Headquarters?"

I looked up and saw a Third Battalion runner. I knew him by sight but not by name.

I pointed to the deep dugout, "Captain McDevitt is down in that dugout. Watch out for gas at the bottom."

He went down and I waited until he came up again.

I asked, "Anything doing this morning?"

"Yes, the Third Battalion is to advance at seven o'clock."

It was six then so I started down the line waking the men up. It was still pretty hazy and the men were dozey. Some still had their gas masks on from the night before. I had to prod some of them with the butt end of my rifle to wake them up. I placed the butt on their combat packs and then jiggled them up and down, saying, "Stand by! . . . We are moving forward."

Some of the fellows were burrowed in along a bank. Their feet were sticking out. I called them and if they did not answer I kicked the soles of their feet until they did answer or got up. One fellow I called and called, "Hey, wake up—wake up!" No answer. I kicked him on the feet but no move. I kicked a little harder. Still no move. I got down and crawled part way in and grabbed him by the seat of his breeches and started to yank him out, saying, "What the hell is the matter with you?" He did not answer. He was dead.

At seven o'clock the company was moving forward.

When we cleared the woods we faced a long stretch of open country. The area we now occupied was the southern portion of the summit of Mont Blanc. The northeastern portion of the summit was still in the hands of the Germans.

The artillery hadn't caught up with us yet—I guess they didn't know where we were—so we had to advance without any artillery support. The Germans were meeting our advance with severe machine-gun fire which poured in on us from the front and left. The men would rise to rush forward and would drop in their tracks.

I realized that the old rush and flop system was not working quite right so I passed the word down to my men, "Crawl forward and keep down low."

The ground we were crawling over had a thick layer of slate-covered dust. The machine-gun bullets whipped it up into a regular cloud which screened our movements but which also shut out our view.

We kept firing blindly ahead and advancing steadily. Finally we crawled out of the dust onto harder ground and got a glimpse of what was ahead of us. We saw a row of peculiar mound-shaped objects rising from the ground to the height of eight or nine feet. The machine-gun fire was coming from their direction and we could also see men moving around them. We opened up with our rifles. The men disappeared and the machine-gun fire slackened down.

On reaching these mounds we discovered that they were the backs of deep dugouts. The entrance was on the other side, facing north. The mud that had been taken out of the dugouts had been piled up in back. You could not see to the bottom of these dugouts.

Outside of one dugout was a stack of German grenades, the potato masher type. I called over Breen and Frenchy and gave them four each.

As I came to a dugout I would holler "Look out below!" and then heave in a grenade.

The potato mashers had quite a kick. I couldn't hear them strike bottom but I could hear the report. I was the only one around that knew the trick of pulling the potato masher's string, so I had the fun of bombing out all the dugouts. This was the first chance I had to put to use the training I had received at the bombers' school.

At the next dugout, just as the grenade left my hand a face appeared coming out of the gloom below. Too late. The grenade smacked him full in the face. He threw up his hands and fell backward into the darkness. That was one German that hesitated too long.

Coming around the corner of the last dugout I ran into Goff of the First Platoon. I hadn't seen him since Soissons.

"Hello, Goff."

"Hello, Nap."

"Where did you get all the corporal stripes?"

Goff: "They hung them on me just before St. Mihiel."

"Stick around long enough and they'll make you a sergeant."

"It gets harder and harder to stick around . . . We just carried Brown and Sergeant Seton away . . ."

"Brown! . . . When did he get hit?"

Goff: "Just a few minutes ago when that last bunch of whiz-bangs landed around here . . . They were both hit at the same time . . . Seton's leg was smashed up . . . Brown is in pretty bad shape . . ."

XXXIV

I WENT over to where our fellows were standing around the deep dugouts watching to see if anybody came out. Some of them were firing their rifles into the holes.

"Now what the hell are you doing?" I said.

"We were just shooting down in there to hear the echo."

Then another one of the new men said, "Let's go down and see what's there . . ."

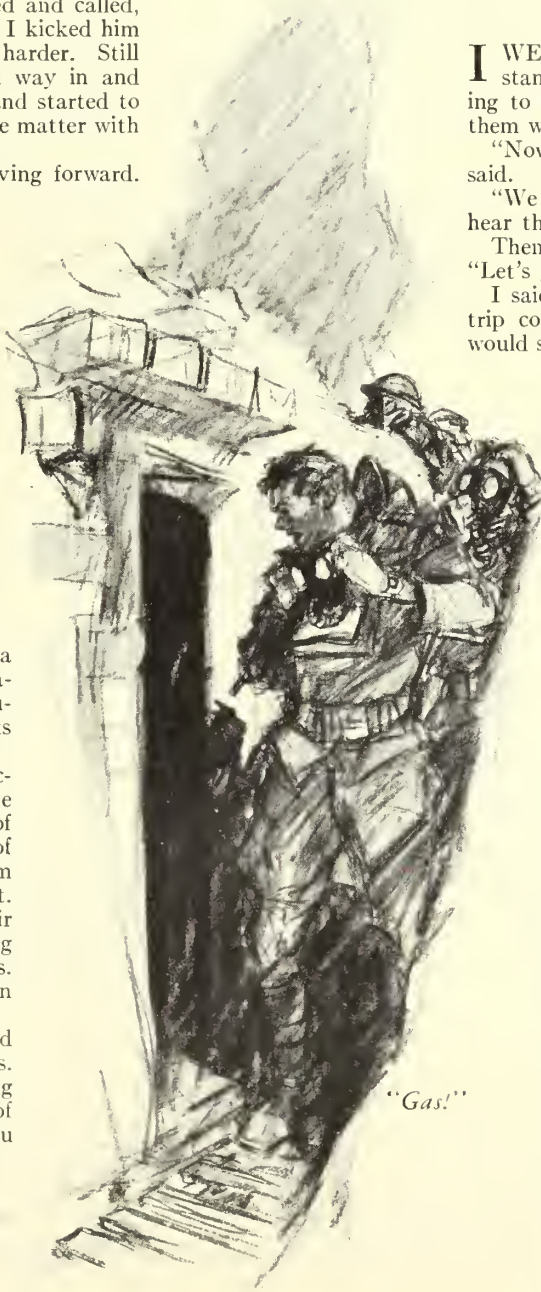
I said, "No, you don't! There might be trip cords stretched across the steps that would set off mines . . ."

"Aw, that's just talk . . . the Germans don't really do that, do they?"

"The hell they don't! . . . I saw one case of it, near Haudimont, and that's all I ever want to see! . . . Eight men were shot from the mouth of a dugout like so much scrap! . . . The best way to explore a dug-out is with grenades."

Another bunch of the men were fooling around with a German machine gun trying to get it to work but the Germans had put it out of commission before leaving.

I finally gathered together what was left of the platoon,—three corporals, Howell, Benson and Weed, and twenty-two privates. We crossed over and took up positions along the edge of the woods, facing west. Our platoon was on the extreme right of the company but another bunch of the Sixth Marines was on our right around the curve of the woods. Out in front of us was an open space that ran north and south for a ways. A short distance to the right of where our platoon was located, the trees that bordered the space angled off to the northwest. Across from us, a distance of a hundred yards, was another woods held by the Germans. We could see their built-up positions for machine guns and riflemen. (Continued on page 58)



In the SEATS of the MIGHTY

WHEN the hardy volunteers who gave us America had completed

By Ared White

upon themselves to run for public office locally, were they invariably beaten at the polls in those first elections after the Armistice?

their job and the selection of a chief executive for the new country was the order of popular business, the people turned naturally for leadership to a great veteran. General George Washington was elected first President without serious opposition, after he had rejected the idea of a king's crown.

Following the scrimmage with Mexico back in the 40's the men who brought victory to their country again were honored by their countrymen in the selection of their battle leader for the Presidency—General Zachary Taylor.

Popular enthusiasm again centered upon a war leader in its quest of a President following the Civil War. General Ulysses Simpson Grant had an easy victory at the polls although he was entirely without political background.

Even the War with Spain, a small rumpus as wars are reckoned, was followed by still another veteran in the White House in the person of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

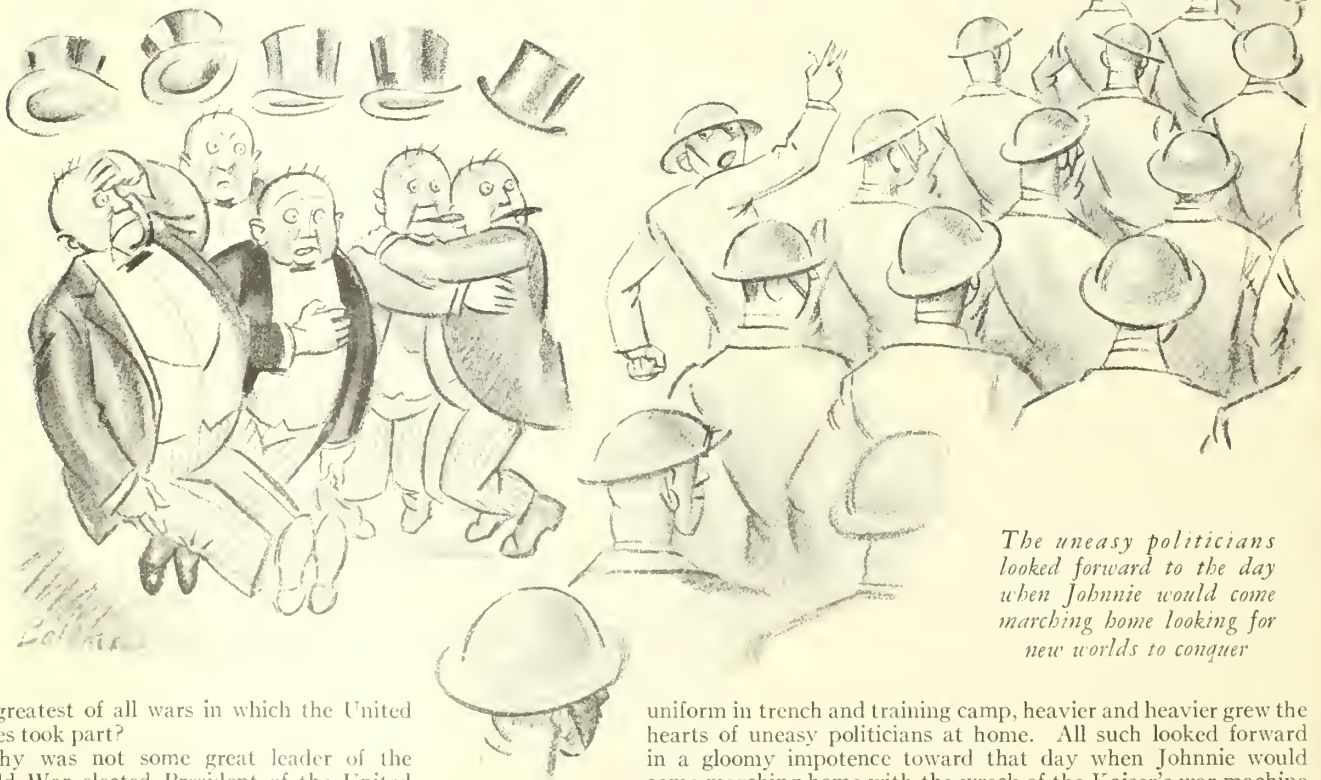
It seems to have been more or less of a universal habit through many ages that when a people turned from war, whether one of conquest, revolt or of defense, they gave the reins of leadership to some outstanding veteran, some leader whose name and achievements symbolized the valor and sacrifice of the men of the fighting forces who had preserved or expanded the national domain.

What, then, went awry with that habit of thought following

Finally, what is the future of the World War veteran in the politics of the country? Will the ex-service men finally get together politically and make their force felt by united action in taking over the important elective and appointive positions?

The final question lends itself to ready and simple answer. The World War will give the country more Presidents than any other two wars combined have done. And more cabinet members, more jurists, more Senators, governors and Congressmen. No, not because the veterans get together politically. They never will become a mere obnoxious political bloc. There is a greater force than that behind their forward movement, the irresistible force of a rising generation over which the fittest exercise a natural, indisputable leadership. And the fittest of the generation now surging to the front are the men who served in the armed forces in defense of their country. Some idea of the rising might of this generation may be gained by a survey of the present Congress. Sixteen Senators 61 Congressmen. And the tide is rising with every election, as well as the power of the ex-service men already in the national Congress.

Back in those red days when the World War raged in the Argonne and popular enthusiasm was burning at white heat for the men who wore the



*The uneasy politicians
looked forward to the day
when Johnnie would come
marching home looking for
new worlds to conquer*

the greatest of all wars in which the United States took part?

Why was not some great leader of the World War elected President of the United States immediately following hostilities?

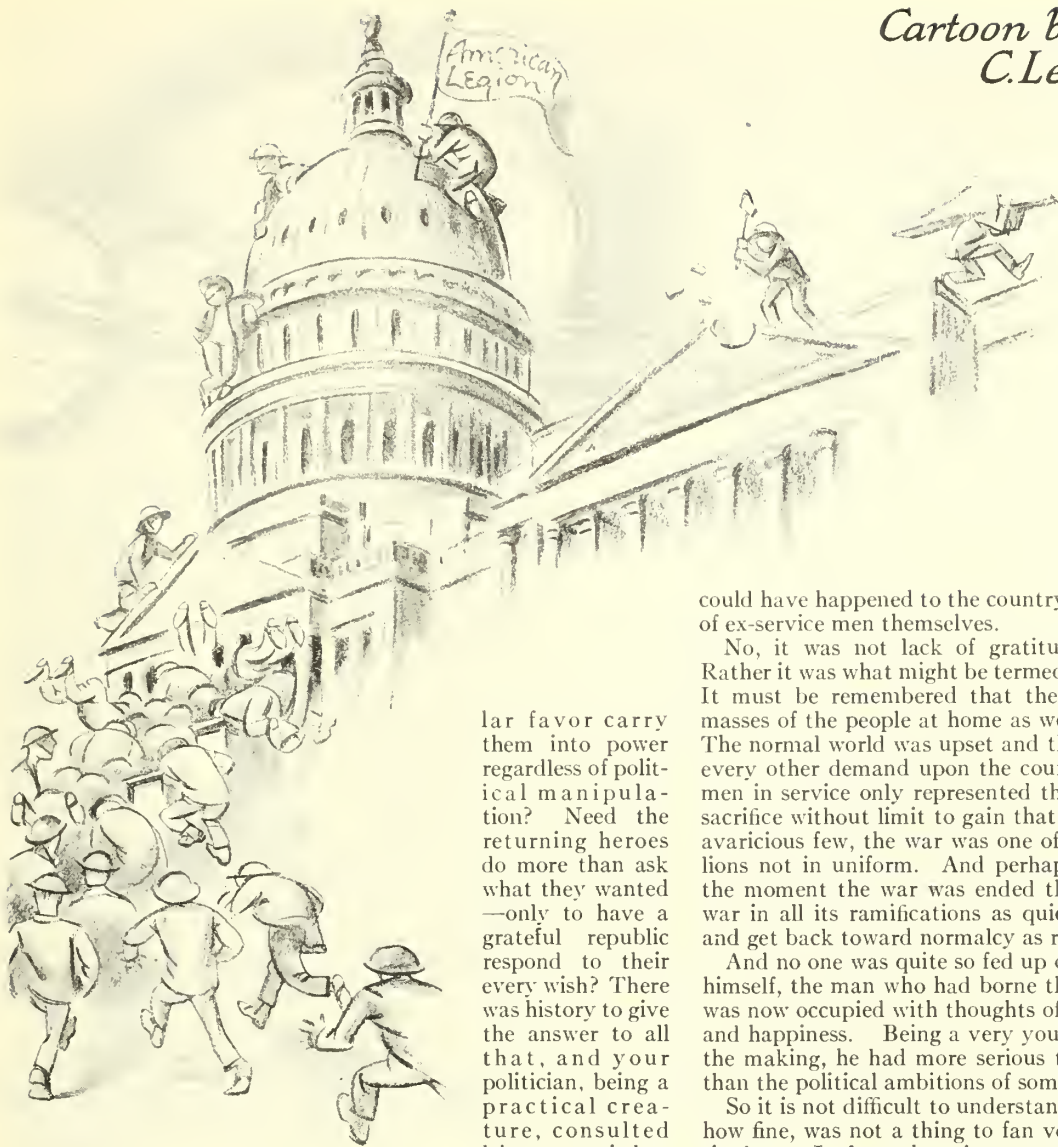
Why were not some of our outstanding war heroes given place in the cabinet or vested with other high responsibility in government as vacancies occurred?

And why, in the instances wherein qualified veterans took it

uniform in trench and training camp, heavier and heavier grew the hearts of uneasy politicians at home. All such looked forward in a gloomy impotence toward that day when Johnnie would come marching home with the wreck of the Kaiser's war machine dangling from his bayonet and cast about for new worlds to conquer.

Inexperienced in the craft of politics those men in olive drab, to be sure. What did they know of the complicated technique of political organizations? But would not the high tide of popu-

Cartoon by
C. LeRoy Baldridge



lar favor carry them into power regardless of political manipulation? Need the returning heroes do more than ask what they wanted—only to have a grateful republic respond to their every wish? There was history to give the answer to all that, and your politician, being a practical creature, consulted history with a

groan. For did not history reveal that a great war meant a war-made President of these United States, as well as governors, Senators, postmasters, Congressmen, constables, whatnot?

Nevertheless the entrenched politicians of the land girded for battle. Hopeless as the fray might appear in advance, they would not abandon office without a struggle. Perhaps, added to the close organization of their defensive sectors, some miracle might intervene to turn aside the olive-drab dragon of their fears.

Then, needless to relate, a miracle did occur. History failed to repeat itself. Popular enthusiasm for war and war heroes began to wane with the Armistice. It cooled thereafter as quickly as a bar of metal from which the stimulus of flame and bellows has been withdrawn. And instead of coming home in a spirit of wanting to rule the country, the men of the service returned eagerly to the old job, or uncomplainingly went out to look for another job when the old one was filled by some stay-at-home, as too often was the case. Instead of forcing high honors upon the returning veterans, the public had cooled to the point where it took only a quiescent interest in seeing that they got back those old jobs which they had abandoned for war service. So it was a great hour for the entrenched politicians of the country.

There are, among the coldly analytical minds of the war-horses of practical politics, those who credit the whole thing to their own superior strategy. They will remind you frankly enough today that the returning veterans were mostly very young men who had little enthusiasm for their higher officers and no training in political technique. Therefore it was a very simple matter to create and foster divisions and defeat the veteran-candidates in detail.

There's considerable truth in that claim. The exacting discipline of the American Army in the war was not conducive to a cordial camaraderie between men who gave orders and men who executed them. It is also true that the average veteran was an infant in arms when it came to practical politics. He was a ready

victim to poison-gas barges, to every trick and wile of practical politics at its worst.

But behind that was the larger fact of popular attitude. If the passionate enthusiasm that followed the service men through the fires of the Aisne-Marne and the Argonne had burned on after they returned home, the ex-service men would have swept everything in those first elections—which probably would have been the worst possible thing that

could have happened to the country, and particularly to the mass of ex-service men themselves.

No, it was not lack of gratitude that cooled public ardor. Rather it was what might be termed a form of nervous exhaustion. It must be remembered that the strain of war was upon the masses of the people at home as well as upon the men in service. The normal world was upset and the demands of war superseded every other demand upon the country's energies. After all, the men in service only represented the popular will for victory, for sacrifice without limit to gain that end. Except for a selfish and avaricious few, the war was one of test and strain upon the millions not in uniform. And perhaps it was natural enough that the moment the war was ended they should want to forget the war in all its ramifications as quickly as decency would permit and get back toward normalcy as rapidly as possible.

And no one was quite so fed up on war as the returned veteran himself, the man who had borne the brunt of it and whose mind was now occupied with thoughts of his interrupted future success and happiness. Being a very young man with his life mostly in the making, he had more serious things to occupy his attention than the political ambitions of some of his buddies.

So it is not difficult to understand why a war record, no matter how fine, was not a thing to fan voting enthusiasm in those hectic days. In fact, there is reason enough to believe that a war record was a liability rather than an asset right after the war—and still is to some extent. Why? Because your ex-soldier had the instinctive and instant secret opposition of every slacker in his voting district—and that element shouldn't be minimized. They may not ever speak out in meeting, and they are not organized. But they vote. Against that handicap the veteran-candidate could not depend upon the offset of a united veteran support. Small wonder the politically-minded veteran was doomed to defeat even before he cast his hat in the ring.

It has been argued many times that the type of veteran who ran for office in those days was not calculated, oftentimes, to inspire popular confidence. The young law clerk, for example, who thought a few months in uniform seasoned him for a place on the supreme bench of his State; the gangling youth who sought to exchange an Army discharge for a seat in Congress; the ex-M. P. who thought he ought to be made sheriff—you remember the kind.

But a soldier with a countrywide reputation for wisdom, courage and wide administrative capacity, General Leonard Wood, was hopelessly defeated for party nomination for President by a publisher-Senator of whom the country at large had never heard before the election. The same result occurred in the case of many splendidly equipped veterans running for lesser offices in many parts of the country. It was simply that the practical politicians then in power made the most of existing popular indifference. With an apathetic electorate to deal with, it was a simple matter for trained workers to outpoint a set of political amateurs who were without cohesive organization.

It would have been different, disappointed observers often remark, if The American Legion had only stepped boldly into the field of politics, or if the ex-service men had effected political organization through some other medium—a ridiculous claim.

One of the hardest things The American Legion had to fight in its formative days was the mere

(Continued on page 68)



BALANGIGA

YOU look played out," said Captain Book-miller, commanding the post at Basey. "Better lay over and start back fresh in the morning."

By Marquis James

Illustration by Frank Street

No, Lieutenant Bumpus replied. He'd be shoving off. With favorable winds and a calm sea he could make Balangiga before nightfall and C Company would have its mail a day earlier.

The lieutenant's detail of six men loaded their supplies in the barota, and with the precious bag of mail, paddled out from the sea-wall at Basey, on the island of Samar, in the Philippines. It was a considerate act. Lieutenant Bumpus was tired, and his men were tired, from their three-day journey from Balangiga across the strait to Tacoban on the island of Leyte, and thence to Basey on Samar. But C Company, Ninth Infantry, had been four months without word from home. Mail sent to China had missed it there, when, having done more than its share to stamp out the Boxer Rebellion, the Ninth was withdrawn to Manila. Before the mail caught up C Company was shunted to the most remote outpost on Samar.

For eight weeks it had garrisoned the village of Balangiga—seventy-eight white men in the perfect isolation of the steaming tropical jungle, testing Manila's new policy of "peaceful penetration."

The other sort of penetration had not been signally successful in Samar. To rout the Spanish at Manila and thereabouts had proved no great undertaking. During the eighteen months since the archipelago had passed to United States rule the native insurrections on the islands of Luzon and Mindanao had been pretty well smothered. But a different race of men dwelt on Samar. For centuries their only trade had been that of arms, practiced in the perpetual wars with the neighboring Moros and Sulus.

The Spanish respected them for this. In advance of her soldiers Spain had sent Franciscan friars to the island—wise and tactful men who set up chapels and made a few nominal converts to the Catholic faith. Then eight soldiers, in charge of a sergeant, appeared in each of the four coast villages with instructions to marry immediately into the most influential local families. This was the occupation of Samar by Spain. Not even the Franciscans ventured into the mountainous jungle of the interior, which was designated on their maps as "terra incognita." Few natives were aware that they had ever been a subject race.

This fact was impressed upon them, however, by the Forty-third and Twenty-ninth United States Infantry regiments, which occupied the villages and made forays into the interior for more



The fight between the Bolomen and the Americans was raging furiously about the ladder of the hut

than a year. There was a fight every day, and one bloody defeat for the Americans at Katubig. But generally the fights were small affairs. On occasions the masterly Lucban, war leader of the natives, would be content to send a lone boloman to slink alongside an American column threading single file a jungle trail. His work would be quickly done. A powerful brown arm parted the wall of foliage, a swish of the bolo, and a soldier dropped with head split from crown to jaw. The arm vanished, the jungle wall closed. Pursuit? With the same prospects of success one could pursue a fish in the sea.

These regiments departed, with laurels dearly bought, and in the fulness of time fresh troops appeared at the four villages, guided by fresh inspiration from Manila. We would disarm these natives by acquainting their uncultivated but keen minds with the advantages of enlightened rule. Consequently C Company had arrived at Balangiga with instructions to remain on the alert, but to make no hostile move.

This policy seemed to succeed. The villagers had swarmed out in their barotas to help the soldiers unload their equipment, and the moment that Captain Connell stepped on shore, Abayan, the local presidente, greeted him with those flowery words of welcome that can be expressed in Spanish as in no other tongue.

Some time after C Company's arrival at Balangiga the headquarters of Vicente Lucban, director of military operations of the insurgents of Samar, were captured on another island and his papers seized. The papers were in bad Spanish and Visayan. They were sent to Manila for translation, which proved slow work. As Lieutenant Bumpus and his men paddled their barota toward Balangiga it was still in progress, and this communication to General Lucban had not been examined:

"I have the honor to let you know, after having conferred with the principals of this town, about the policy to be pursued with

the enemy. . . . We have agreed to have a fictitious policy with them, doing whatever they like and when the occasion comes will strategically rise up against them. . . .

"May God preserve you many years.

"Balangiga, 30th of May, 1901.

"P. ABAYAN, Presidente."

Señor Abayan had continued his attitude of helpfulness to Captain Connell. Balangiga was the home of about a thousand people who dwelt in nipa huts elevated on piles six feet above the ground. About the traditional Spanish plaza were a few more substantial structures. The spaces beneath the floors of the huts were used for the disposal of garbage. Captain Connell promulgated a simple sanitary code which called for the removal of this filth. Thrice the order was posted, but not one heap was disturbed. The captain then rounded up all able-bodied citizens and selected eighty of the number as a sanitary force, which worked under guard.

A few days of this activity brought a change in the aspect of Balangiga in which none seemed to take more pride than the presidente. With his chief of police he called to suggest that the arrangement be made permanent. It would be unnecessary, however, to continue to work unoffending citizens. In the jungle dwelt certain tax evaders and other malefactors whom the police constabulary would bring in. Agreed, said Captain Connell, and in three days' time all of the townsmen had been superseded. The last replacement was effected on September 27, 1901, but Abayan told the captain that a number of citizens, appreciative of what los Americanos had done for their village, would continue to work as volunteers.

That night, after dark, Lieutenant Bumpus arrived with the mail.

The letters were distributed amid (Continued on page 74)



Harvey White, Department Commander of Kentucky, presenting Dan Sowers, National Americanism Director of the Legion, and Graham MacNamee, who broadcast the Junior World's Series at Louisville, with commissions as colonels on the staff of Governor Flem D. Sampson of Kentucky

EVERYBODY UP!

By Alexander Gardiner

GRAHAM MACNAMEE (perhaps you've heard the name) leaned just a trifle nearer the microphone as the noise about him increased to a howl of boyish enthusiasm on the loose. Maybe the thousands of people listening in on the other end had lost a few words, and so MacNamee raised his voice just a little, a smile playing over his face the while. "Just about a million kids," it came over the air, "are gathered about me and we're having just the finest time we ever had. And they're all going to be back here with me tomorrow, aren't you, kids?"

The roar that burst forth in answer to the invitation was what your modern slang expert would denominate Nobody's Business, and MacNamee, still smiling broadly, told those listening in on thirty-eight stations of the National Broadcasting Company in every corner of the United States that the first game in the Little World's Series of baseball games sponsored by The American Legion had been won by the Burkes of Buffalo over the White Sox of New Orleans by a score of 6 to 4.

"They're coming back here to Parkway Field in Louisville, Kentucky, again tomorrow for the second of the three-game series," the announcer continued, "and I wish you could all be here to see the way these boys play, particularly the infield

work of both teams. The major league scouts that were with us today saw plenty . . ."

And he went on to give the details of the play, while the crowd of youngsters increased and milled about him. It gave them a thrill to realize that they were actually watching the most noted radio announcer in the Western World do his stuff. It gave MacNamee a thrill too, as he readily admitted afterward.

Perhaps the Legion tournament, which popped the junior baseball championship of the world into the eager, outstretched gloves of the Buffalo team two days later after three games that were packed full of all kinds of baseball thrills, had none greater for the hundreds of thousand listeners-in than the voice of MacNamee coming to them over the air with the play-by-play story of the games—that chatty, informal, breezy, all-inclusive running account that has become a familiar to radio listeners wherever a great sporting event has been in progress these last several years. The Louisville kids had the edge on the youngsters and grown-ups who couldn't see it all, for they could watch the games and see MacNamee.

Yes, Buffalo won the third and deciding game of the series after New Orleans had tied it up on the second day. We're coming to that after a while. But first of all let's tell something



An exciting moment for the spectators. Federico sliding over home plate for New Orleans's first run in the opening game of the series, beating out the throw from left field on a short sacrifice fly. The umpire is Legionnaire Red Ormsby of the American League

about who was there, aside from the players and MacNamee. There was Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, high commissioner of professional baseball in this country, friend of the Legion, friend of the Legion's youthful players, and baseball fan extraordinary. The Judge was in New England vacationing and had just addressed four Department Conventions of the Legion, but he remembered that he had promised Dan Sowers, National Director of Americanism and high commissioner of the Legion's Little World's Series, that he would be on hand. So by train and plane he made the trip, saw the second game, dined with the two teams, thrilled the boys with a speech and—well, it was time for business again, and the Judge had to go. But he left John A. Heydler, President of the National League, to throw out the baseball for the start of the third game, and once again the Louisville youngsters had something to talk about.

For the American League, Thomas S. Shibe, owner of the Philadelphia Athletics, took the trip to Louisville and saw two games of the Legion's series despite the fact that his team had not as yet clinched the league championship. He brought Mrs. Shibe with him, and this gracious act endeared him to Louisville and to the Legion officials who were conducting the games. It is safe to say that when the Athletics and Cubs met in the big World's Series, a good portion of Louisville was rooting for the success of the American Leaguers, despite the fact that Joe McCarthy, the Cubs' manager, was manager of the Louisville team of the American Association before he took the Chicago job, and gave the Kentucky metropolis a couple of championships in succession.

Major John L. Griffith, who besides being executive officer of the Big Ten, that marvelous intercollegiate organization of the Middle West, is a power in amateur athletics generally, saw the games, with numerous others whose presence testified to the regard in which both amateur and professional sport in this

country hold the Legion's games for boys. The two major leagues again appropriated fifty thousand dollars for the expenses of the regional, sectional and final series, and further showed their belief in the Legion's project by sending two of their regular staff of umpires to handle the Louisville games, Legionnaire E. T. (Red) Ormsby, who calls them in the American League, and Edward McLaughlin of the National League.

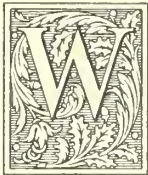
Louisville had had a team in the sectional championships at Washington, and when the boys returned home they had declared their intention of rooting for the Buffalo team. By a freaky geographical twist, however, they found their loyalty to the eastern team overshadowed by the fact that while New Orleans was nominally the representative of the West, it was in reality a Southern team, like Louisville. And so they and most of the crowd rooted for the White Sox. The weather during the three days of the tournament was very hot (as it was, indeed, over the entire portion of the country east of the Rockies) and this too bothered the Buffalo boys more than it did their opponents. But the prize was worth while, and the two teams fought valiantly throughout the series. By their victory the Buffalo boys, in addition to becoming Junior World's Champions, won the right to attendance at the World's Series baseball games in Chicago and Philadelphia with all expenses paid, and each of the twelve boys received a gold watch. The fourteen New Orleans players were awarded gold watch charms.

Louisville opened its arms to the Legion and its youthful ball players and showed by its deeds that its reputation for hospitality really means something. Col. William F. Knebelkamp, owner of the Louisville baseball team of the American Association, placed his park and his employees at the disposal of the Legion. Thomas H. Hayden, Jr., Department Adjutant of the Kentucky Legion, took charge of all the details of ticket distribution and sales. Harvey White, (Continued on page 71)

EDITORIAL

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

The World Looks Up



WITH the approach of the eleventh anniversary of the Armistice the world is permitted to read many satisfactory portents of growing international goodwill in the skies. Literally in the skies.

A few weeks ago, in a single issue of any American newspaper, appeared accounts of the *Graf Zeppelin* safely housed at Tokio after a memorable seven thousand mile flight from Friedrichshafen, the completion of a non-stop airplane flight from Spokane to New York and return, the adventures of fifteen women pilots flying in competition from Santa Monica to Cleveland, and the announcement that Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh would soon pilot the first plane over a new extension of mail and passenger airways that are binding Central and South America closer to the United States and Canada.

Colonel Lindbergh is secure to immortality as our flying ambassador of good will. The thrilling glory of his flight to Paris was timed—perhaps by Providence—to dissipate ugly clouds of ill-feeling that attended a crisis in Franco-American relations. With Ambassador Morrow he shares the credit for our present happy relations with Mexico. Certainly understanding of and friendship with the republic to the south have never been more satisfactory than since the Lone Eagle glided down into the Mexican capital two years ago.

How amazingly and whole-heartedly do the peoples of the world rejoice at the prowess of the flying pioneers as they knit nations and individuals in better understanding with the threads of their invisible air trails!

When America remained dubious as to the practical value of human flight in the face of the demonstrated successes of Orville and Wilbur Wright, it was France that welcomed and gave material recognition and assistance to the Dayton inventors. In the light of international good will it may not be a bad thing that the airplane in which Orville Wright made the first heavier-than-air flight rests in the British Museum rather than in our own Smithsonian Institution.

Count Zeppelin's interest in lighter-than-air navigation dated from a visit to this country during the Civil War, when he saw his first balloon flight.

It was an American, Dr. Jeffries of Boston, and a Frenchman, Pierre Blanchard, who first crossed the English Channel by air before the close of the eighteenth century.

But it is post-war aviation that has developed the full fruit of international good will, inspired by the universal admiration of human courage. England and France, which fifteen years ago gazed skyward in dread at sight of a rigid airship (a dread which America

would have shared had it been in the same situation), joined with the rest of the world in acclaiming the world cruise of the *Graf Zeppelin*, two of whose passengers, indeed, were members of the British nobility.

Long before Lindbergh's feat, America hailed the flight of Brown and Alcock, even as the *NC-4* crew were welcomed in England. Brock and Schlee, Miss Earhart and Wilmer Stultz, were accorded most cordial receptions in England. Our own greeting to the German air sailors who brought the *Los Angeles* to Lakehurst, and to the crew of the *Graf Zeppelin*, was no less hearty than our rousing welcome to the pioneer trans-Atlantic dirigible crew of the British *R-34*.

The delirious acclaim accorded the late Baron von Huenefeld and Captain Koehl of Germany, who with Colonel Fitzmaurice of the Irish Free State accomplished the first east to west crossing of the North Atlantic, even exceeded the warmth of America's welcome to the Italian, Major de Pinedo, and the Frenchmen Coste and Le Brix.

South America did not differentiate in the heartiness of its greeting to Ramon Franco, the representative of the mother country, Spain, and to the other South Atlantic flyers—Portuguese, Italian, French. Chamberlin and Levine enjoyed the same demonstrations in Berlin that Williams and Yancey experienced in Rome.

The late Roald Amundsen, a Norwegian, shared the honors of his North Pole flights first with an American, Lincoln Ellsworth, then with Italians, the crew of the Nobile semi-rigid airship. Bernt Balchen, the Swede, is with Byrd at the South Pole. Eielson, the American, piloted Wilkins, the Briton, over the North Pole.

The memorable flight of Captain Charles Kingsford-Smith, the Australian, across the Pacific, was financed by an American, and an American was his navigator. The race against time of the late Captain Charles B. D. Collyer and John Henry Mears around the world succeeded because of the sincere co-operation of Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Chinese and Japanese.

Thus it goes. South America received our army good-will flyers with Latin warmth, and we in turn have hurrahed brave aviators from the other side of the equator. Our army and navy schools are teaching scores of Latin-Americans to fly. The good will created by the army round-the-world flight still has happy repercussions in a score of countries around the globe.

The recent multiplicity of refueling endurance flights had its origin in the mind of a Russian, Alexander de Seversky, now a major in the Army Air Corps Reserve, who first conceived of the refueling idea while



BIRDS OF A FEATHER

serving with the Russian Air Service in the Baltic during the war. He devised the plan in 1917 to lengthen the cruising radius of pursuit aviation, but he did not perfect the refueling apparatus until he was employed by the United States Army as a consulting engineer in 1923.

American motors are serving the cause of aviation the world over. British and German planes vie with our own for popularity with civilian flyers. Foreign designers and engineers are well represented on the payrolls of American aircraft factories and in patent grants at Washington—German, British, Dutch, Russian, French, Italian. The fresh interest in the sport of glider flying depends on the designs and teaching skill of a group of young Germans. The name of Fokker, which was a warning of an enemy plane of high performance to Allied aviators on the Western Front, now designates one of our best types of transport airplanes. The designer is the same man.

Similarly, the trade mark Sikorsky, which represents the most popular model of the amphibian airplane, is the sign manual of the brain-child of a former Russian. No small number of our best commercial pilots are natives of countries other than the United States.

Nor is the brotherhood of races and countries confined to the male sex—there is a sisterhood as well. There is Thea Rasche of Germany, there is Lady Heath of Great Britain, there are our own Elinor Smith, Amelia Earhart and Ruth Elder.

Aviation today is a panorama of the mingling of peoples and ideas. The fraternity of the air is not an affair of flyers alone. Because of the world interest in all phases of flying, mundane folk soar in spirit with the valiant air pioneers. Irrespective of race or creed they applaud and rejoice with each individual whose deed adds a chapter to the story of flying and to history. There may be significance in the fact that the symbol of peace is invariably a winged figure.



Cermak Cottage, latest addition to the Forty and Eight Convalescent Camp on the outskirts of Chicago

NO PLACE *to*

By Clara Ingram

HOW long is ten years? It depends. If you are well and prospering, if days are full of interesting work and recreation, you can glance back over a decade and say, "It seems no time at all!" But if you are sick, in a hospital, or if you are not really sick or really well, just too far below par to find life worth living, then a year might seem a lifetime, and as for *ten* years—probably none but the men who have been in the hospitals all the years since the war can guess how immeasurably long the decade has been.

This question of time in its relation to human health and happiness was brought sharply to my mind the day I visited the Forty and Eight Camp for convalescents in the beautiful forest preserve near Chicago. The project was undertaken by a few loyal men in the hope of shortening for some the wearisome ten years' struggle back to health and to provide a place where veterans could win back health and vigor after any illness.

On a sunny day in spring I visited the camp to see for myself the setting for this sort of work and to inquire into the history and management of such a unique and inspiring type of service. We arrived at noon and were at once invited to dinner and told that "inspection could wait till after mess," a welcome suggestion, as the drive out had made us hungry. Nearly a score sat down at the big table, and as the roast and gravy, mashed potatoes and vegetables disappeared as if by magic we began to get acquainted.

"Where do you keep the invalids?" I asked, when I had satisfied myself by careful glances that there were no sick men present.

"We don't keep them," laughed Mr. Roth; "they get well too fast out here! Some of these fellows have been here only a week or two already, yet look at them! Once in a while we get a case that needs months, but even then he picks up enough that he doesn't *look* sick for long. That's what out-of-door living does for a man."

I could understand that, for the combination of fresh air, good food and pleasant fellowship would soon set up any man and sunshine would

put color into his face while strengthening muscles and bones. The camp was no place for *staying* sick—I could see that in a minute.

Before making the trip out, I had learned some bits of the history of the camp. After dinner, Mr. Roth, Chef de Gare of Voiture 220 of the Forty and Eight in Chicago, who was my host for the journey, Superintendent Love and I went on a comprehensive tour of the place and while looking and exploring learned the whole story.

The inception of the camp was in the winter of 1927-1928 and includes a train of incidents too remarkable to be fiction—they wouldn't seem possible if a person made them up, yet they are facts.

James C. Russell was then Chef de Gare of Voiture 220. One day he proposed to Anton J. Cermak, president of the Cook County Board of Commissioners, that the Forty and Eight would enjoy a cabin in the forest preserve. The idea appealed to Mr. Cermak and he and his colleagues authorized the erection of a rustic cabin for the use of the organization. Four officials were designated to select the site and very soon a sizable chalet on Maple Hill in the Southwest Forest Preserve at Ninety-fifth Street and Archer Avenue was being built.

On the day the site was chosen R. R. Kennicott, Chief Forester for the county, an expert woodsman whose son was in the 33d Division, remarked to Mr. Russell, "You fellows are going to have a fine time out here, aren't you?"

"We are that!" was the enthusiastic reply.

"Well, did you ever stop to think that life in the forest might help some of the sick and wounded? Did you know that we had six men from the Speedway Hospital working for us last summer and that life in the open did them a world of good? Why don't you people do something for fellows like them?"

Mr. Russell, quite taken aback, said he wished they could. The thought seemed ex-



Next of kin



STAY SICK

The main building of the Forty and Eight colony. Everything is shipshape, thanks largely to the enthusiastic efforts of the patients themselves

Judson

cellent, but he hadn't an idea what to do about it, nor how to do it. Six hours after that conversation, Mr. Russell (he's an ex-newspaper man) happened to call upon Robert Lee, city editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. While he was in the *Tribune* office waiting for Mr. Lee, Don Maxwell, the sporting editor, came by.

"Jim," he remarked to Mr. Russell, "Walter Eckersall and I are arranging an amateur boxing tournament on the west side. You know Mr. McCormick (co-editor of the *Tribune* with J. M. Patterson) is deeply interested in the sick and disabled veterans. He wishes to give the proceeds to some service organization that will put it to good use. What do you suggest?"

"Give it to the Forty and Eight," was the answer.

"All right, what for?"

"A convalescent camp in the forest preserve."

"Fine! Name a member of your organization to act as trustee."

"A. A. Sprague."

It rolled out as snappily as that. If he had planned it for weeks Mr. Russell could not have replied more promptly or made wiser decisions. Evidently his guardian angel or sub-conscious mind or something had been busy since the idea was suggested to him six hours before.

Three weeks later Walter Eckersall, for the *Tribune*, turned over to Trustee A. A. Sprague nine thousand dollars—and the camp became an assured fact, and was named "Tribune—Forty and Eight Convalescent Camp."

In the meantime, Mr. Russell had not been idle. He had approached Mr. Cermak with such good arguments for a convalescent camp for veterans that the president of the county board not only allotted to the camp a tract of seven hundred and fifty acres in a most beautiful section of the Southwest Forest Preserve, but also gave a thousand dollars, a gas engine, five pigs and some sheep and arranged for a generous free food supply. These two large gifts, from the *Tribune* and from Mr. Cermak, were supplemented by some forty-five hundred dollars raised by *Voiture 220* of the Forty and Eight through various sources, and things at the camp began to hum.

The site chosen is near the town of Orland Park, Illinois, at the intersection of Kean Avenue and One Hundred and Forty-third Street. (Note the location, for if you ever drive near there, you will want to drop in and see the place.) On the tract, some four

hundred or more feet back from the road, was an old farm house, almost tumbling down, but reclaimable, and the first task was to put it in order. Floors were renewed, plumbing installed, screens fitted and the whole place painted, inside and out. Guided by the advice of county engineers, a well one hundred and seventy-five feet deep was put in and an engine large enough to allow a capacity of one hundred and fifty gallons per minute was installed. The committeemen were no pikers, you see; they planned for the future when the camp should care for a large group of men. A septic tank, properly located, was put in and swamps on the tract were drained.

The Cook County Council of The American Legion Auxiliary sent details for making curtains and later for canning surplus fruit from the orchard. That was a real help. But from what I saw of the men's skill in homemaking out there, I am quite certain that they could have provided even curtains if there had not been a generous feeling of wanting to let the Auxiliary in on the fun. Aside from those two particular pieces of work the entire job of establishing and running the camp has been done by men.

Early in 1928 the camp was a going concern—the flag was flying from the sixty-foot pole erected by the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois; the electric refrigerator in the dining room was stocked with food for twenty-five people; the cellars, white with new whitewash, were piled with good staples and everything was ready for business.

And how about the sick veterans? Whence would come enough convalescent men to use such a place, you ask?

They came mostly from the Speedway and Great Lakes Hospitals where, even though there are hundreds of beds, so many men are constantly waiting to get in that many a man has to leave long before he is really well. Often as soon as a man is able to be up he must go because there is a sicker man who needs his bed. Sometimes without money or job or even the energy to hunt one a veteran is given carfare to the city and discharged.

"Even the penitentiary gives them ten dollars and a suit of clothes," said Mr. Roth in his vigorous fashion as he told me about it, "and we of the Forty and Eight aim to go the penitentiary one better. If the men come to the Legion office we bring them out here in our own cars or send for the camp truck if none of us can leave our work. We keep them here till they are really well, find them a suitable job and keep track of them till they are actually rehabilitated."

No one recovering from a contagious disease is accepted nor



A good time is had by all—that's part of the cure

any patient with an infectious or mental disease. This ruling was made to insure a healthy camp, mentally and physically, for the men who can suitably be admitted. Most of the patients thus far have been those who are recovering from pneumonia or influenza, from stomach troubles, from broken arms or legs, from operations or accidents, and heart cases. The camp is especially well adapted for the care of the latter as light work encourages some activity, while the downstairs sleeping quarters and careful medical supervision prevent overwork. There is a fast turnover, some patients staying only a week, and the longest stay is not usually more than two or three months.

There are men like Barnes of the First Division. He received a war disability which eventually developed into acute stomach trouble and melancholia. He was in a government hospital for eight years—speaking of time, I wonder how long *that* eight years seemed? Friends in the Forty and Eight urged him to come to the camp for a while and he was finally sent out. Somehow the stir of normal activity about him and the cheerfulness of the men brought about a psychological change that went along with the improvement in his physical condition, and in two months he had found himself. He decided he would try to get a job. He applied at one of the larger industrial concerns in Chicago and not only got the job but is holding it and making good. Two months in camp did the trick—two months and there was a new man.

Then there is the brown-eyed Italian who is nicknamed "the Irish Wop" because he was born on St. Patrick's Day. He was finishing his vocational training in architecture and was just ready to begin work when he was stricken with an acute illness, after which he could not seem to get back his health. He came to the camp last fall and soon was able to do a little light work. He also began interesting himself in designing things around the

camp, the flower garden and walks, and he worked out the camp name in cement in an interesting way. By late winter he was well enough to begin drawing and he spent hours each day at house designing. So excellent were his designs that he was able to interest some Italian friends in his sketches and secured a contract for a thirty-thousand-dollar residence. The last month in camp he made all the plans and drawings, and when he left was well and ready for work. He now has a job in an architect's office and is doing splendidly.

Another veteran was pressman on one of the city papers. He developed a severe stomach trouble and was in the hospital so long that his spirits and his pocket-book were equally deflated. He was taken out to the camp, and as he was interested in gardening he soon began putting around with the spring planting. This week he has put in a thousand gladioli bulbs, among other things, and the sunshine and warmth have just about completed his cure. His wife and two fine children have been out to see him often and have been thrilled with his progress.

"But we started to explore the camp," I reminded Mr. Roth, as I suddenly realized that we had just been standing on the hillside while I had been hearing these stories. "Let's start at the front and go all over the place. I want to see everything."

The old farm house stands on a hill overlooking the town of Orland Park and the paved highway some twenty-one miles or more southwest of Chicago. You'd never guess that the place was an institution. There is no high fence, nor great gate. It doesn't look imposing. It looks like a home—a comfortable, well-run rural home. That's why it is so peculiarly adapted to its use. There is only one strange thing you will notice if you are of an observing turn of mind. As you look, a man comes out to feed the chickens, a man hangs up the freshly washed dish towels, a



The convalescent colony is a real farm, not a make-believe one

man throws open an upstairs window to shake a duster and a man greets you as you knock. It's a man household, down to the last detail.

Wide porches, glassed in during the winter and screened in the summer, surround the house on two sides. On the porch were trays of seedlings almost ready to be set out in the well-spaded flower beds by the perennial garden back of the house. And here and there were comfortable beach chairs where patients might lounge while getting the sun.

The living room is heated by a modern coal burner stove and is well lighted. In a corner is a gaily painted book case containing about a hundred volumes and as Mr. Roth brought two boxes of books out with him that day, I judge there will ere long be a sizable library. There is a fine radio, comfortable furniture, gay curtains and a colorful rug. Altogether it is a cheery room—homelike and pleasant either in winter or summer, with an atmosphere of well-being.

To the right is the medical room, a recent innovation. This room used to be the superintendent's, but as the need for a suitable place for examinations and treatments became apparent, this room is being made over into a first-class surgical and medical room with proper equipment and supplies.

"But I thought it was not intended to give treatments or hospital service!" I exclaimed, when I saw how carefully the room was being planned.

"You're right—we had no idea of going into such work," agreed Mr. Roth. "But experience showed us that we should. Many a man needs attention even though he is well on the road to recovery. His heart may need to be watched or his diet prescribed, and there are often emergencies. So we employ a physician who is an ex-army officer and who understands our work;

he comes out twice a week and we find the plan works most satisfactorily.

"One experience of last summer was nearly disastrous," continued Mr. Roth, "and taught us many things. There was a fine chap here then—just out of the hospital, of course; delighted with the camp and feeling very happy and grateful. Last year we had some fifteen acres in truck garden so there was plenty to do—we had planned it on purpose to afford out-of-door work for the men. Well, this chap got to feeling very peppy and he worked all day in the garden—voluntarily, you understand, and a fine lot of work he did, too. But it nearly put him under. The next morning he had a heart attack and only prompt medical attention and the devoted nursing of the men pulled him through. Fortunately it did him no permanent harm, but we learned our lesson. This year we shall put in only five acres of garden; the rest we'll sow in alfalfa. And we have the doctor check up on every new man to make sure that no patient does a bit more work than is good for him. We find it works better to have the doctor come here regularly and see every man than to attempt to take to him the patients we might decide needed his attention."

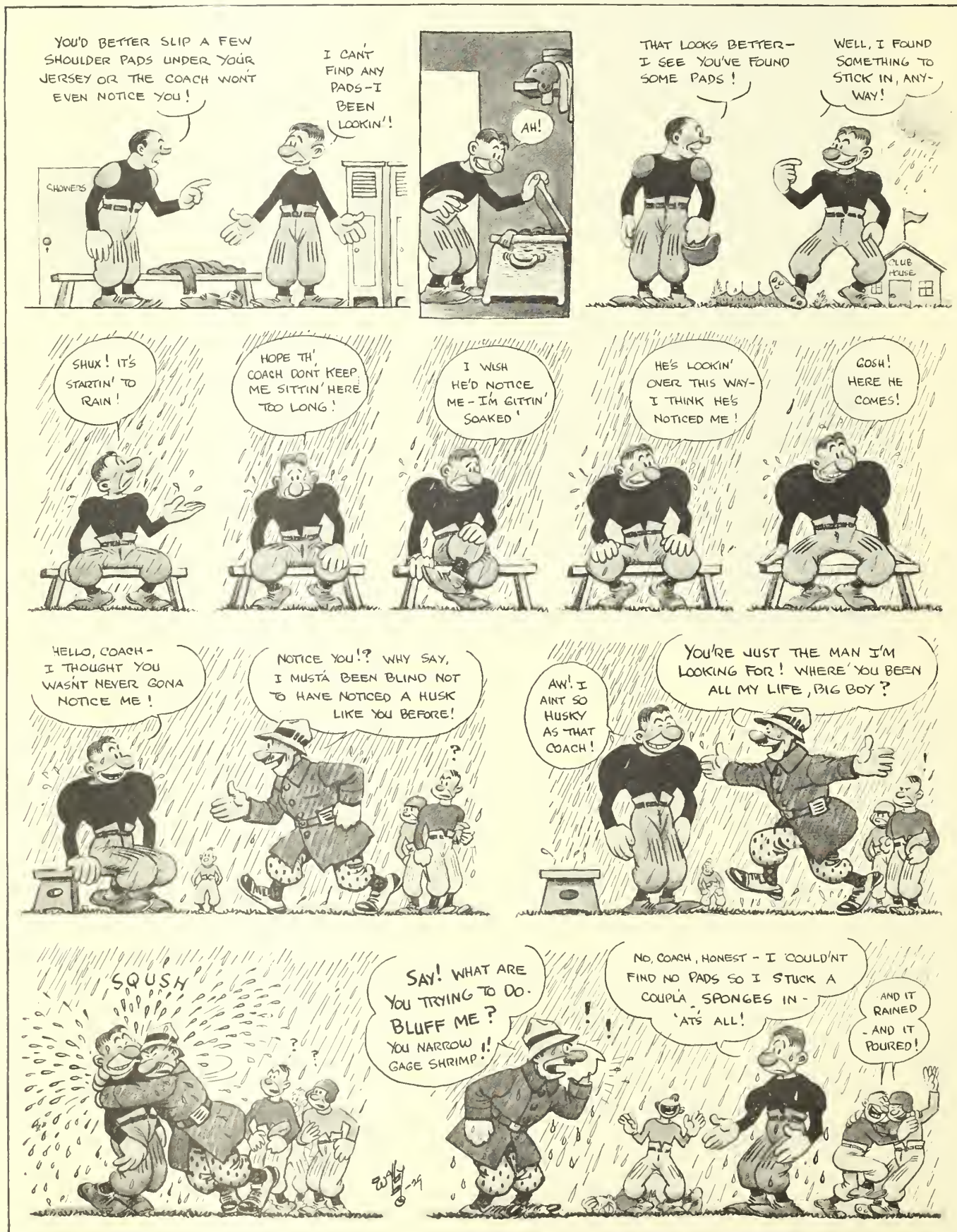
Back of the medical room is a hallway which leads to a large bathroom and the showers. All these have been newly installed and are of excellent quality. There is a tub and the two showers are in a separate room where more can be added as needed. Off the dining room is another porch used as sleeping quarters for the men who cannot go up and down stairs. Two beds were set up there this particular day, but there is room for more if the need should arise.

The kitchen is large and sunny—a typical farm kitchen. It is equipped with a coal range and a fine kerosene stove for summer use and to supplement the range when (Continued on page 56)

A SWELL AFFAIR

Or, The Scrub Who Was All Wet

By Wallgren



❧ A PERSONAL VIEW ❧

by
Frederick Palmer

VIGAN! JIM PARKER and Vigan! Again I was seeing that limber blade of a man in that desperate charmed fight against odds in an old Spanish plaza.

The Ring of Honest Steel

So he had written a book. I hardly dared open it lest I should find that another fighter could not tell his story.

But, glory be, Parker is one who can, one who knows how to let the story tell itself. Not often is this View given to reminiscence. This month it is all given to Parker's.

GREAT TO ME! "The Old Army" in big letters; and then "Memories" in small letters underneath. Memories of the

It Is a Great Title

Army that always carries on—the Regulars—the Army that is as old as the nation! Without it and the National Guard carrying on in peace we should have nobody to drill us and show us how to fight when war comes. And the "Old Army" to Major General James Parker, retired, is that of the old frontier posts of Indian fighting when Denver was a young mining camp and cow town. His is no imaginative or second-hand picture of those romantic days but that of first-hand experience.

IT WAS FIFTY-THREE years ago, in 1876, that young Parker, just out of West Point, reported to the 4th Cavalry at Fort Sill, then in Indian Territory (now

They Had The Call

Oklahoma) "on the edge of the American desert." Every officer in the 4th above the rank of second lieutenant had served in the Civil War, which was then just as far away, eleven years, as the World War is today.

NOT ONLY WERE the officers veteran Civil War officers but so were some of the privates in that proud regiment which

Very High Privates

had had such names on its roster as Robert E. Lee, John Sedgwick, Joseph E. Johnston and George B. McClellan. Former Captain Kimball of the Confederate Service was a bugler; former Lieutenant Colonel of Federal Volunteers Wettstein was a private, and former Federal Major Harley a first sergeant. The spell of army life and the plains held them in the Army—the old Army.

THE CIVIL WAR veterans said they had seen war. They didn't need to study books. Youngsters saw them as out-of-date in their ideas just as youngsters

Hazing Young "Looies"

see World War veterans today. Captain Heyl invited two fashion-plate arrivals from West Point to a ride on his buckboard behind his rat-tail horse Nigger. He drove them across Cache Creek with the muddy water up to their necks, as they held on for dear life, and then drove them back

again. All the while he said never a word about navigation or any other subject, but he chuckled.

NOT MUCH TIME for drills. The soldiers were always kept busy building roads and houses. The Government at

Soldier, Will You Work?

Washington had forgotten it had an army, but remembered the fact when Indian bucks went on the warpath killing settlers. Then the Regulars licked the Indians again, and there was peace for a while. A private's pay was \$13 a month. Once that did not arrive for a year. The post trader, mighty man of the frontier, staked the garrison in the meantime. When the Indians sold lands to Uncle Sam for settlement they wanted their pay in coin, heavy, chinking, shiny and bright. So soldiers convoyed wagons loaded with silver dollars across the plains.

INDOOR SPORTS OF the lonely posts were billiards and poker. Outdoor sports, aside from keeping the Indians on their

Sports and Eats

reservations, were coursing after wolves with greyhounds, treeing mountain lions, and shooting all the kinds of game. Simultaneous discharge of two guns killed twenty wild duck. Eats were not lacking in the flocks of wild turkeys, herds of buffalo and deer. Game broiled over the coals on the march, and succulent roasts from the Dutch oven when in garrison! Not only seconds but thirds and fourths—"chuck" until your buttons burst—chuck the Indian name for eats!

WHEN PARKER ARRIVED in '76 vast herds of buffalo still roamed from Montana to Texas. On horses, trained not to

Clouds of Buffalo

be buffalo shy, the sporting way of hunting was to ride alongside a bull at full gallop and shoot him through the lungs. In a buffalo feast the Indian chose as his delicacy the liver, which he ate raw. He would not eat wild turkey. It was "bad medicine." In '77 the professional hunters began their slaughter of buffalo for their hides. A million were estimated to have been killed in a year. By '79 their moving clouds had vanished forever from the plains.

THOSE YOUNG PARKER knew were not the Indians in regalia picture costumes—very rare such parades—but Indians in

The Real Indians

gee-strings, moccasins and blankets, their faces often painted. And they liked umbrellas, especially bright colored ones. "On some occasions, after a distribution of supplies, you could see hundreds of Indians riding along the road in solemn silence, carrying their gaudy umbrellas." (Continued on page 73)

KEEPING

EVERYBODY in Beloit, Wisconsin, knows when the clock and calendar have reached the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of each year. As the minute hands of Beloit clocks tick off the swift seconds between 10:59 and 11:00 a. m., twelve rifles are slanted skyward in the arms of twelve uniformed Legionnaires lined up at the corner of State Street and Grand Avenue, in the center of Beloit's business district. At the exact instant when the fifty-ninth second after the fifty-ninth minute merges into the first second of the first minute of the new hour, twelve triggers are gripped and twelve rifle shots ring in a sharp volley. The sound of that volley reminds all Beloit that another year has passed since the first Armistice Day of 1919.

"Three volleys are fired," adds Legionnaire Maurice C. Austin. "Buglers stationed on other principal corners sound taps after the salute. The police very kindly help us by holding up traffic for the brief period of our ceremony. Citizens invariably show great respect, removing their hats in the presence of our colors displayed by the post color guard. The whole ceremony is simple and dignified and could well be carried out in any other community."

Snow and Ice

EDGAR M. BOYD Post doesn't think that November is too early to start planning for its dog derby to be held later in the winter when nature has provided just the right amount of snow for the streets of Williston, North Dakota. The post is going to do a lot of advance work this winter because last winter when the post held its first dog derby, it had a lot of trouble keeping the spectators from cluttering up the Main Street race course. At that, last year's races went off in fine shape. Dozens of boys drove dogs hitched to sleds in an assortment of races.

And now that winter is here again, Hyde Park Post is planning to put on something this year that will surpass its ice derby that was held last winter on the lagoon of Jackson Park in the middle of Chicago. Just because its home happens to be in the second largest city of the United States doesn't keep Hyde Park Post from making a name for itself in outdoor

sports. Four hundred skaters signed entry forms for the ice derby last winter and 258 of them actually took part in the ice races. Twenty thousand spectators crowded the sidelines to watch the races.

Funeral Insurance

AN EXPERIMENT in insurance, begun by Wheeling (West Virginia) Post and supported by eight other posts of West Virginia, Ohio and Pennsylvania, is being studied in other States and may lead to a proposal for a national beneficial provision as a standard feature of membership in The American Legion.

"Under the Wheeling plan," bulletins Legionnaire E. F. Hohmann, "the Ohio Valley Council's funeral insurance association will pay upon the death of a member the sum of \$100 to his widow or other beneficiary. Payment will be made by the secretary immediately after notice of death has been received. Legionnaires may join the association for an initial fee of \$2.

The new association adopted a constitution in June at a meeting held in St. Clairsville, Ohio, at which Arnold H. Falck, Commander of Wheeling Post and father of the plan, presided. Besides Wheeling Post the outfits which helped launch the experiment were Ohio posts in Bellaire, Bridgeport, St. Clairsville and Flushing, and West Virginia posts at Benwood, Cameron and McMechen and the post in West Alexander, Pennsylvania."

Twins Six

IT MAY be true that the storks that visit Holdrege, Nebraska, are two-passenger models, and certainly Martin-Horn Post of Holdrege has a right to be chesty about its record in having among its 161 members fathers of five sets of twins. All very well, according to Fred Lambdin, Adjutant of St. Joseph (Illinois) Post, except that Martin-Horn Post never would have claimed the championship in the twins contest if it had heard of the St. Joseph Post's record.

"Our post has only twenty-five (get that, twenty-five) members, and among them are six fathers of twins," writes Mr. Lambdin. "It's a gift! If we can ever get all the twins together



When Main Street becomes a midwinter speedway. A glimpse of the dog derby which is an annual American Legion sporting event in Williston, North Dakota, where boys are boys and dogs pull sleds

STEP



and keep them quiet long enough, we'll send a photograph of them. In the meantime, we modestly hang up the gonfalon we have captured from Holdrege, Nebraska."

Desert Rider

THINGS hadn't gone so well for J. R. Haptonstall and his family after Mr. Haptonstall moved from his home in Highland Park, New Jersey, to a service men's settlement on the Harqua Hala Desert near Salome, Arizona. Mr. Haptonstall had been fighting off illness, and regularly he visited the Prescott hospital of the Veterans Bureau for treatment. Aside from his illness, which he managed to lick most of the time, his principal source of woe was the Haptonstall automobile. It had been a good car in New Jersey in its day, but it was sadly out of place in its old age on the scorching sands of Arizona.

Every trip to Prescott in the old bus was an adventure. The wheezing vehicle was vulnerable from tread to top and from front bumper to tail-light—it did everything a mule could do except lie down.

This summer Haptonstall drove his old car into the garage of Legionnaire Sam Haydis in Salome.

"Got to drive the old wreck to Prescott again," he told the garage proprietor. "Think it'll make it?"

Haydis said there wasn't a chance. Moreover, he declined to touch a bolt on the car.

"It's gone," he said.

"You'd better drive this new car here—the one with the doggy trailer outfit," Haptonstall said the joke was a good one.

"But it isn't a joke," declared the garage proprietor.

"The new car's yours. It is a present to you from the Legionnaires of Highland Park Post in New Jersey."

Nobody Sits in the Grand Stand

THE nearest thing to a mutual admiration society is the drum corps of Fred Heath Post of Garden City, South Dakota. The reason is that if the drum beaters and bugle blowers of the corps won't praise one another's musical skill on meeting nights there is nobody else to do it. There isn't a single

non-musical back-slapper or hand-shaker in the post. Every member—there are fifteen of them—belongs to the drum corps. The post goes to department conventions and such like with a banner heralding the claim that it is "the world's smallest post with a drum corps."

Well, the world isn't so little, even with Graf Zeppelins shooting around it like comets, so somewhere—perhaps in China, Hawaii or Japan—there may be a smaller post that is also convertible at will into a drum corps.

American Education Week

AMERICAN Legion posts everywhere have been urged to co-operate with the schools in the observance of American Education Week, which opens on November 11th, Armistice Day. A special Armistice Day program for use in all schools has been outlined by the National Education Association. The National Americanism Commission of The American Legion

has distributed to posts a bulletin suggesting suitable ways in which Legion posts may help the schools of their communities observe the week.

Flag of '73

IN 1873 four daughters of Civil War veterans in the town of Sorento in Illinois sewed the last stitches that held together thirteen parallel bars of alternate red and white and adjusted the final star upon a field of blue. Their labor over, they presented to the new post of the G. A. R. in Sorento their handiwork—a large American flag.

That was fifty-six years ago. And in the fifty-six years that have passed since the young girls of Sorento finished their sewing task the flag they made has been carried often through Sorento's streets. In the earlier years it was borne proudly in parades, when the veterans marched on the Fourth of July and other holidays. There was strength in their footsteps then and their ranks were full. As years passed and the ranks began to thin, the occasions upon which the flag was carried in procession to the town's burial places became more frequent. Then came the period of fewer funerals. The flag of 1873 had been carried to the gravesides



Speaking of the Legion's winter sports, here is Hyde Park Post of Chicago in the midst of its annual skating tournament. Who said the big city post couldn't find many things to do in winter?

K E E P I N G S T E P

of most of the town's Civil War veterans. When 1929 arrived there was only a single member of the G. A. R. left in Sorento as the flag's custodian. He is Dr. W. W. Duncan.

This year Dr. Duncan stood in the presence of the members of Kessinger Post of The American Legion and told them how much the old flag of his G. A. R. post meant to him.

"Take it, boys, and preserve it," he said simply, while many of his listeners found tears in their eyes. "Let it be carried but once more—when the last man of the G. A. R. has answered the last call. Then hang it upon the wall of your post clubhouse as a reminder of the old graves which, like your new graves, you have promised to care for until you come to the end of your own march many years from now."

The First Hundred

WHILE we're organizing different societies of one sort and another, why not a society for the very earliest posts in the Legion? Theodore Chisholm, Commander of Leo Leyden Post of Denver, Colorado, writes that his outfit has long been under the impression that it was the first post to receive a permanent charter.

"Our temporary charter is dated June 16, 1919," reports Commander Chisholm. "Our permanent charter is dated August 10, 1920. Both are signed by Henry D. Lindsley."

"It is pretty hard for any post to nail down the title of being the first post to get a permanent charter," comments Frank E. Samuel, Assistant National Adjutant. "On August 13, 1920, one hundred charters were issued simultaneously, the first to be given out to posts. The records here do not indicate which one of the hundred could claim precedence over the other ninety-nine."

Well, anyway, there are one hundred posts which have the distinction of receiving permanent charters dated the first day they were issued. Let's hear from adjutants of these "August 13 1920," posts! Of course, George Washington Post of Wash-

ington, D. C., still holds the title of first and oldest post. It got its temporary charter May 19, 1919. How many of the first hundred posts to get permanent charters know of their distinction?

Umpqua Post Takes the Floor

UMPQUA Post hereby claims a record for itself," bulletins Roy O. Young, former Post Adjutant and chairman of the post's 1929 membership committee. "We claim that our post is the largest post in a town of approximately 5,000 population. As I write, our membership roll includes 553 names. The 1920 census gave our town of Roseburg, Oregon, 4,381 persons and, due to a large number of railroad men leaving town in 1927, our population today wouldn't show any great increase over the 1920 figure. Is there another post of the Legion in a town of 5,000 which has more than 500 members?

"Our record is helped by the fact that we have members living all over Douglas County, some of them as far away from Roseburg as fifty miles. We also make a practice of signing up traveling salesmen who visit our town and tourists who do not happen to be affiliated with posts in the cities from which they come. We have members whose homes are in Pennsylvania, Arizona, Nevada, Illinois, Iowa, California, British Columbia and Washington.

"Each Armistice Day we give a big feed for everybody, a fact which in itself makes every service man who lives here want to be counted among us. We also hold an annual community smoker. When one of our members moves to another State, we don't count him lost. We follow him up with a letter telling him we should like to keep him on our rolls if he hasn't an opportunity to make a happy Legion association in his new home. In our letter we give him some local news and do our best to let him know we are genuinely desirous of keeping in touch with him.

"Our ordinary membership-getting methods aren't much different from the usual ones used by other posts. Each year we



Harvey Seeds Post of Miami, Florida, will observe Armistice Day this year with a special ceremony at the American Legion Memorial in Woodlawn Cemetery, shown in this photograph as it appeared when it was dedicated by the post some months ago



Minnesota, the State of ten thousand lakes, supplies the Monthly's annual bathing beauty picture, and rather than wait until next summer, we are presenting it now, even if it is a bit chilly up toward the Canadian border. These girls, representing different towns, took part in a contest which featured the Minnesota Department's annual convention at Winona. Miss Rosella Dressen (center) won the title of Miss Minnesota

have one big drive, with two teams competing, each team made up of from twenty to twenty-five members. The teams are always named. One year it was the Shavetails against the Buck Privates.

"Our Auxiliary unit deserves much of the credit for our success. It has 263 members—the largest unit in Oregon. The post and unit hold several joint meetings each year.

"Of course we do plenty of things to keep all members busy. One of our recent accomplishments was procuring the establishment of an airport for Roseburg. The post got behind a bond issue of \$25,000 and put it over. Just now the post is establishing a camping ground for Legionnaires and others in the heart of the Umpqua National Forest.

"I have probably spoken longer than the time limit allowed speakers in Keeping Step, but I want to warn everybody we have another record up our sleeve. I have just lined up a prospective member, a veteran who weighs 337 pounds. More details later. He'll be the heaviest Legionnaire when we get him initiated, won't he?"

Convention Mother

GENERAL PERSHING didn't attend the annual convention of the Massachusetts Department at Westfield this summer, but the many thousands of veterans of Camp Bartlett who showed up at Westfield to talk over old times had a pleasing surprise. They were greeted by Mother Hull, the old camp's patron and benefactor for month after month during the war days of ten years ago. Mrs. Mabel W. Hull, a teacher and a civic leader in Westfield, had come to know in warm friendship literally thousands of doughboys and fledgling officers. Her wartime friends proposed the first day of the convention that she be officially designated "convention mother." The proposal was adopted.

"I think that action was the first ever taken by a Legion convention to establish the honorary office of convention mother," comments Walter K. Porzer of New York City, Past County Commander of Essex County, New Jersey. "It really expressed the warmth of the feelings of Mrs. Hull's wartime boys. It is worth knowing also that since the war Mrs. Hull has been in

communication with 800 alumni of Camp Bartlett. At Christmas remembrance cards come to her with postmarks of all the forty-eight States."

Footwork Plus Headwork

LOGROLLING in Washington, D. C., may be a profession; in Cloquet, Minnesota, it is a sport. It is a sport novel enough to attract 25,000 persons to the shores of a lake when Carl Anderson Post of Cloquet conducts its annual logrolling tournament for the championship of the world, according to Gerald V. Barron, Past Commander of the Department of Minnesota.

"It is appropriate that Cloquet should be the recognized world center of the sport of logrolling," writes Mr. Barron. "Our town of 8,000 is located on the St. Louis River, 27 miles southwest of Duluth. In 1918 when most of the present members of our post were in France, the town was completely destroyed during a forest fire. Our Legion post has had an important part in the rebuilding of the town as a model lumber metropolis.

"Carl Anderson Post felt that with the march of progress, it was well to preserve the spirit and traditions of the old rivermen. On July 4, 1926, the post's first big logrolling tournament was held, and 15,000 persons looked down from hillsides while famous contestants jostled on twirling logs in the center of the lake. That tournament lasted on the second day until after dark. It became highly spectacular when the lake was turned into a pool of light as dusk settled and headlights of thousands of automobiles were turned toward the battlers on the logs.

"In match competition, two persons compete on a white pine log, the center of which is marked with a stripe of paint, indicating the boundary past which each contestant may not go. The log is usually sixteen feet long. Diameter may vary—sixteen, seventeen or eighteen inches. The object of the match is to spill the opponent off the log and into the water by adept footwork. The contestants tread the logs at a terrific pace. Technique includes sudden stopping and other stunts in the effort to throw the opponent off his balance.

"The first world's championship logrolling was held in Omaha

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in 1898 and was witnessed by 36,000 persons. In 1914, Bill Delyea of Cloquet, then 22 years old, started on a career in which he defeated champion after champion. He left Cloquet in 1918, going to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, but we still regarded him as a native son. Our post arranged the first tournament in 1926, matching Bill Delyea against the Indian champion, Joe Mad-way-osh. Delyea beat the Indian, but lost the title the following day to Billy Gerard of Gladstone, Michigan. He took his first fall after one hour and twenty minutes. Our post awards each year a championship belt bearing the Legion emblem."

How in Muncie

DELAWARE Post of Muncie, Indiana, had 250 members in 1928, and somebody figured that it ought to get at least 300 before 1929 ended. But on June 15th Delaware Post had exactly 1,025 members. Story in that? Of course. Hal McNaughton, First Vice Commander, reports how it was done.

"We started out to conduct a membership campaign along conventional lines—two teams, the 'Reds' and the 'Blues,'" writes Mr. McNaughton. "That campaign lagged. We had only 180 men signed up on February 15th. That date marked the reorganization of the drive along modern selling lines, following suggestions of District Commander James Patchell, of Union City.

"One of our first steps was to call upon three key citizens and sell them on the idea of desirability of increased membership. We pointed out to them that the Legion fills a place in the community that no other organization could possibly fill, that it is the only organization through which service men generally can participate in civic activities. We pointed out the

qualities which make an active Legionnaire an unusually public-spirited citizen. We brought into the conference a copy of The American Legion Monthly and explained how forward-looking ideals developed in one community are made available for posts in communities everywhere. These three men called a meeting of forty manufacturers and business executives. As an outgrowth of that meeting a group of citizens offered to finance a banquet for all service men of Delaware County.

"In the meantime, up-to-date mailing lists of all service men were compiled. Letters were mailed to heads of all factories and business houses asking for lists of service men. Hunting and fishing licenses and other public records were searched. Cards were made for all prospects and were systematically routed. The drive started on February 17th. The banquet was set for the following Saturday night. Every prospect received an invitation through the mail. The direct sales effort was backed by an extensive advertising campaign.

Three full-page newspaper advertisements were used. Bill boards, window cards, auto stickers and other media were utilized. New memberships, reinstatements and renewals started rolling in. Eligibles in the police and fire departments were enrolled 100 percent. Some factory heads arranged for deferred payments of dues.

"The real climax of the drive came at the banquet. A thousand service men attended. A total of 239 new members, many of whom had never been approached before, signed up that night. The total membership at the close of the intensive drive was 818, an increase of 638 in ten days. Membership kept right on growing and during the week preceding June 15th a concerted clean-up brought it to 1,025.



Fifteen thousand persons saw this world's championship logrolling contest staged by Carl Anderson Post at Cloquet, Minnesota. Bill Delyea, world champion, at right



The Auxiliary unit of Black Earth Post of Cannon Ball, North Dakota, assembles for one of its earliest meetings after receiving its charter. The unit's members all belong to the tribe of Dakotans and dislike the name of Sioux, which was originally applied to the tribe by its enemies. Elaborate ceremonies accompanied the presentation of the unit's charter

KEEPING STEP



Four years ago Banning (California) Post gave its first auto race to raise money for its new clubhouse. Today its town of 3,000 persons enjoys national fame as the home of the post's motor speedway upon which are held, each year, races which attract the most daring drivers of the country

Meanwhile all the other posts in the Eighth Indiana district were matching our own efforts, with such good results that on July 20th the district had more than doubled its 1928 membership. The 1928 membership was 1,401, the quota assigned for 1929 was 1,620 and the number enrolled on July 20th was 3,059. Can any other department show a better district gain?"

As this is written, ten days before the national convention in Louisville, figures at National Headquarters indicate that The American Legion will undoubtedly attain a 1929 membership of more than 800,000, the largest since 1920.

Speed and Profits

UNTIL four years ago the only claims to fame of Banning, California, were the purity of its water, the town's altitude, and its location in the San Geronio Pass, between Mt. San Geronio and Mt. San Jacinto in Southern California. Then, four years ago, Banning Post of The American Legion, with a new clubhouse, found it was having a hard time in its town of three thousand persons to raise money to pay for the building. That was the beginning of an American Legion activity which has brought year-round fame to Banning—an activity which has made the name of Banning significant wherever racing drivers get together.

Four years ago Banning Post conducted its first auto race. As the Legionnaires look back to that race today, it was pretty much of a joke. An old Franklin "Camel" won it and the time wasn't worth remembering. But a crowd saw it and Banning Legionnaires discovered people liked to watch auto racing. The dust of that race had scarcely settled before work of building Banning Post's speedway was under way. Legionnaires did all the work. They produced a novel course, a dirt track of only a half mile but well banked at the turns and flanked by wide

stretches of plowed ground upon its banked edges.

In four years Banning Post has conducted twenty-four races. Its big races each year have been on Memorial Day, Fourth of July and Labor Day. The American Legion Speedway is a member of the Three-A, the national association of auto racing, and the races attract the country's most daring drivers.

"One of the most pleasing features to the post has been the few accidents," writes H. F. Hunt, Post Adjutant. "There have been the usual number of spills and breakdowns but there has never been a serious injury to a driver. And during the whole four years there has been but one serious injury to a spectator—a wheel flew off a racing car and into the ring-



The winners of The American Legion School Award offered by Atlantic City Post, typical of thousands of other boys and girls who win the award each year in other communities. Incidentally, 10,000 Legion posts will help the schools observe American Education Week this month. The observance begins on Armistice Day

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side crowd, striking a child. The plowed ground at the edges of the banked turns has prevented many minor accidents from being serious ones.

"The post has long since paid off the indebtedness on its clubhouse and it now finances many activities from its racing profits. The post's liberal policy on cash prizes is the thing that brings really notable drivers to the speedway. Drivers race for cash prizes, guaranteed by the post, plus a bonus of fifty percent of the gate money over and above the total of the guaranteed prizes."

Shining Crusader

WHEN Jay Harold Quinn celebrated his fifteenth birthday in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, early this year, he was not giving much thought to what the new year in his life would bring to him. He was just a big, healthy youngster, as sound in mind and body as any youth could be after several boyhood years in the idealistic training of the Boy Scouts.

On May 10th he was just Jay Harold Quinn of the Lancaster Boy Scouts. On May 11th he was more than that. He was his city's official Boy Scout delegate, selected to attend the international Boy Scout jamboree at Birkenhead, England. The whole city was looking him over with new interest while the members of Lancaster Post of The American Legion were giving him advice on what he should do on the pilgrimage and what he should see. Lancaster Post, incidentally, is the sponsor of young Mr. Quinn's scout troop and it was putting up the money to send Harold to Birkenhead.

When the U. S. S. *Minnesota* sailed from New York in July, it carried Jay Harold Quinn and Boy Scouts from scores of other American towns and cities. From that day until all the Boy Scouts came back from England, six weeks later, all Lancaster followed young Mr. Quinn on his travels. It was with him in spirit when he presented to the mayor of Lancaster, England, a message of greeting from the mayor of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. It took a fatherly interest when he chatted with Ambassador Charles G. Dawes in London. It got a kick out of his visit with the Prince of Wales. It was with him every day during the many ceremonies which were held during the conclave at Birkenhead. When Jay Harold Quinn returned to Lancaster in September his brother Boy Scouts had him tell over and over the full story of his pilgrimage. No shining knight back from the Crusades ever had a better audience.

"By sending Jay Harold Quinn to the jamboree in England, we called to our town's attention the fine work of the scouts in character building and did more than we could have hoped in promoting interest in the organization," comments John W. Weaver, chairman of the post committee.

Longview's Record

LONGVIEW (Washington) Post backs its town as the fastest-growing community in the United States.

"Six years ago when our post was organized," reports Winston Updegraff, Post Historian, "Longview was little more than a valley of farms on which was being laid the pattern for a city. Today our town has ten thousand persons. Our post, which had fifteen charter members in October, 1923, now has more than

five hundred members, and its Auxiliary unit has two hundred. An interesting factor in our growth is the fact that this is a young man's town. Our city has been built up by men and women having the true pioneer spirit, characterized by enterprise and aggressiveness."

Anybody Beat This?

CAPTAIN Thomas P. Walsh, Commander of Peninsula Post of Williamsburg, Virginia, is nominated for championship honors in the official-of-most-posts contests by J. A. Nicholas, Jr., Service Officer of the Department of Virginia. Captain Walsh belongs to the Regular Army. After helping organize Rolla (Missouri) Post he served as this post's Commander and Adjutant. Next he served as Commander of Oliver Davis Post of Corregidor, Philippine Islands, being at the same time Vice Commander of the Department of the Philippines. Returning to the United States, he was elected Commander of Eustis Post of Fort Eustis, Virginia. Later, moving to Williamsburg, Virginia, he was elected to his present Legion command.

Health on a Hill

THERE is a \$100,000 farm in Kansas where a big house on a hill looms like a castle in the summer sun, where breezes sweep across a little lake and green lawns to wander into open windows and through halls and bedrooms. This is Legionville, the billet established under The American Legion's national child welfare plan.

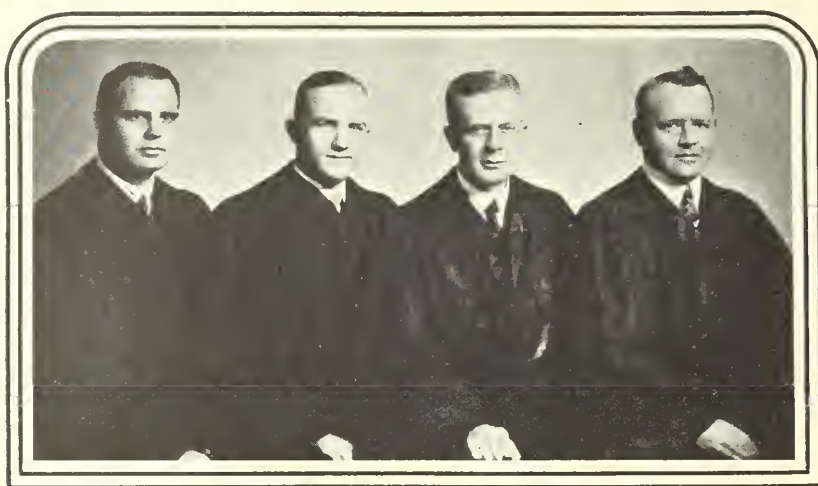
This summer the halls of Legionville rang with happy laughter while twenty-two Kansas children, undernourished and underweight, were guests of the Kansas Department of The American Legion and the State Tuberculosis Society of Kansas.

"And here is the arithmetic of childhood health that we learned when our guests departed," writes Ernest A. Ryan, Adjutant of the Department of Kansas. "The twenty-two boys and girls were with us five weeks. When they left they had gained more than a hundred pounds over their weight when they came. Even more important than their gain in weight is the fact that each of them went back to his home as an apostle of healthful living, anxious to give others the rules for health."

Paris Pilgrims

IF THE American Legion goes back to France again in 1937, it will take a sizable Zeppelin to carry the Colorado contingent of pilgrims. To begin with, there will be the 175 Coloradans who made the pilgrimage in 1927 and liked it so well that they have organized a permanent society, which held a Paris convention reunion this year and last. The Old Gang of the Second A. E. F.—the full title of the Colorado outfit—entertained many guests at its reunions in 1928 and 1929, thus enlarging the circle of potential pilgrims for 1937.

This year's reunion was held in Estes Park, Colorado's mountain playground known for its beautiful scenery. The menu for the banquet was in French and there were many other reminders of the days aboard ship, in Paris and on the European tours which were a part of the Second A. E. F.'s pilgrimage. A big moment of the banquet came when President Victor LeRoy announced that the outfit's secretary, Norman P. Beckett of Lafayette, Colorado, was engaged to marry Miss Esther V. Hall



These four Legionnaires, judges of superior courts in Seattle, Washington, compose the initiation team of Rainier-Noble Post. Left to right, Charles H. Paul, Charles P. Moriarity, John A. Frater and Malcolm Douglas

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of Washington, D. C., Past Commander of Jacob Jones Post, whom he had first met during the France convention pilgrimage two years ago. Miss Hall was present at the reunion.

Imaginary Citizens

SCATTERED through this country are some hundreds of men who believe themselves to be citizens of the United States although actually they owe allegiance to the King of England.

"They are Americans who enlisted in the Canadian army before April 6, 1917, and re-entered the United States after the war without going through any repatriation procedure," writes Gerald E. Cronin, former Commander of the Canadian Department of The American Legion. "In my work with the United States Immigration Service I have observed a number of cases in which these men who had failed to have their American citizenship rights restored got into difficulty while returning to this country from visits in Canada. It is advisable that every man who lost his American citizenship by swearing allegiance to a foreign power at the time he enlisted for war service apply to the branch of the federal courts which handles naturalization matters. Citizenship may be restored by observance of a few formalities. A great many Legion posts have made arrangements to assist service men to become citizens."

Helping the Home Town

PUBLIC improvements are dependent upon public sentiment. When Allen Hearin Post of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, found that street paving wasn't being done in its town to keep pace with the town's growth and general needs, the post conducted a series of campaigns which transformed the town's appearance in a few years.

"Here is the list of the projects which were carried out as the direct result of our efforts," reports William L. Fuston, Post Historian. "The street

leading to the city's principal cemetery was paved at a cost of \$84,000. Main street was connected with Union Station by pavement. Memorial Park was enlarged and beautified and a golf course was added to it. These improvements had the effect of bringing about many building operations by property owners."

Last Man

THE death of Owen Thomas Edgar at the age of 98 had unusual interest for Legionnaires of the District of Columbia. For Mr. Edgar was the last surviving veteran of the War with Mexico and his career after that war was not measured by the usual periods of rise, decline and old age that govern the lives of most veterans who attain many years.

Mr. Edgar enlisted in the Navy as a seaman in 1846 and served three years. After his discharge he became a printer in Philadelphia. In 1861 he entered the Government Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington. He served twenty-five years. He then became associated with the Columbia National Bank, which he served for thirty-one years, retiring on pension at the age of 88.

The Roll Call

MAJOR General Charles D. Rhodes, author of "The Story of the Armistice," was an early member of the District of Columbia Department of The American Legion.

... Orland Kay Armstrong is a member of Goad-Ballinger Post of Springfield, Missouri. ... William T. Scanlon belongs to Marines Post of Chicago.

... Ared White is a pioneer Legionnaire and was a leader in the Paris Caucus. ... Marquis James belongs to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City.

... Alexander Gardiner is a member of Rau-Locke Post of Hartford, Connecticut. ... Clara Ingram Judson is a member of the Auxiliary unit to Evanston (Illinois) Post.

RIGHT GUIDE



Mary Blossom Burns unveiling a tablet erected by North Western Post in the C. & N. W. Railway station in Chicago, honoring the 108 workers of the road who died in the war. Fred W. Sargent, president of the railway, accepting the post's gift



Distant mountains provide a background for this tourist camp maintained by Monrovia (California) Post on the busy highway between San Bernardino and Pasadena. The post's guests include Legionnaires from all parts of the country

AS WE NEVER WERE

By Herbert B. Mayer



*The new army uniform:
Roll collar, belt, slacks
—and comfort*

HE WAS six foot two and had hair on his upper lip—a real moustache. He was addressing one of the mules of Company H of the Sixteenth Infantry. His language was like a breath of fresh air in a back area—it stirred old memories of half forgotten times and things.

With the proper humility of a Reserve officer doing a two weeks' tour of duty I waited until his oration had come to an end and the mule had resumed his customary poise of nonchalant cussedness. It had been a good address—one of the best bits of mule language I had ever heard. Obviously the effort of a veteran. Hence I asked:

"What outfit were you with overseas?"

The mule-skinner straightened up, his curry-comb poised.

"Overseas, sir?" he repeated. "Why I was only ten years old in 1917, sir."

For an instant I knew exactly how Rip Van Winkle felt at the end of his long nap. It came over me with something of a shock that 1917 was actually twelve years distant from 1929. In those twelve years this kid had grown up, filled out his chest and raised a moustache. Twelve years! Why, 1917 still seems so close that at times I almost feel I might reach forth a hand and touch it—Liberty Loan drives, training

camp, preparedness parades, pretty girls and all!

Twelve years since 1917! And on each and every day of my two weeks' tour with the Sixteenth Infantry this fact was drummed into my head again and again by changes in personnel, training, equipment and modes of life calculated to render any veteran half speechless.

Parenthetically, there were precious few veterans left in this outfit of the famous old First Division. There was only one in my own company—there were possibly fifty to a hundred in the entire regiment. Of these only a small percentage had served with the Sixteenth during the war. The same thing holds true for the entire Army. The percentage of enlisted veterans is very small. Most of the old timers have gone into civilian life or have been made warrant or staff non-commissioned officers.

While the percentage of veteran officers is much greater owing to the number of emergency officers who accepted commissions after the war, here, too, new blood and younger men are having their day.

And fewer than a third of the officers of the entire Regular establishment are West Pointers nowadays.

But the amazing thing is the change in the life of the Army itself. Every dream that a muddy doughboy ever dreamed in some shell-hole has been realized. To those of us who recall 1917 and 1918 there is something pleasurably absorbing in contem-

plating the new barracks in which the new Army is housed. The doughboys of today sleep between white sheets, with pillows and pillow-cases, and have real metal beds with mosquito bars over them. If the infantry has dirt behind its ears today it is its own fault, for each company barracks has its quota of shower and tub baths with hot water always on tap.

And eats! Shades of the sainted goldfish—here is a sample menu for one day! Breakfast: Bacon and eggs, flapjacks, fruit, coffee and biscuits. Dinner: Asparagus soup, lamb chops, Julienne potatoes, cauliflower, celery, pie, coffee. Supper: Meat pie, vegetables, rolls, dessert, coffee.

In every barracks there is a company recreation room. In each recreation room there is a pool table, a radio, a library, a card table, and some companies have acquired electric pianos through the company fund.

In only one particular does the new Army suffer by comparison with the Army we knew, and that is in the matter of pay. Where the bucks of 1917, 1918 and 1919 drew down thirty dollars a month, the privates of today get only twenty-one dollars. Pay, in fact, has been cut all along the line. Officers are living or trying to live on prewar pay—a somewhat hopeless task.

As far as training goes there have been vast changes. In the World War gas and airplanes were in their experimental stage. In the new Army one hears of little else.

A Coast Artillery officer, returning from a gas school conducted by the Chemical Warfare Service, sat with us in our quarters and displayed his right arm.

"You see this scar?" he asked, pointing to an ugly mark about an inch long and half an inch wide. "Well, they tried to find out whether we were particularly susceptible to gas or not and asked volunteers to make the test. All of us volunteered. They put a drop of mustard gas diluted to one one-hundredth of its strength on each of our arms. That was a month ago. Every arm was blistered and some of the wounds haven't healed yet."

He paused for a moment.

"Think of that, will you? If an injury of that sort can be caused by a one one-hundredth solution, what would be the effect of full-strength mustard?"

His voice became solemn.

"Until one sees this gas stuff in action one cannot realize what a 'next war' will be like. It will be hell on earth and over it, with gas and airplanes playing the part of major weapons and with whole populations engaged in a battle to the death."

The doughboy, however, may still find some protective covering under which he can advance with little danger from overhead gas, but until such a covering has been found the entire training of the combat arms of the Army includes knowledge of those Twin Terrors—Gas and Air.

Consequently each infantry unit is being trained in the newer methods of war. In the World War there were three machine-gun battalions to a division. There are (Continued on page 68)



*Today's enlisted man
has a dress outfit as well
for de luxe occasions*

THEN AND NOW

Ten Minutes Late—Mystery of the "Old Lady" Solved—Smashing the Line in 1919—Gobs Got Kaiser's Goat—Whose Airplane Trophy?—Outfit Notices

ELEVEN years after the historic eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918, we show on this page a snapshot taken ten minutes past that eleventh hour in a small village in France. The villagers of Courtenay, France, gathered at the railroad station, are just learning of the Armistice but after four years of war even that stupendous news apparently failed to arouse them to the frantic enthusiasm with which it was greeted throughout the world. Probably it was hard for them to believe.

Since Joe Faulkner of Riggs Hamilton Post, Russellville, Arkansas, is the man who took the picture, he should tell about it:

"The snapshot print that I am enclosing was made on the 11th of November, 1918, and unquestionably quite a few A. E. F. veterans will remember the scene.

"The 142d Aero Squadron, of which I was a member, was en route from St. Maxient, France, to a point presumably in the general vicinity of Metz. We had stopped for a few hours the previous afternoon at Poitiers where the newspapers had an extra out. Newsboys were crying that the Kaiser had abdicated and that the war would soon be ended.

"We traveled all night and the next morning at 11:10 o'clock, as the station clock shows in the picture, our train of 40 and 8 boxcars arrived at Courtenay. A crowd of villagers—old men, women in black, some youngsters and a few poilus were gathered on the platform. News had just reached the town that the Armistice had been signed and the town mayor was in the street beyond the station reading the official report.

"Naturally we were feeling pretty good. As I remember it, our train was being handled by a crew of American soldiers and those boys in the cab used up a lot of steam on their whistle.

"No doubt ex-members of other outfits aboard our train will recall the incident."

FINALLY we find room in our official bulletin board to broadcast replies received to Legionnaire C. A. Bauer's inquiry in the July Monthly regarding the mysterious "From Centigrade to Fahrenheit" item signed by the "Old Philadelphia Lady," a daily feature in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. This item, although dated Paris, December 24, 1899, was still prominent during the war period and so became known to thousands of A. E. F.-ers.

Paul S. Greene of Fred Hilburn Post, Douglas, Arizona, rushed in the following:

"Which cheek did you have your tongue in when you resurrected the Old Philadelphia Lady gag? But at that it's one of the best gags I ever heard of, so I'll bite, too.

"The story I heard was that on December 24, 1899, the *Paris Herald* published the Old Philadelphia Lady's letter for the first time. They got so many amusing nibbles that they continued publishing it—at least through 1919. And they were still biting. "How about the Philadelphia Lawyer?"

TO WHICH L. M. Guenther of Maquoketa, Iowa, adds: "I spent almost two years in France with the 13th Engineers (the outfit, by the way, that really won the war) and I, too, read the Old Lady's question daily and never ceased to wonder at it. A few years ago I read somewhere an explanation for its

continued publication and although it seems to me a rather unsatisfactory and pointless answer, I'll pass it along.

"I have forgotten where I saw the article or who wrote it but it was by someone who was intimately acquainted with James Gordon Bennett or an old employee on one of his papers. It was to the effect that the Old Lady's question so amused Mr. Bennett that he got a considerable kick in seeing the request reprinted day after day at the top of his editorial columns.

"It may have been in Alexander Woollcott's story of the *Stars and Stripes* that ran some time ago in the *Saturday Evening Post* that I saw the explanation but I am not sure. In any event, I pass along the information just as I gathered it and it may or may not be correct."

WHILE Greene's and Guenther's contribution contains the gist of the matter Ernest McCullough, 13th Post, Brooklyn, New York, who adds that he was "sometime Lieutenant Colonel, Chemical Warfare Service, A. E. F.," gives us more details:

"James Gordon Bennett, former owner of the former *New York Herald*, was opposed to the English-speaking people holding to old units of weights and measures and was especially opposed to the ridiculous Fahrenheit thermometer, based upon a misconception and

adopted before the present scientific era.

"The Celsius thermometer as modified by the French and renamed Centigrade, is used all over the world by scientific men.

"In 1899 there appeared in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* the now famous letter from the 'Old Philadelphia Lady.' It appeared at intervals and oftentimes ran for several consecutive days. After Bennett died, the *Herald* joined with the *Tribune* in New York and publication of the letter from the (probably mythical) 'Old Philadelphia Lady' ceased.

"The inquiry caused great interest and was looked for each year by American and British visitors. When its publication ceased it was felt that a French landmark had disappeared



At 11:10 a. m. by the station clock on November 11, 1918, the old folk, the youngsters and a few poilus in Courtenay, France, received word of the Armistice. Joe Faulkner of Russellville, Arkansas, took this scene when the 142d Aero Squadron was headed toward the front

❧ THEN and NOW ❧

"Undoubtedly it did some good in causing numbers of readers to look closely into the question of units of measure, weight and capacity and realize that the United States is very far behind other countries in this respect. It might not be so bad if the English-speaking countries had a unified system but in many outlying territories of the British Empire, units in common use at home have been superseded by local units. In England they cling to many units that we Americans have practically discarded.

"But scientists, even in the English-speaking countries, use the Centigrade thermometer which starts at zero as the freezing point and is 100 degrees at the boiling point of fresh water. The Centigrade thermometer is not a part of the metric system as many suppose but is an independent thing. Some day, when America comes of age, we will get into step with the world and adopt the metric system together with the Centigrade thermometer.

"You may depend upon this explanation being correct for it was given to me on June 14, 1917, in Paris by a member of the staff of that journal. The newspapers in Europe give temperatures in the Centigrade scale and visitors naturally like to write to friends at home about the weather. To turn these figures into Fahrenheit figures was always a chore and that is why Mr. Bennett kept the letter running for years.

"I was told that nearly every time it appeared hundreds of English and Americans would write to the office of the paper giving the rules of change. When they read the date, 1899, and did not see their answers in the paper, they caught onto the trick. Mr. Bennett got quite a kick out of it, as did his staff."

LEGIONNAIRE Herbert Campbell of Athens, Pennsylvania, came through with an entirely different story. McCullough apparently got his facts firsthand from a member of the *Herald's* staff, but since Campbell states that his version was published at one time, he should be heard:

"Quite likely someone has recalled the rather romantic explanation of the 'Old Philadelphia Lady' item in the *Paris Herald*. In case they have not, I will repeat the tale as I remember it.

"Years ago—1899, according to the date of the query—a young man in Philadelphia suffered a great disappointment. His courtship of the lady of his choice was brought to a rude ending by a disapproving mama. As a revenge the young man arranged to have this query run in the columns of this paper forever and a day, or perhaps it was for duration only.

"Anyway, it was supposed to remind the Old Lady of some disagreeable experience as long as she lived. We are left in the dark as to why this particular query was used. Practically any bright schoolboy could have answered it."

You can take your choice of the explanations offered. We make just one suggestion: Unless this young man had some great influence with the owner or staff of the *Herald*, would this publication have aided and abetted him in his plan of revenge for a blasted romance?

FOOTBALL holds the limelight right now in the sports world and so we're going back ten years and more with Jack Laing of the Sports Department of the Buffalo (New York) *Courier Express* and review a little of that game as played in the A. E. F. Through with bucking the Hindenburg Line, some thousands of former soldiers were engaged during the winter of 1918-19 in bucking the line of opposing teams.

Laing, who served with the 17th Field Artillery of the Second Division, supplied the snapshot of the football game, reproduced on this page, and tells us this about it:

"The enclosed picture was taken during the football game between the elevens representing the Second Division and the 32d at Hettendorf, Germany, sometime in February, 1919. The Second won the game with a score of 10-0.

"There were some real stars on our division's team: Harry Legore, former Yale and All-American halfback; Goettge, who later became famous as a star of the Quantico Marines eleven, and Moore, former Princeton quarterback, who suffered a broken leg during this particular game.

"The soldiers who packed the sidelines, jammed the porch of the nearby building and even swung to positions in trees, will attest as to the crowd that witnessed the game.

"Incidentally, maybe some buddy can give me a lift. A picture of the 17th Field Artillery Regiment was taken upon the drill grounds of Fortress Ehrenbreitstein, opposite Coblenz, and I'd like to have a copy of it. As I recall it, the photographer represented some concern in Boston or thereabouts."



Lacking a stadium, O. D.-clad spectators packed the side lines, a nearby house and even trees to watch the Second Division team defeat the 32d Division eleven at Hettendorf, Germany, 19-0. Jack Laing, a Second Division roofer, sent the snap

MENTION of the Second Division's football victory, in Laing's letter, caused the Company Clerk to do a little research work through a file of the overseas *Stars and Stripes* and he dug out a few facts that probably A. E. F. and present-day football fans might enjoy.

Prior to the Second-Thirty-second Division game, the Fourth Division had knocked off the Fourth Corps team to the tune of 3-0. This was the first of the series of elimination games to determine the team which would represent the Third Army (Army of Occupation) in the A. E. F. championship games scheduled to be played in March, 1919.

In turn, the 89th Division eleven took a 30-0 game from the Third Army Corps, the Fourth Division team then killed the Second Division's hopes, 10-7, and finally the 89th Division emerged victorious over the Fourth, blanking the latter, 14-0, and winning the right to play in the finals.

Seven teams, representing G. H. Q., the three Armies and three sections of the S. O. S., then fought it out in games played at Colombes Stadium, Paris, at Bar-sur-Aube and at the Velodrome, Parc des Princes, near Paris. The 89th eliminated St. Nazaire and the Intermediate Section, S. O. S., Tours, in the upper bracket, while the 36th Division showed its heels to the LeMans Forwarding Camp team and that representing the Seventh Division, in the lower.

The final game, played at the Velodrome on March 29, 1919, resulted in a 14-6 victory for the 89th over the 36th, thus winning for that division and for the men in Germany the A. E. F. championship. There were university and college stars galore on most of the teams, but in that final game, honors went to one "Potsy" Clark, ex-University of Illinois flash, who made both touchdowns and kicked both goals for the 89th. "Potsy," by the way, is now football coach at Butler University in the Legion's headquarters city, Indianapolis.

Reverting to Laing's picture and story of the Second-Thirty-second Division game, there's a point of fact that needs the attention of the I-was-there guys: Laing reports this game was played in Hettendorf, Germany; the *Stars and Stripes* correspondent says it was in Neuwied. Just where was the battleground? Or is Hettendorf, probably, a suburb of Neuwied?

❧ THEN and NOW ❧



The above picture was given to Fred Postel, now of San Francisco, while he was with the 135th Aero Squadron in Toul, France, in October, 1918. The plane pictured was forced down by the American aviator posing with his trophy, in the spring of 1918 at Toul. Who was this flier and what were the circumstances?

The Army of Occupation's football activities seem to be unduly stressed in the foregoing account, but we're ready to report some of the battles in other sectors if someone will tell us about them.

FALLEN enemy and Allied planes were not unusual sights in the A. E. F., but we are permitted through the co-operation of Legionnaire Fred Postel of Post No. 1, San Francisco, California, to show on this page a German plane together with the American aviator who brought it down. Postel's story follows:

"Enclosed with this letter is a photograph from my collection which is a little different from the general run of interesting pictures which have been shown in Then and Now.

"While with the 109th Infantry, 28th Division, I was wounded on September 6, 1918, sent to a base hospital in Paris and eventually evacuated to a casual camp at Toul. In that town I was placed on detached service with the 135th Aero Squadron. There I met a French soldier of the Air Service who gave me the picture and told me it was taken in Toul in the spring of 1918.

"Two German planes were forced down at Toul on the same day by the aviator who appears in the picture. I feel sure that some officers or mechanics of the aviation station at Toul at that time will remember when they see the picture and identify the American flier and tell more of this incident."

GETTING the Kaiser's goat" was a phrase much used during the period of the late unpleasantness, but there is at least one outfit that can lay claim to performing this deed literally. The goat in question is pictured on this page and here is what

W. R. Lerch of Norwalk, Ohio, ex-apprentice seaman, ex-ensign, etc., U. S. N. R. F., has to offer in support of his claim:

"Sometime ago in Then and Now I noticed comrade H. B. Hubbard's report of one of the Navy's goats. I am afraid he has started something again. In digging through some old relics I came across a picture of another Navy goat that was known by the crew of the U. S. S. *Iowa* as 'Compte,' named in honor of the Chief Master-at-Arms on the *Iowa*.

"Compte in its—don't remember if it was a billy or a nanny—younger days was one of the Kaiser's own and sailed the high seas with the Most High's commerce raiders. The ship on which Compte sailed was interned at Philadelphia and early in 1917

was taken over by our own gobs. This fact prompts me to start another 'first' contest.

"I therefore hereby file claim that to the best of my knowledge and belief, this goat Compte was the first German goat captured by the American forces during the war and I will state further that this being true the logical conclusion is that the Navy was the first branch of Uncle Sam's armed forces to 'get the Kaiser's goat.'

"Now I have lost track of Compte. I am wondering if Compte was repatriated after the Armistice was signed or if it became a natural-

ized American goat. The picture I am enclosing shows Compte with Red Wilson from Duluth and Benny Atkinson of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. Some of the fellows who composed the old Dorothea Naval Militia from Cleveland or some of the N. N. V. fellows from Duluth, Grand Rapids or Buffalo should know what became of Compte. Fortunately I left the *Iowa* rather early in the game, being transferred to other ships



*The Kaiser's goat that the Navy got. Found on an interned German ship, it became mascot of the U. S. S. *Iowa*. So, at least, explains ex-gob W. R. Lerch of Norwalk, Ohio. Wilson and Atkinson of the *Iowa* are shown with the goat.*

❧ THEN and NOW ❧

"We used to take pictures and then sell them to the other fellows and as I was also a gunner's mate for a while we had a little dark-room fixed up in one of the compartments below the circle deck. I might also confess that for a while I was one of the Chief Master-at-Arms's aides. You realize that a Navy 'jimmy-legs' is the equivalent of an M. P. in the Army, so don't paint the picture too black."

SOLDIER—and sailor—shows. We still have quite a collection of stories regarding these thespian efforts of the A. E. F. to broadcast when the opportunity offers. Those we have reported ranged all the way from small unit minstrels—some of the costumes of which were in part purloined—to real "productions."

Considering the outfits which had to swipe costume trimmings, it was quite a shock to read in a mimeographed program sent to us by Legionnaire E. J. DeLong of Willard, Ohio, ex-member of the 110th Engineers, "Ladies Gowns and Slave Costumes created and designed by Madame Paul Gourney, famous Parisienne Modiste," and "All millinery worn by our cast of American (Buck) Beauties personally designed by Mlle. Blanche Rabier, who previous to assuming stenographic duties with the Q. M. C. Camp at St. Sulpice, was a noted modiste of Paris."

The show, of which DeLong was the official electrician, was a three-act musical comedy which, oddly enough, bore the title "Now and Then" and was presented by the St. Sulpice Players. Written and produced by Lieutenant Jamie Kelly and J. Arthur Ball, it was directed by Lieutenant Charles A. Smith. Six of the song hits, including "Beaucoup Mademoiselles," "America Is Good Enough for Me" and "Detail Soldier Man," were written and composed by Lieutenant Kelly.

DeLong tells us that the show had its premier in the open-air theater at Camp St. Sulpice on May 4, 1919, and then played in Bordeaux, the Liberty Theater at Camp Genicart, Biarritz, St. Nazaire, Savenay and Le Mans. The cast represented a number of outfits and DeLong says he signed up at the last minute as electrician.

DeLong would like to get comments regarding the show from those who saw it and would also enjoy hearing from other survivors of the troupe.

The idea that ships' crews lacked theatrical ability will soon

be dispelled when we broadcast a report we have regarding the "O Kay Follies" produced by the gobs of the U. S. S. *Oklahoma*.

THE Back Number Exchange which was instituted through these columns several years ago in an effort to assist Legion posts in completing their official files of *The American Legion Weekly* and *The American Legion Monthly* is still in existence but has not been very active during the vacation months. Except for Legionnaires who rather belatedly responded to requests for back numbers, no effort has been made recently to round up early issues of the magazine.

Now that the summer period is over, this subject is again brought to the fore. The Company Clerk has about three dozen posts on his exchange list. Some of these posts require only one or two issues to complete their files—others require many. Through the co-operation of *Then* and *Now*ers we have completed the files of some dozen or more posts.

During the semi-annual housecleaning, some of the very early numbers of the *Weekly* may have been found in attics or basements. When we say "very early" we mean all numbers of Volume I (1919) and all numbers for the first half of Volume II (1920). Our reserve stock of subsequent issues is fairly complete.

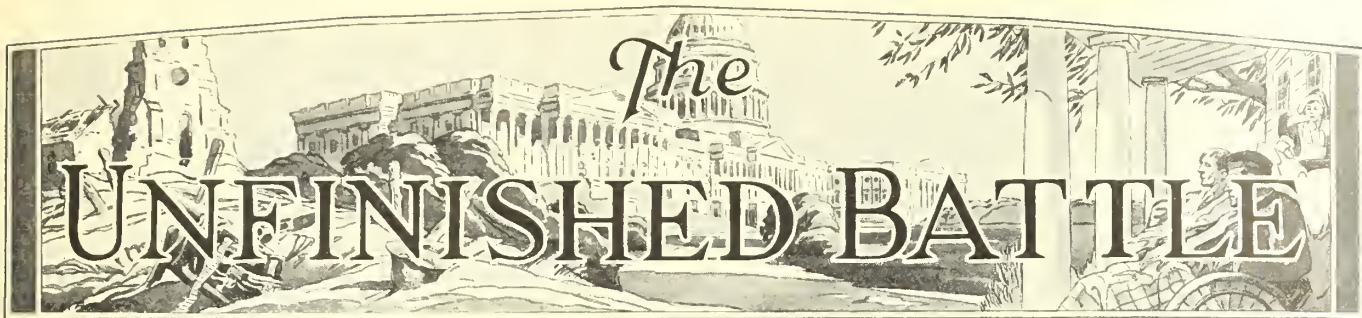
Before throwing these old copies away or selling them for old paper, consider the posts that may require just those numbers for their files. Send them to the Company Clerk and when he distributes them, he will credit the *Then* and *Now*ers who co-operated. Some mighty fine comradeships have been established throughout the country as a result of our exchanges. So let's get busy again and help Post Historians and Post Adjutants complete their files.

Remember that we want copies of Volume I and of the first half of Volume II.

FOOT soldiers in the World War—and that classification included many artillerymen as well as those of the infantry—always envied the lucky stiff who did their tours of France in automobiles. A job as a staff chauffeur was thought the last word in pleasant and safe wartime occupation. Occasionally, however, these motorists also met with disaster, as the picture on page 79 proves. First Vice Com- (Continued on page 78)



Not all meetings with American M. P.'s in Paris in 1919 ended in a visit to the well-known Hotel St. Anne, but from available reports, peaceable sessions like the one pictured were the exception rather than the rule. George F. Paul of Chicago, suggests that these two A. E. F. tourists must have had proper credentials when they approached this minion of the American military law. Who are these men?



A 182-PAGE booklet, which the New York Department of The American Legion has made available for the guidance of its posts and individual Legionnaires contains the full text of all laws adopted by the New York legislature for the benefit of service men of the World War and other wars. The booklet, published this summer, was scarcely off the press when it was followed by a supplement of thirty-four pages containing amendments and new laws enacted by the 1929 legislature.

The main book and its supplement afford striking evidence of the number and complexities of state laws affecting World War veterans. It reveals that in almost every field of major interest to service men, the New York legislature passed laws early after the war and that many of these laws have been repealed or amended in later years, in which the original legislation has also been reinforced by new statutes.

The need for these books is proved overwhelmingly by an inspection of the New York volumes, and it is probable that The American Legion in other States will be inspired to follow New York's example, either by appropriating Legion funds for the codification of all state legislation affecting service men or by inducing legislatures to have such publications produced at state expense.

The New York books were prepared by Legionnaire John T. Fitzpatrick, law librarian of the New York State Library at Albany.

"Requests for information of state legislation affecting service men were being constantly received by Legion and state agencies," Mr. Fitzpatrick relates. "We found that the great majority of inquiries related to laws that had long since been repealed. We also found that many Legion officials were using obsolete legal forms, blanks that had been drawn up for Civil War laws.

"The New York Department's executive committee last year made the appropriation for the printing of the laws in which service men are especially interested. The expense of printing the work was considerable and is being met by a charge to Legion posts of \$1 for the main book. To others the charge is \$1.50. The charge for the supplement is twenty-five cents. The sale of the books is being handled by the Adjutant of the New York Department of The American Legion, 302 Hall of Records, New York City."

TUBERCULOSIS was the cause of disability compensation payments to 61,006 World War service men and women on the disability rolls of the Veterans Bureau at the end of June. Of these 41,000 were receiving payments of \$50 a month under the provision of law applying to veterans in whom the disease has been arrested.

AT A time not far distant hospitals of the Veterans Bureau in which more than 25,000 World War veterans are patients will be equipped with "sound picture" machines, the talkies, if plans being urged by the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee are carried out. The committee has found out that there are no great obstacles to the plan and experimental installations are looked for very soon.

Motion pictures and radio are the two principal amusements of hospital patients. Incidentally, C. W. Francey Post at the Oteen (North Carolina) hospital of the Veterans Bureau has made it possible for everybody at the hospital to get baseball scores quickly when games are not being broadcast by stations. The post uses a borrowed

microphone and direct telephone lines from the baseball field to the hospital. The phone lines are hooked up to an amplifier in the radio room. A headphone in each room is connected with the central receiving set. The post pays an announcer.

THE National Rehabilitation Committee reports that on June 30, 1929, 2,319 women who served in the World War were receiving compensation from the Veterans Bureau for disabilities related to their war service. Total monthly payments to them averaged \$124,229. Two hundred of those receiving compensation were patients in Bureau hospitals at the end of June. Nearly 40,000 women served as members of the military and naval forces during the World War, this number not including the many thousands who served with welfare organizations.

APPROXIMATELY 50,000 war veterans of Indiana, most of them service men of the World War, have obtained in 1929 free permits to hunt and fish in any of the counties of the State. The Indiana Department of The American Legion believes that Indiana is the only State which accords the privilege of free hunting and fishing licenses to World War veterans, although it has record of other States which give the free privileges to Civil War veterans. An Indiana veteran may obtain the free permit by presenting his service discharge papers to the clerk of any county or at the office of the Department of Conservation in the State House at Indianapolis.

THE National Rehabilitation Committee is keeping up efforts to induce the Veterans Bureau to provide radium treatments for all hospitalized service men suffering from cancer and other growths in which this treatment offers the best hope for recovery. At only one Bureau hospital, the Edward Hines, Jr., Hospital in Chicago, is radium now available, and the greater portion of the radium there was provided by the Illinois Department of The American Legion. Despite the fact that the Legion has been advocating radium clinics throughout the country, fifty other Bureau hospitals are without a particle of radium.

Under present procedure, the Bureau is able to enter into contracts with private agencies for the treatment of veterans suffering from malignant growths which are considered of service connection, but a large number of patients whose disabilities are not service connected cannot be aided in this way.

EFFORTS to draw the National Rehabilitation Committee into controversies involving the selection of locations for new Veterans Bureau hospitals have caused Watson B. Miller, chairman, to define the committee's policy. Mr. Miller stated it has always been the committee's policy to exert all possible effort to obtain from Congress appropriations for new hospital construction for certain States or areas where the need has been demonstrated, but the committee will not interest itself in the actual selection of a hospital site unless a specific instruction to do so has been given by a national convention of the Legion.

PRIOR to the adoption of a new rating schedule by the Veterans Bureau several years ago, many thousands of claims for disability compensation were disallowed on the ground that the disability was of a degree less than 10 percent, the rating taking no account of the claimant's pre-war occupation. A review of all these disallowed claims has been under way for two years and compensation awards have resulted on many of them, because of more liberal rulings made possible under the present rating schedule.

SEE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can. Write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D. C.

Bursts and Duds

HONOR AMONG—

A ruckus had developed between rival sewer construction bosses, and harsh words were flying.

"That there ladder belongs to our gang, I tell you!" the first boss bellowed.

"The eternal hates it does!" the second yelled—or words to that effect. "One of my men stole that ladder from the telephone company with his own hands!"

NO FAIR



It was an idle hour in the circus side-show tent, and the freaks were indulging in conversation.

"I caught a fish this long yesterday," announced the Living Skeleton.

"That's nothing," countered the Wild Man from Borneo, "I caught one this long."

"Listen, boys," began the India Rubber Man, "I caught one . . ."

"Hey!" interrupted the L. S. and the W. M. f. B. in unison, "You keep out of this!"

AND THAT WAS THAT

"I demand to know why I am under arrest!" stormed the victim as he was ushered before the desk sergeant.

"Sure," he was informed by the imperturbable and agreeable bluecoat in the chair. "You're under arrest because the officer here pinched you."

THE YES MAN

"Will you be my wife?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "but you'll have to ask my dad."

"But I'm afraid to ask him," the poor sap objected, "he might say 'no.'"

"Oh, don't worry about that," she returned confidently. "He'll say 'yes,' all right."

"What makes you so sure?" he wanted to know, for though courageous, he was no daredevil.

"Because he's a movie director's assistant."

THE EXPERTS

A loud, strident voice was bellowing bad, bad words through the newspaper office.

"What's the investment editor so mad about?" somebody asked.

The man who ran the information column didn't know, but a reporter enlightened him.

"He can't get back the two dollars he lent the health editor to pay a doctor with," he explained.

A COMPLEX PUN

First Psychiatrist: "That fellow has been an inmate of our asylum for a long time, hasn't he?"

Second Same Thing: "Yes, he's one of our oldest inhabitants."

DEFENSE

"Why, William Oswald Holmes!" cried an angry mother. "Look at your sticky fingers! Where have you been?"

The kid who was plainly cut out to be a lawyer hesitated just the fraction of a minute, then his answer came pat.

"I was just trying to help you, mother," he replied. "I was looking for that pair of scissors you lost. It wasn't in the jam, mother."

ON YOUR TOES!

"Say," said the prospect, who was being given a demonstration in a used car, "what makes it jerk so when you first put it in gear?"

"Ah," the suave salesman explained, "that proves it to be a real car—it's anxious to start."

PERFECT ALIBI

One of the distinguished members of the visiting firemen's delegation was highly wroth when he looked at his watch to discover it was already eleven o'clock and that his train for his home town had long since departed. He strode to the telephone and called the hotel desk.

"Why didn't you call me at seven-thirty this morning?" he demanded.

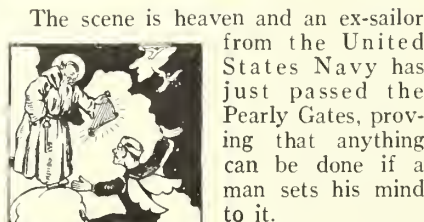
"Because," returned the affable clerk, "you didn't go to bed till eight."

OLD RELIABILITY

"Is your husband the sort you can depend upon?"

"He certainly is," answered Mrs. Scraggs. "When he says he's going to stay out all night he stays."

NO REST



The scene is heaven and an ex-sailor from the United States Navy has just passed the Pearly Gates, proving that anything can be done if a man sets his mind to it.

"Here's your golden harp," said St. Peter, handing it over.

"Yeah," grumbled the former gob. "One more darned thing to keep polished!"

FOR ALMA MATER

The young man caller thought exceeding well of himself, but he was getting to be a bit of a pest.

"I'm a Harvard man," he bragged.

"And what did you ever do for your school?" asked the bored girl.

"W-w-well," he hesitated, "once I beat the Yale Lock Company out of a bill."

SKKK—CLACK—BRMPWF!

It was payday in the home of the train caller, and the customary weekly wrangle had developed.

"It's been ages since you got a raise," his wife complained. "Why in the world don't you get a better job?"

"It's your own fault," the train announcer snapped back. "You won't let me go to Hollywood and try out for the talking pictures."

MAINTAINING HIS REP

The house of the late O'Halloran was in deep mourning, O'H. having passed to his just deserts, whatever they might be.

"Well," said the caller, attempting to console the widow, "you know that your man lived to a good old age, anyway."

"Sure, now, and did he that?" retorted the bereaved one with a touch of asperity. "Ye never knew him as did I. He was an ould divil up to th' very last."

IN THE AIR

The last performance of the day was in progress in the



vaudeville theatre and the Magnificent Marcaronis, jugglers and human tumblers, were chatting together under their breaths.

"I've lost my wife," announced the Magnificent Marcaroni mournfully.

"Maybe," suggested his friend, the Magnificent Marcaroni, "she just hasn't come down yet."

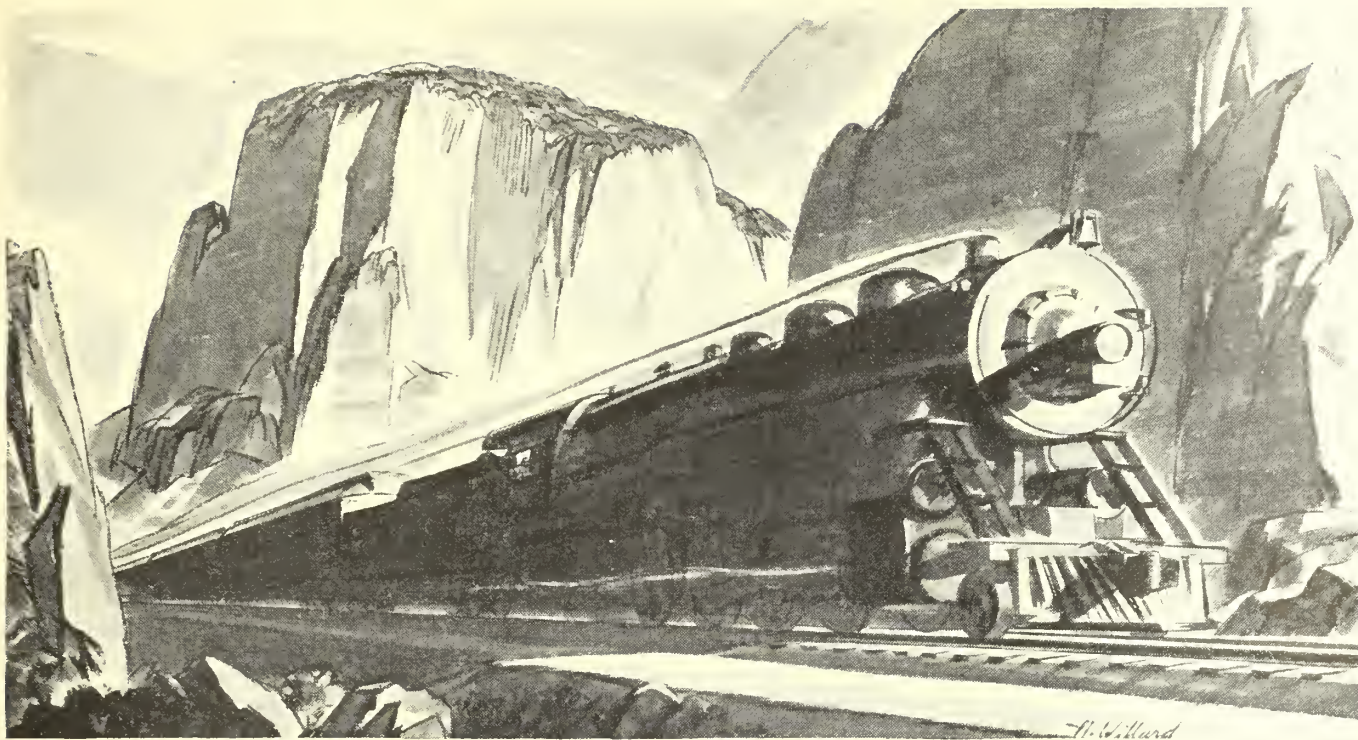
GUILTY, YOUR HONOR

The young husband had sneaked in noiselessly some time during the wee hours and believed he had slipped into bed undetected, but an unpleasant air of constraint hung over the breakfast table. At last the wife broke the silence.

"You didn't get home till three o'clock this morning," she accused.

"H-how do you know?" he stammered.

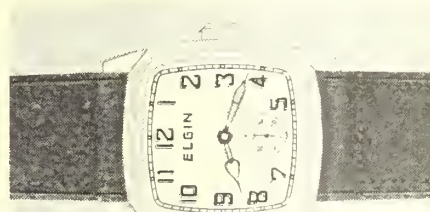
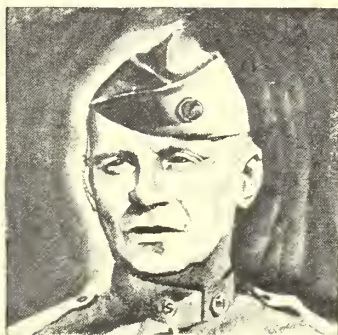
"Because when I came in your hat was still warm."



"You hold my life in your hands"

says SERGT. FRANK HART

"I've felt that way toward my ELGIN many a time," declares this crack railroad man, eminent member of the American Legion, wearer of the Distinguished Service Cross.



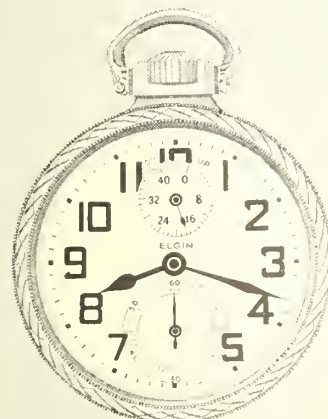
When he's all dressed up on his way to a Legion dinner, for example, this famous Legionnaire wears his ELGIN LEGIONNAIRE . . . the peace-time strap watch with war-time strength. \$26

In France he fought so bravely that he came back home with the Distinguished Service Cross and the Victory Medal with three bars gleaming upon his tunic. And any man who has crouched at the parapet of a trench like a sprinter ready for the gun, his eyes fixed on his watch, waiting for the barrage to lift, and the "over the top" minute to arrive . . . any such man knows the part that time played in war-time.

Now an ELGIN still times his exciting hours. For he's a star locomotive engineer, a No. 1 man, on the Santa Fe . . . Took a train from Chicago to Fort Madison, Iowa . . . and beat all *passenger train records!* . . . And again an ELGIN ticked the triumphant minutes as he

won his peacetime honors on the rails. It happens so often that coincidence hides its head . . . this fact that ELGIN is always the chosen watch of men who must have the right time all the time. Claims may come and claims may go but ELGIN ticks on forever, guarding the minutes of men who face exacting service with their eyes on the face of a watch.

You may never stand tense in a trench waiting for "zero hour" . . . never wheel a thundering locomotive on a record run . . . but every minute of every day your character and punctuality are on trial. And ignorance of time is no excuse, a faulty watch no alibi in the courts of business . . . not when ELGIN watches are procurable at all reliable jewelry counters.



And when Hart is in the cab this ELGIN serves him . . . the B. W. Raymond model, 21 jewels, 8 adjustments, Winding indicator. A sturdy, true ELGIN . . . the chronometer of Engine No. 3408, Hart's "ship of the rails." Price . . . \$70

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Cheap, effective health insurance for your child

DURING childhood and youth, the teeth are especially susceptible to the organisms that cause decay. Neglect during this period results in imperfect teeth, in malformation of the jaw, and often leads to general impairment of the health.

You cannot begin too early to teach your children the simple, fundamental principles of mouth hygiene. Merely making them brush the teeth is not enough. The toothbrush cannot reach where decay most often starts—in the tiny pits and crevices of the teeth and along The Danger Line, where teeth meet gums. Food particles collect here, ferment and form acids which attack the teeth. You must choose a dentifrice which combats these acids.

Squibb's Dental Cream is particularly effective. It contains over 50% Milk of Magnesia—the safest, most effective antacid for oral use. When you brush your teeth with Squibb's, minute particles of Milk of Magnesia fill all the remote places about the teeth and counteract acids.

Brushing the teeth with Squibb's Dental Cream is cheap, effective health insurance. Its regular use beginning with childhood, together with periodic visits to the dentist, will assure your child of teeth that should last for life.

Squibb's Dental Cream is exceptionally pure and pleasant. Children like its flavor, and even if swallowed it cannot harm them, for Squibb's contains no astringents or harsh abrasives. You'll like it too. 40c a tube in all drug stores. E. R. Squibb & Sons, Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.

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SQUIBB'S Dental Cream

Billie and Several Others

(Continued from page 4)

and Deaf at St. Augustine. In addition numbers of dependent children were found, and their cases given proper attention locally.

As the survey progressed three crippled children's clinics were established, at Lakeland, Orlando and West Palm Beach, in which 119 children were examined. Arrangements were made for 59 of them to be treated in hospitals, a number of them in the St. Petersburg hospital. Those for which hospitalization was not necessary were advised as to what treatment to secure.

With the data and facts all ready, the Florida Department Legislation Committee, of which Emmett Safay of Jacksonville is chairman, drafted the bill

which was placed on the statute books. It provides for a crippled children's commission of five members, to be appointed by the Governor. This commission is to designate the hospitals that are to be used as orthopedic centers; employ orthopedic surgeons to care for the children in the designated hospitals; pay a reasonable per capita per day cost to such hospitals; provide for designation of the juvenile courts or county judges as official agencies to determine who are indigent crippled children and to have power to commit such children to proper institutions; and hire clerical services and pay traveling expenses of members to and from meetings or on business for crippled children.

The Story of the Armistice

(Continued from page 11)

Belgian women. Should he break the locks and solve the mystery? I authorized the procedure, while certain of the staff stood on the alert in case of foul play. To our surprise and not complete disappointment, the mysterious room was found to be an improvised wine-cellar well stocked with German vintages which our predecessors had not had time to remove. Certainly we could guess no good reason, assume no eleemosynary sentiment of welcoming American guests, which would account for the generous gift of liquid refreshments to late enemies. Should these pages of reminiscence, however, ever reach the eye of the present distinguished and highly respected President of the German Republic, he can be assured of the thanks and heartfelt appreciation of a group of thirsty American officers.

An interesting addition to these four handsome villas, previously noted as having been occupied by the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, von Hindenburg, and von Ludendorff, was that under each had been constructed a bomb-proof shelter or abri. Far below ground, each room was about fifteen feet square (that of the Kaiser twenty feet) and was made safe with reinforced concrete, and comfortable with easy-chairs, a center-table, electric reading lamp, telephone, fan, and rugs. The abri beneath the Kaiser's villa was somewhat more pretentious, and in addition was connected with the outside gardens by a well-built tunnel. Belgian caretakers, bursting with gossip of their recent royal visitors, loved to relate that on radio warning of a British air raid the occupants of the four villas were wont to repair to their underground sanctuaries, there to enjoy a book and cigar until danger was over. The Belgians added, with some show of glee, that the Kaiser took his daily exercise with pick and shovel, digging a trench near the mouth of his tunnel to the out-of-doors, and, with more malevolence

perhaps than veracity, they told how Berlin photographers took pictures of the Kaiser, posing in shirt-sleeves with shovel in hand, and reproduced the cuts in Berlin newspapers labeled "The Kaiser in the Trenches."

My fellow commissioners on the Armistice Commission were distinguished officers and agreeable gentlemen who had done big things during the war. The chairman was General of Division Pierre A. Nudant, who in addition was Chief of the French Mission. He was Marshal Foch's personal representative and official spokesman. He had a fine war record and conducted our conferences with the German Mission with marked ability, dignity, and protection of the interests of the Allied cause. The British government was worthily represented by Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Haking, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., who had commanded a corps with distinction. He was a man of force and initiative, but withal diplomatic and harmonious, with a keen sense of the equities due a beaten foe. He was an accomplished linguist. Assisting him in the repatriation of British prisoners of war was Major General Sir John Adye. The Belgians had, as Chief of Mission, Lieutenant-General Hector Delobbe, an officer of high attainments who had been Chief of Staff of the Belgian Army. The Italians were represented by Colonel Scimeca, who had been a member of the Supreme War Council.

The German government had designated Major General H. K. A. von Winterfeld, assisted by some sixty selected specialists, to represent the Empire's many important interests before the Commission. He had been German military attaché at Paris just prior to the war, and was said to be distasteful to the French, who alleged that he had used his social advantages as attaché to secure military secrets which Germany soon utilized against France. This, by

the way, was merely what every military attaché in Europe was supposedly doing prior to the outbreak of hostilities. Von Winterfeld, who was one of the original signers of the Armistice agreement in the forest of Compiègne, spoke French fluently and understood English. The American Mission liked him personally and believed he represented Germany's interests with courage and ability, putting his country's claims in the best possible light during the many heated debates which marked the sessions of the Commission.

These sessions were held daily during the morning hours in the great salle à manger of the Hotel Britannique, beginning at ten o'clock to the minute. Afternoons were devoted to busy committee conferences, in which the policies and instructions of the morning sessions were interpreted and executed. The personnel of the German Mission, a large body of advisers, occupied the entire upper floors of the spacious hotel, and were permitted to proceed to and from Berlin at will on both official and private business.

Each day, within fifteen minutes of the hour of assembly, the Allied Missions were wont to meet in the hotel lobby. At five minutes of the hour the German Mission, headed by the tall and soldierly von Winterfeld, attired in full-dress uniform with decorations, would descend the broad staircase with solemn tread and pass into the assembly hall. It partook of the nature of a ceremony. Passing the Allied Missions, the long column of Germans bowed courteously but formally to right and left, and entering the hall, stood stiffly at their appointed places, according to rank, on the farther side of the long table, as if on dress-parade, von Winterfeld in the center. All remained at attention, eyes to the front. Then followed similar but less formal entrance into the hall by the Allied Missions, the French leading. General Nudant faced von Winterfeld, and was flanked by Haking, Delobbe, and myself, with nearly half a hundred staff officers. Every official, interpreter, clerk, and orderly being in his appointed place, after a long moment of intense and painful silence all present bowed stiffly and ceremoniously from the hips in the general direction of their late enemies, sat down as if an important but disagreeable duty was safely over, and began the transaction of business with neatness if not with despatch.

To Americans the sessions seemed almost unbearably slow, partly because of the old-world formalities and partly because all statements made in one language must needs be immediately translated into two others. French, English and German were, of course, the languages used. Expert interpreters followed each written or spoken word with care, and any departure from literal translation received instant objection and frequently caustic comment.

The German Mission, headed by the alert von Winterfeld, was in general inclined toward aggressive objection to many of the severe terms of the Armistice, and en- (Continued on page 50)



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The Story of the Armistice

(Continued from page 49)

deavored by argument, protest, delay, and even bluster to secure concessions and compromises favorable to the Empire. This was, of course, what the German Mission was sent to do; it is an old game among European diplomats. From the German viewpoint, the Armistice agreement was a humiliating and intolerable thing, almost if not entirely impossible of accomplishment. From the Allied standpoint the convention was quite practicable, and moreover, if not accomplished by the Central Powers within a specified time, was to be followed by the imposition of terms of even greater severity.

The business performed by the Commission during the first month of its existence was necessarily urgent. Aside from the immediate desirability of repatriating Allied prisoners of war as quickly as possible, the urgency of quick action had special application to the requirement of the convention that Germany turn over to the Allies en bon état such an enormous quantity of specified war supplies as would render it impossible for the German government to change its mind about the Armistice of November 11th and begin war all over again.

The Armistice agreement had been negotiated and signed at five o'clock on the morning of November 11th by Marshal Foch and Admiral Wemyss for the Allies, and by Erzberger, von Oberndorff, von Winterfeld, von Grönnel and von Salow for the Central Powers. The agreement provided for a cessation of land and air operations six hours after its signing, and immediate cessation of all hostilities at sea. The duration of the agreement was to be thirty-six days, with the option of extension. To insure execution of the convention under the best possible conditions, the instrument provided for a Permanent International Armistice Commission.

It has been the opinion of many eminent military students, after careful study of conditions existing in the fall of 1918, that had Germany been able to retire with her armies behind her Rhine defenses the World War might have been prolonged for an additional year. Certain German experts of high professional standing believe that this might have been accomplished, and lament that this course of action was not tried out in the winter of 1918 even at great cost in men and war material.

Without discussing the pros and cons of a complex question which has no part in this narrative, it is a matter of history that the Central Powers found it expedient to sign an Armistice agreement, and that Foch so worded this agreement as to put it out of the power of Germany, were the agreement strictly enforced, to avoid the issue and to proceed to defend the Fatherland on a narrower front and behind natural and artificial obstacles of her own choosing.

In brief, the agreement provided for

turning over to the Armistice Commission, in good condition, one-half within ten days and the remainder within twenty days, of

- 5,000 guns (2,500 heavy, 2,500 field)
- 30,000 machine guns
- 3,000 minenwerfer
- 2,000 airplanes
- 5,000 locomotives
- 150,000 railroad cars
- 5,000 motor-trucks

What this vast turnover of war material meant to Germany, and what a stupendous task confronted the Commission to effect the turnover within twenty days, can be appreciated by anyone to some slight extent at least. It was an unhappy humiliation for the proud German Army to accept cheerfully or even conscientiously, and in many special instances there was considerable attempt at evasion. Germany was naturally reluctant to part with her best war material, and certain provisions of the convention were carried out with poor grace.

The locomotives and railroad cars were to be turned over in good working order, with all spare parts and fittings, and all personnel pertaining to the Alsace-Lorraine railroads were to remain on duty until duly relieved by Allied employees. Stores of coal and material for railroad upkeep were also to be kept in place and not tampered with. Few of these provisions were lived up to to the letter. German railroad personnel, anxious to return home, virtually abandoned the railroads, locomotives, cars, and stores of supplies, and it became the immediate business and duty of our Commission to order the German government to send these runaway employees back to their posts. This was accomplished, but not easily or completely.

The Commission insisted, also, that war material be turned over through formal exchange of receipts by authorized officials, emphatically disapproving the German request that the Allies send out detachments of soldiers to take over abandoned property. Accordingly the rule was formulated by our Commission that Germany would be credited only with such material as followed the rule of formal transfer. Otherwise there would undoubtedly have been much evasion of the Armistice agreement. In justice to the Germans, on the other hand, it must be said that their authorities found it exceedingly difficult to restrain second-line troops from hastening homeward once the war was considered over. And with some truth it was claimed by the Germans that certain German caretaking detachments left at depots and dumps were attacked and maltreated by unfriendly inhabitants.

With respect to the immediate surrender of artillery, it was found that in certain instances Germany was attempting to transfer obsolete guns used in the war of 1866, and, ignoring the provision that guns were to be those of

"large tactical groups," she was offering us guns on more or less permanent emplacements from the fortresses of Antwerp and Metz. Foch had undoubtedly inserted these requirements in the convention to prevent further mobile operations by Germany's armies—the German forts were not concerned about.

As to the item of two thousand airplanes, the Germans insisted that it was well-nigh impossible to effect delivery of the planes as quickly as ordered because few were immediately within reach. To correct this the Commission retorted: "Well and good. But for every airplane undelivered by December 13th you will turn over twenty serviceable horses." When they were confronted with this ultimatum, jeopardizing Germany's agricultural recovery, six hundred airplanes were speedily discovered and delivered to the Commission on time.

That part of the Armistice agreement which provided for German evacuation of territory on the left bank of the Rhine was executed with tardiness. German generals offered many excuses. It was claimed with some truth that while a German withdrawal had long been planned from occupied territory in Belgium, France, and Luxembourg, no such preparations had been made that applied to Alsace-Lorraine, and that maps and bases of supplies were lacking. The German staff stated that they possessed but one map for five tactical divisions, which seemed unbelievable. The Commission finally decided to ignore further childish excuses, and insisted on prompt compliance with the original agreement governing withdrawal from Alsace-Lorraine.

Article III of Annex 1 of the agreement required that one-half of the war material be delivered before the tenth day and the second half before the twentieth day. In the first ten days of the Commission's existence the German government turned over more than half of the amount stipulated, mostly by summary abandonment and with but few orderly deliveries. But by the end of the second ten days the requirement of total delivery had not been complied with. The German army, apparently, wanted to get home. To hell with munitions!

However, the Commission stumbled through these annoying delays and unwilling service by the German authorities, and by strict enforcement and continual prodding forced the issues. From the paramount military viewpoint the main consideration was to possess ourselves of war material that would be necessary for Germany's prolongation of the war. And my note-book of November 24, 1918, records this impression: "The Germans are growing more cocky every day. Have written our G. H. Q. to prepare for any eventuality on the Rhine, and to organize ammunition dumps for army and corps, in case the Boches turn on us. General Haking has given similar suggestions to British G. H. Q."

Fortunately for the world, our fears were unfounded, although the precautions taken were prudent and highly advisable. My note- (Continued on page 52)



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The Story of the Armistice

(Continued from page 51)

book of November 23, 1918, states: "Lieutenant Stephens of my staff, en route from Chaumont to Spa, was arrested by the Germans and held for two hours. Stephens reports his captors in complete ignorance of the rigorous terms of the Armistice and the fact that the Allies are to occupy bridge-heads on the Rhine. They told Stephens that after retiring beyond the Rhine Germany would make a stand and secure better terms, that soon America would have two wars on her hands, one with Japan as an ally of Germany." All this was probably the irresponsible small-talk of German soldiers, but taken in its entirety from many sources over a wide area, it had its significance, and was strengthened in part by the morale and appearance of the German troops, to which I shall refer later on in this narrative.

On my own motion, the Armistice Commission decided that the German material of war be divided one-tenth to Belgium, two-tenths to the United States, three-tenths to Great Britain and four-tenths to France. By this allotment, our country secured as a substantial reminder of the Great War 730 field guns, 534 heavy guns, 633 trench mortars, 10,356 machine guns, and 340 airplanes.

Next in importance, perhaps, to the prompt turnover of Germany's war-making equipment was the repatriation to the home countries of the Allied prisoners of war, without reciprocity, as the Armistice agreement stipulated. The Germans, be it said, were most anxious to rid themselves of these prisoners, because of food shortage and the difficulty of maintaining prison-guards in this period of army disorganization, so that, even before our Commission began to function, German authorities had released thousands of Allied prisoners, resulting in much confusion and inevitable hardship. For most of these prisoners were so happy over their release and so anxious to get home that they started walking back without food or necessary winter clothing. When these lamentable conditions became known to the Commission informal release of prisoners was quickly stopped, and the German government, by arrangement, gathered together thousands of wandering Allied prisoners, gave them food and shelter, and held them for formal repatriation. And finally, through a special committee in Berlin headed by our General Harries perfect co-ordination was effected, and most of our American prisoners were out of Germany by the end of December. The Allied prisoners west of the Rhine came out through the Allied armies; those in central or northern Germany were repatriated by sea through Copenhagen, Rotterdam, Flushing, and Antwerp; prisoners in southern Germany came out by rail through Switzerland. German prisoners of war were not repatriated until after the signing of the Peace Treaty at the end of June, 1919.

At the time of the signing of the

Armistice agreement our country had but 248 officers and 3,302 soldiers in German hands. One officer and twenty enlisted men died in captivity. All reports reaching me indicated that our soldiers received comparatively good treatment in German prison camps. Perhaps this was partly a matter of reciprocity, for in our own prison camps German prisoners certainly fared very well. In the spring of 1919, when in command of the Bordeaux Base, I had occasion to inspect a camp of some four thousand German prisoners of war. To uncover possible ill-treatment, individuals and groups were taken aside, keeping staff and prison officials in the background, and encouraged through their own interpreters to tell of any abuse or grievance. It is believed that over one hundred and fifty Germans were thus interviewed at random, with not a single complaint offered. All spoke of the fairness with which they were treated. Certainly, among our sins of commission and omission, mistreatment of prisoners of war can never be laid at our national door. Our policy tended toward magnanimity, and doubtless affected German treatment of American prisoners in Germany.

The afternoons of our conferences at Spa were taken up with important committee meetings—committees on material of war, transportation, prisoners of war, requisitions, upkeep of troops in occupied territory, and restitutions. These committees, composed of designated officers from each of the Allied countries meeting with an officer from the German Mission, worked diligently on ways and means of carrying out the mandates of the Commission with the least possible delay. Bothersome collateral issues were continually thrusting themselves in, merely because the Armistice Commission was only a quasi-diplomatic body, bridging over the hiatus between cessation of hostilities and the formal organization of the Peace Commission. These questions concerned the despatch of food supplies into Germany in the general interest of humanity, and the facilitating of the activities of the American Red Cross in Russian prison-camps, the alleged harsh treatment of Germans in Alsace-Lorraine by French soldiers or civilians, and the complaints of French as well as Belgians that industrial and agricultural implements had been carried off wholesale by the retiring German armies. Article VI of the Armistice agreement provided fully for restitution of what was necessary for the rehabilitation of the Allied countries, and stolen property was relentlessly hunted down in German territory and most of it returned to the owners. But our Commission found this a difficult task.

As already stated, the sessions of the Armistice Commission were held in the impressive Hotel Britannique. One corner room on the second floor was pointed out as the historic place where the

Kaiser had signed his abdication, but we never had time to verify it. Daily conferences with the Germans were oftentimes dramatic in the extreme—at least they seemed so to dispassionate Americans. Many tense moments occurred. On one side of the long council-board were to be seen the animated faces of the effervescent French and Belgians, optimistic and buoyant over the successful termination of the long war, their racial vivacity more or less tempered by the unexpressive, stolid countenances of the British, with the Americans a happy medium, perhaps. The winning of the war had meant far more to our long-suffering Allies than to us.

On the opposite side of the conference table, and in marked contrast, were the drawn, anxious, set, almost painfully contracted faces of the German representatives—the massive, leonine, finely-shaped head of von Winterfeld dominating the others, the muscles of his neck taut and strained, his responsibility for the Fatherland's welfare resting heavily on his broad shoulders. At his side usually sat Herr Haniel von Haimhausen, former counselor of the German Embassy at Washington in the days of von Bernstorff, and their heads were frequently together as they whispered their little secrets. On the right and left were selected officers of the German Great General Staff—able, clever fellows who took their profession very seriously. A few of the younger ones had the officious, arrogant stare of the traditional German military caste; Germany may have been beaten, but the Fatherland was going down with flying colors. At times, sitting quietly and unobtrusively on the fringe of German officials, we noted the presence of German civilians in the rough dress of mechanics, farmers, artisans, and the like. We learned that they were representatives of socialist organizations, who were there as observers with the acquiescence of the German government. They informed members of my staff that they recognized the competency and appropriateness of the German military hierarchy winding up the war, but that they were there to see that it was done properly. The plain people of the new Republic of Germany wanted no monkey business.

As evidencing the inevitable conflict of wills from day to day as well as the clashing of interests in the transition from war to peace, my diary contains the following extracts:

November 20-21: The French are construing the clauses of the convention very strictly, suspicious of the Germans at every turn, while the latter are accused of interjecting many questions into the proceedings to gain time—questions not of a strictly military character, and more suitable for a peace conference. . . .

Today (*November 21*), the Germans made a strong appeal for easier terms, more time to evacuate, more food for Germany, no harassing by French troops. After our conference von Winterfeld personally appealed to General Haking and myself, but was reminded by Haking of similar conditions imposed by the Germans on France in 1870. Von Winterfeld finally left Haking in despair and anger.

November 22: (Continued on page 54)

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The Story of the Armistice

(Continued from page 53)

The Boches are still squirming and protesting about the French pushing them too hard, about food conditions in Germany, their inability to turn over railway material which they claim they haven't got, the impossibility of transferring artillery material when the inhabitants of evacuated territory are hostile, and, finally, their utter inability to retain German personnel with the surrendered railroads, telephones, telegraph, etc.

November 24: Nothing new except that the Germans made an amusing defense against the protest of the Belgians—the Germans claiming that the cattle being driven into Germany by the retiring army were cattle brought from Germany; that the alleged stolen furniture was furniture made by the Boches or brought from Allemagne to make the poor German soldiers' barracks more habitable; and they disdained to explain the presence in their retiring columns of hundreds of Belgian carriages, carts, and draft animals.

November 25: We hear remarkable stories of the spread of socialism in Germany; that a uniform rate of pay of twenty marks is to be paid to all Germans here, from General von Winterfeld down to the soldier-janitor; that uniforms are to be exchanged for civilian clothing; that the German government is just drifting, a ship without a rudder; that the well-disciplined troops passing through Spa have no idea of the rigorous armistice terms, or that Germany has been signally defeated. What the German Army will do when it returns home and learns the truth is problematical.

November 26: We had two important communications today from the Germans. Major von Pabst and a naval officer report very bad conditions in Germany. All officers were requested to discard their uniforms and wear civilian clothing. Also, one flat rate of pay for all, generals to privates. The entire administration of affairs, civil as well as military, is under socialists, many of them former buck privates in the German Army. The German officers on our Armistice Commission are swallowing their pride in order to try and save Germany and their homes. Von Pabst predicts that much bloodshed will follow the return of troops, most of whom do not yet know the true state of affairs—that their leaders have lost the war, that Germany is to be heavily taxed, and that socialism is dominant.

November 27: This afternoon crowds of citizens went to the stores of Belgians who had fraternized with the Boches, made them remove their Allied flags from their windows, and in many cases painted a black cross or a black hand on the front of the shop. I hear also that at Liege or Guise, or at both places, people took women who had been the paramours of German officers, cut off their hair, stripped them, and cast them into the streets.

December 8: At Julich and at Aix the Belgian Army officials are said to have posted a proclamation—a reproduction of a German proclamation to the Belgians in 1914, containing all kinds of petty restrictions, among others that every German civilian must remove the hat and stand off the sidewalk at the approach of a Belgian officer. General von Winterfeld is protesting, and there was a small altercation between Nudant and von Winterfeld, the latter stating with some heat that he needed no instructions from General Nudant as to the form of the protest.

December 9: The *Berliner Tageblatt* con-

tains a letter from a Dutch correspondent here concerning the meetings of our Commission which alleges among other things that certain junior officers of the Allied missions amuse themselves by drawing caricatures of von Winterfeld; grotesque sketches, the correspondent alleges, are left on the council table after conferences, for the humiliation as well as edification of the Germans!

December 20: Today witnessed a heated colloquy between General Nudant and General von Winterfeld, starting over a telegram from Marshal Foch characterizing the German treatment of Allied prisoners of war as barbarous. General von Winterfeld retorted that Allied prisoners were accorded far better treatment than had been the case with German detachments left in Allied territory.

When I had reached Spa on November 17th many units of the German Army were passing through the town, and the troops gave every evidence of being fine organizations, the men well set-up, clothed, and disciplined. They impressed me as having plenty of fight left.

The most unmilitary and reprehensible thing in evidence at this time was that each German organization was taking away hundreds of Belgian horses, many of them hitched to Belgian carriages and carts, loaded down with petty loot, the reins in the hands of German officers or soldiers. The effect on Belgian on-lookers may be imagined, helpless as they were to remedy matters except through the roundabout good offices of our Commission. This looting was ultimately stopped, but not before much damage had been done. As for the French and Belgians, good sports that they were, they shrugged their tired shoulders and once more tried to find solace in the threadbare philosophy of "c'est la guerre."

The march homeward of these German troops was most orderly and well-conducted. Indeed, it reminded one of a triumphal procession to the Fatherland. Excellent military bands played patriotic music, and the troops sang in unison as only German soldiers can. Motor-trucks, wagons, and even draft-animals were decked with flags and greens. Everything betokened that these splendid front-line regiments of high morale had no intimation as yet of the merciless terms of the Armistice agreement, or of the social disorganization which had come to Germany. If they had, they certainly put up a wonderful front. Belgian inhabitants of Spa told us, however, that the German second-line troops which had withdrawn before our arrival had retired in considerable disorder, and that some of the units had carried red flags.

November 19, 1918, proved a great day for Spa, for it celebrated the arrival of the advance detachments of the British cavalry corps, following up the German retirement. The little town was gay with bunting showing the Allied

colors, and the townspeople in their delight had constructed several arcs de triomphe. In the Place Royale hundreds of little Belgian girls, dressed in the national colors and carrying tiny Allied flags, had been assembled, and as the first units of the fine-looking British cavalry appeared the little maids waved their flags and sang patriotic songs, while the happy Belgians cheered the long-looked-for troops to the echo. All national anthems were played by the local band except our own "Star Spangled Banner," and the town burgomaster finally came to me with tears in his honest eyes and confessed that his band had no music for our national air. As a compensation, however, the choir of voices shouted "Vive l'Amérique!" and when I left the reviewing stand to return to my quarters the dense crowds took up the cry and cheered our country with the same enthusiasm. In fact, during my entire stay in Belgium the people wore one continuous smile at sight of Uncle Sam's uniform. It was not alone our participation in the war which, it was then frankly acknowledged, had turned the scales on the side of victory, but our material aid through the American Red Cross had made every Belgian peasant regard an American soldier as a personal friend.

And so the work of the Armistice Commission went on during those first stirring days, working toward a permanent peace in Europe, the intricate details of which were soon to be taken up by the Peace Commission. Certain bitterness and acrimony were inseparable from the conferences and controversies between those charged with writing finis to a great and terrible war. But looking back at this time on what has taken place in disquieted Europe since 1918—dissensions, bickerings, jealousies, in which America's motives, sincerity, and basic altruism have been misunderstood and even falsified—an American general can better understand how necessary was the relentless and implacable execution of the Armistice. Our country will ever join enthusiastically in singing hosannas to an era of perpetual peace, but any sincere student of world history cannot fail to see that for many years we shall have outlaws and bullies in the family of nations, as in our everyday life as individuals. Certainly the happenings of the last ten years prove the survival of the instincts which produced the World War.

Unless one has been brought into intimate, daily contact with the tremendously complex problems of the Old World—problems handed down through the ages and impregnated with racial suspicions, rivalries, hatreds, and jealousies—it is difficult for average Americans, altruistic, beneficent, and public-spirited in their splendid isolation and smug prosperity, clearly and adequately to visualize our new relationship to world affairs. We have studiously avoided foreign entanglements, but from the signing of the Armistice—nay, from our entrance into the World War—our international responsibilities as well as perils have increased a hundredfold.



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No Place to Stay Sick

(Continued from page 29)

there is an extra large household. Blue and white gingham curtains at the windows, blue and tan in the linoleum rug, blue and white shelves and containers in the immaculate pantries make it as pretty and as modern as any up-to-the-minute housewife could wish. I had expected it to look shipshape and tidy but I wasn't prepared to find it so artistic as well. The men have obviously taken a pride and interest in beautifying their surroundings and in making them home-like.

Upstairs there are two large rooms and one small one, all with plenty of windows and cross ventilation. The large rooms have four single beds each and there is space for more in a pinch. At the side of each bed is a table and on the floor a rug. I thought the arrangement for clothing was ingenious. Directly over each bed at a convenient height are nailed two narrow boards each some three feet long, one board set about six inches above the other. On the lower board are hooks for clothing and from the upper hangs a curtain made from a gay early American print. Thus each patient's clothes are well curtained, neatly hung and handy for use, and the whole adds a pleasant bit of color to the room.

After admiring the excellent household arrangements, I inquired of Superintendent Love how the place is managed. This job of superintendent, by the way, is one of the several important factors in the success of the camp. At first the Forty and Eight planned to employ one of the nearly recovered patients, thinking that in this way they could secure a personal interest and understanding even though there might be frequent changes. But as time has gone by, it has become increasingly apparent that a sick or partly sick man should not be given so much responsibility. It proved unfair to the man and to the other patients. So recently Sidney F. Love was engaged for the job. He is a young man, too young to have served in the World War. But he later served in the Navy, where an accident disabled him for further service. His health is excellent, he enjoys the work at camp, is intelligent and capable and ambitious to make his job one hundred percent efficient.

"We assign details for household chores," he explained in answer to my question, "and I aim to divide the work so that it is out of the way early and is not too hard for any one person. Cleaning downstairs, bedmaking, cleaning upstairs, care of the bathroom and showers, porches and lawn and cellar make up one class of work and kitchen police the other. K. P. includes helping the cook at mealtime, preparing vegetables, setting the table, washing the dishes and so on. When the inside work is done there is the gardening and poultry work, though we usually have volunteers for that detail, as the men like to get out. But we divide everything up so that it's

fair," he repeated, "and so that no one does a lick more than he should."

"Do you change jobs around?" I asked.

"Change around?" he questioned in surprise.

"Yes, from time to time, so that no one goes stale at a task," I explained. "I mean, does the man who washes dishes this week make beds the next?"

Mr. Love grinned.

"I'd like to, that's the right idea. But the men get well too soon to fit to any such regular plan. We may have fifteen men here this week and fifteen next, but it won't be the same fifteen. That changes the jobs around for me aplenty."

Indeed, that factor of change is a reason why managing the camp is not the simple affair it might first appear to be. The steady turnover of patients brings a new problem each week and a new plan of work must be developed to fit each new situation.

The cook is the only patient who draws pay. In general the cooking has been done by one of the patients, that detail being assigned to the man most nearly well and best suited to the work. As it is responsible and important, he is paid wages. A month ago H. L. McElroy came to the camp to get his strength back after a siege with bronchitis. He did the cooking so well that instead of letting him go last week, when he was well, the superintendent engaged him to stay for the summer, when the camp will be crowded and the work too heavy for a convalescent.

On our rounds we reached the cellar, which we found in fine condition, thanks to the complete overhauling of the house. It contains a five hundred gallon water heater, supplies of staples of standard brands and the canned fruit.

Don't think from all this talk about housekeeping that the camp is merely a building. There is a real farm and it is being put to use. Besides the garden in the meadow near the road there is a hillside vineyard that was almost in ruins. New trellises are now built for the two hundred and fifty old vines, the vines are neatly trimmed, and it is hoped that by another year the camp will be enjoying its own grapes.

By the way, this meadow land and hillside has a bit of romance connected with it. While digging in the garden one day last summer, Mr. Russell unearthed an object which he thought was an Indian battle-axe.

"I'm going to clean that up and give it to Mr. Sprague as a souvenir of camp," he announced proudly as he brushed off the soil. By the next morning he was so pleased with his trophy that he took it to the Field Museum to find out just what it was. Experts there told him that it was the finest example they had seen of an Indian pestle—a tool for grinding corn—and that its presence in the ground indicated that an Indian village must have been on

that site. Mr. Russell gave the pestle to Mr. Sprague as he had planned and sent with it a note telling the story, and Mr. Sprague gave it to the museum, where it now is on view.

The beautiful old orchard of apples and pears has been cleared of brush and the trees sprayed and trimmed and the masses of pink and white bloom the day of my visit promised a big crop. All this heavy work of plowing and such is done by a farmer who lives near the Forty and Eight chalet, so that the patients have only the lighter work, which affords occupation and exercise.

Between the orchard and the flower garden back of the house is the poultry yard. Mr. Russell originally planned to have a few chickens to provide rural atmosphere and fresh eggs. But he found that the men liked working with poultry and that the conditions at camp seemed ideal for chicken raising, so this year, with less gardening, there will be more poultry. Already there are about a hundred fine white Leghorns, mostly hens selected for their fine records as layers, and three hundred little chicks, tiny, yellow and Easterish looking in a new up-to-date brooder. A new eighty-foot hen-house would soon be finished and the camp launched in the poultry business. As the size of the camp increases more eggs and chickens will be needed, and the surplus will be sold to help defray expenses.

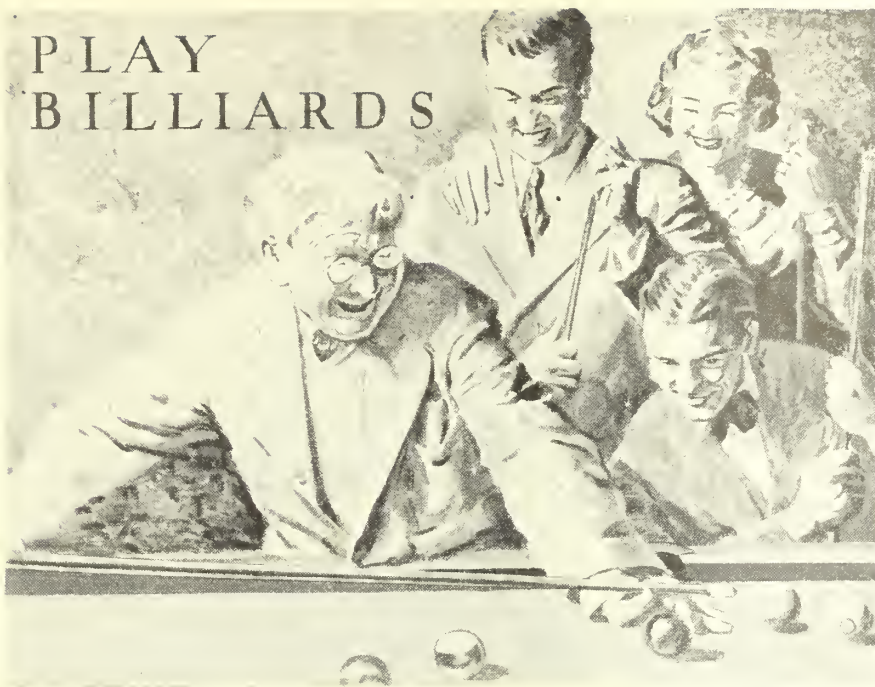
As we wandered back to the house from our tour of inspection, Mr. Roth talked of the future of the camp and of how the Forty and Eight plan to enlarge it.

"We now can take care of twenty-five comfortably but we need room for more. Our building program this summer will provide for fifty and in another year we'll double that. Then we can care for several hundred men during a year. You see, we plan to grow slowly, make our mistakes and get our experience in a small way and then as we grow, grow right."

Already there is one additional cottage, called Cermak Cottage in honor of Anton Cermak, and soon two more, one projected by Hiram Slifer Post of the Legion and the other by the 149th Field Artillery mothers, will be begun on the hill to the southwest of the house. There will also be a new storeroom, a better road in from the highway and many other improvements finished this summer. In the meantime, as warm weather brings more patients, tents will take care of the overflow till the cottages are ready.

All this takes money. But the interested Forty and Eight have discovered the old truth that where there is a real need money can be found—provided capable and industrious people go a-hunting for it. The success of the Tribune's boxing tournament last year was so great that this year it was repeated and the twenty-five thousand dollars net proceeds were turned over, entire, to the camp trustee. With this amount of cash in hand, many an organization would have pitched into an orgy of building (Continued on page 58)

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No Place to Stay Sick

(Continued from page 57)

and spending. But these camp sponsors are conservative. The very fact that they have money makes them exceedingly careful in their spending.

While the relatively modest unit for the first seventy-five to a hundred patients is being finished, they are perfecting their own organization by electing five trustees of whom three are to be Mr. Russell, Mr. Roth, and Mr. Sprague, and are planning a permanent endowment. I say "permanent" endowment—it is anticipated that the need for the camp for veterans of the World War will increase markedly for some years and then gradually diminish until some fifty years hence the camp will have served its usefulness for this group. The endowment is to be so arranged that at the end of the fifty-year period the project can be merged into some work which it is hoped will meet the needs of that time.

The project is fortunate in having back of it men with as united loyalties and as varied abilities as have the three trustees. Mr. Russell, last year's Chef de Gare, is Irish, with the wit and imagination Irish leaders possess; he is an ex-newspaper man and knows how to approach and interest people. Charles Roth, the present Chef de Gare, is Dutch, indefatigable, thorough in detail. A. A. Sprague, former chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, is a business man and a civic worker of national reputation. Behind these three leaders are Colonel Robert McCormick (the man who, you recall, gave a Christmas dinner in one of Chicago's largest hotels to two thousand ex-service men and their families), Anton Cermak, and the Chicago Tribune.

These men, and many others of the Forty and Eight, give active co-operation in the work at the camp. Saturday afternoons and Sundays there are always some of them to be seen out there, working at various tasks or providing good times for the patients. Picnics at the chalet are a popular diversion, and there are parties and entertainments which by their gay fun help complete the cure of the sick and discouraged. Altogether the camp is a jolly place, and everyone seems to have a fine spirit.

I wish you might have stood as I did, on the crest of the hill, and seen in your mind's eye the camp as it took shape while Mr. Roth detailed the plans. I wish you could have smelled the air, fresh and sweet from orchard and meadow, and enjoyed the sunshine. But I wish most of all that you could have met and talked with the men privileged to be there, getting well.

It takes one sort of courage to stand up under fire; it takes another, quite as real, to keep your courage year after year when you haven't the health that was your heritage. But finding friends who care and a place to live in the open has given these men a new lease on life and a new inspiration.

This is pioneer work the Forty and Eight are doing in Illinois. There is no precedent to tell them what will work and what won't. But they need not worry about that—and they don't. They have something better than precedent—high ideals, common sense and the backing of their organization. It doesn't take guessing to predict that the Tribune-Forty and Eight Convalescent Camp is going to keep on growing and improving until it shelters all the ex-service men who need it.

God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 17)

We opened up with a heavy rifle and automatic fire and the Germans answered us back with machine guns and rifles. We were too close together for either of our artilleries to butt in.

Weed was next to me on the right with his chauchat. A chauchat has a tendency to hop. It's a Frog invention and it takes all your time to hold it down.

I touched Weed on the shoulder to point out to him a spot that looked like a machine gun. This took Weed's attention from his chauchat for a moment and it gave a hop which threw the muzzle up, causing it to shoot into the tree tops across the way. And out of the tree dropped a German!

Lieutenant Marco was lying on my left popping away with a rifle when up came the company runner, Shorty Parker, with an order from Captain McDevitt:

"Swing your platoon across the open space. The first platoon" (which was on our left) "is to push through the woods and head the Germans off on that side."

"And we have to go across that open place!" I was mad. "That looks like plain murder to me . . . Damn funny to me they don't lay down a barrage in there first—it's full of machine guns . . ."

The runner didn't say anything and neither did the lieutenant.

I went on cursing but I knew there wasn't anything else for us to do but carry out the order. In order to avoid the fire from Weed's chauchat I crawled away in back of him.

The brambles and underbrush were so thick all along the edge of the woods that I had to crawl quite a way before I could get out in the open far enough

for the other fellows to see me. The men were still firing in back of me. When I figured I was out far enough I held up my hand as a signal to cease firing. Then I rose to my feet and beckoned them to come on, and I started forward on a dead run.

Looking back over my shoulder I saw a whole gang of our men burst out of the woods after me. We tore madly across the open space without stopping once. I figured that as long as it had to be done that was the best way to do it.

Our attack was so sudden and so wild that it must have thrown the Germans into a panic. They had been firing steadily before we started, but the moment we broke out into the open they began to beat it for all they were worth.

They didn't all get away. Some were hidden down behind a low embankment. As I jumped over the bank, two young Germans—and they were *young!*—raised their heads. If ever there was fear of God or devil on anybody's face, it was on those two boys' faces. They got on their knees with their arms stretched to the sky. They could not cry out. Their fingers took on a most peculiar trembling motion while the rest of the hand seemed rigid. Then their lips began to move but no sound came.

This all took place in a moment of time. I was still coming toward them with raised bayonet. There were other fellows at my side. We had come to kill and that was all. The kids finally gave one shriek. I pushed the fellows who were racing with me to one side and they stumbled past the two German kids and their bayonets stuck in the dirt bank.

One of the fellows turned and said, "What the hell is the matter with you?"

I did not answer right away as I did not know what to say or what was the matter with me. The two German boys were still on their knees before me and they were begging for their lives. Their voices, their whole bodies in fact, seemed to breathe out for permission to live.

Just then several Germans made a dash into a thicket on our right. I shouted to the fellows "Get them!" and away they went.

Then I motioned for the two young Germans to get up. They scrambled to their feet in a hurry. By this time there were more German prisoners rounded up so I simply shooed my two kids over with the rest to get rid of them.

The section of the woods we were in had been cleared of brush to a depth of about two hundred feet. Beyond this to the west was a thick undergrowth of bushes and brambles. The Germans were in this thicket and we advanced on them in sort of Indian fashion, ducking forward from tree to tree, but with no organization. Some of the men would advance and some would not. We were not getting any place.

I looked around for some officer I might know but could not see any. In fact, I did not seem to know any of the fellows that were fighting around me, but they seemed raring to go.

I called to the men that were up ahead to fall back. We (Continued on page 60)

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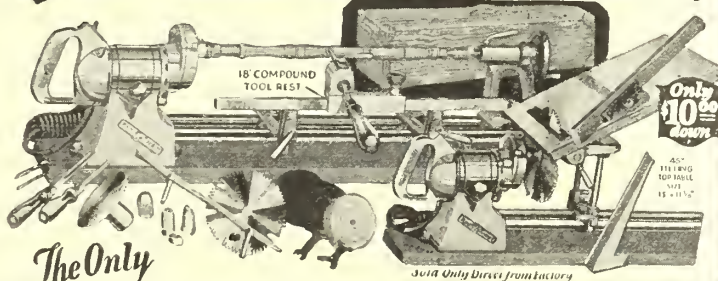
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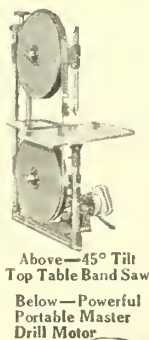
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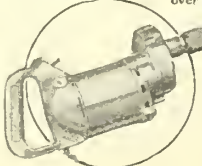
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God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 59)

took shelter for a few minutes behind what seemed to be an old basement that had been overgrown with grass. There were about twenty of us together. On our left, however, there were quite a number of men who were taking up position.

I said, "We'll form a line to the right and sweep in back of the Germans and drive them to the left and capture them. We'll pivot on this center position."

The men spread out to the right at ten foot intervals. I was the last man on the right. As soon as we were ready to make the pivot the men on the left started falling back and the men on the right that had just formed kept closing over to the left. This broke up our little party and in the meantime the Germans were delivering a hot fire from the thicket. So instead of advancing, we on the right were having our hands full trying to stay where we were.

The men in the center were shot up pretty bad and I could not see any men on the left. Thus about fifteen of us were marooned. I passed the word along to close over to the left. I wanted to get back to that old basement. A machine gun was tearing the bark off a tree just above my head and was getting my goat.

I noticed a hole a few feet to my left so I wormed over to it and slid in, luckily feet first, and, more luck, I held on to the sides. It was rather narrow. I felt my feet sinking so I quickly drew out of the hole. It was an abandoned latrine with a thick crust on it.

I kept edging over to the left, urging the men to move in that direction. Finally, twelve of us reached the old basement. We had left behind us a number of wounded men. We now lined up along the basement wall and opened a hot rifle fire into that part of the thicket in front of which our wounded were lying.

Our fire piped down the Germans and with seven of us still firing the other five crept out and dragged in the wounded—there were seven of them—and laid them in the shelter of the basement wall. The wounds were all from rifle or machine-gun bullets so we bound them up. Two of the men were in bad shape. They had been shot through the lungs and were spitting up blood.

Four men were detailed to carry them back to the rear where we could see some of the mounds belonging to the deep dugouts. The rest of us kept up a fire to cover their movement. Every time our fire slackened down the Germans would pipe up again.

Two other fellows agreed each to carry back a wounded man on his back. They got ten feet out from the basement and both were hit. They fell and the wounded men they were carrying fell on top of them. So we had to go out and drag in the four. One of the wounded men figured he could crawl back himself so we let him go and he made it all right.

We heard somebody shouting from the rear, and looking back I saw that it was Lieutenant Pelton of our company. He was frantically waving his arms at us and shouting, "Get out of there—quick!"

"We got wounded men!" I shouted, but no doubt he couldn't make out what I said because he just kept on waving us out.

So we agreed to carry out a man each. There were six of us now and six wounded men. Three went first while the others kept up firing. The first three had about reached the mounds when the last of us started out.

The fellow I was carrying had been shot in the legs and he was taller than I was and it seemed no matter how far I bent forward his legs would drag. But he did not complain. The other two fellows that were with me were both hit and fell with their men.

Reaching the mounds, I found a confused mass of Germans and Americans. They were busy bandaging up wounded men. Some of the wounded were Germans but most of them were Americans. The Germans were bandaging up our men and if a German was next an American would bandage him up. There were no guards standing around.

After I got rid of my man I rounded up five Germans and marched them back through the wood where the four wounded men were still lying and had them carry the men in. The Germans in the thicket must have recognized their own men as they did not open fire on them.

The bunch of us left all seemed to be out of different companies. I did not see one other man from my own company. We were all milling around looking for our companies but nobody seemed to know what had become of them. The big mounds of dirt were thick around this place and they cut off our voices. They were not the same mounds I was at in the morning.

We kept wandering around these mounds shouting the names of our companies. And the Germans kept tailing after us wanting to be taken prisoner.

What made matters worse was the report that our artillery was to lay down a barrage in this area in a very short time. The Germans that were with us had the dope that their artillery also was going to lay down a barrage in this very same area in a few minutes. So they were anxious to be captured as quickly as possible in order to be taken out of there.

The Germans, of course, weren't armed. Most of them had come in from the woods themselves. They understood that they had been surrounded and were giving up. Now and then a new German would come in from the woods with his hands up and insist upon being captured. One got in front of a big Marine—who had come around the side of a mound rather suddenly. The German had his

hands up blocking the way. The Marine shoved him over saying, "For Christ's sake get out of the way and go back where you belong."

It was getting on toward dark and I knew something had to be done with the Germans so I lined them up in back of a dugout and made them sit down and I placed a couple of guards over them. I was the only sergeant there that I could see and I didn't want some officer to come along and find the Germans wandering around the way they were. There were only thirty of them when I finally got them all together.

The thing that was bothering me was that I was lost—lost at least as far as my company was concerned.

I wandered back a little way farther and noticed a man jumping down into a trench. I beat it across for the spot, about two hundred yards away. Reaching the trench I jumped in, and the first man I saw was Lieutenant Pelton of my company, dug in along the side. He looked up at me.

"Where did you come from?" He spoke sharply. "Your lieutenant has been looking for you."

I was pretty well bushed from running but I asked what he wanted me for.

Pelton said, "Maybe he thought you had beat it some place . . ."

"Beat it, hell! I was up in that old basement directing fire and you were the one that ordered me out!"

"Were you?" Pelton looked as if he didn't believe me. "Well, your lieutenant is down the trench a ways. Perhaps you'd better tell him about it."

I hoofed it down the trench until I found Lieutenant Marco. He was dug in and so were the rest of the platoon.

I stuck my head into his hole. "Did you want to see me!"

He looked up kind of fussed. "Why, I . . . just wondered where you were."

I said, "Where I was? What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing—I missed you—that's all."

And he wouldn't say anything more, but I knew that he and Pelton had the same idea.

Just then the fellow in the next hole reached out and touched me on the leg, saying, "There's a hole down the line, Sergeant, that's vacant."

It was getting dark but I recognized the voice as belonging to young Frenchy.

I found the vacant hole and crawled in. It was just a common hole in the bank. This was the first chance for a rest I had had in several days but I was worse than tired. I was confused. I couldn't understand why Pelton and Marco should think I had run out on them when I myself felt that I had done a good day's work. Certainly Marco knew where I had been . . .

Then it suddenly came to me that I hadn't seen Marco all day . . . But the other fellows . . . Then I remembered that I hadn't been with any of the fellows from my platoon . . . In the old basement, the wounded, the fight before the thicket . . . all those men with me all day were strangers . . .

I was more (Continued on page 62)

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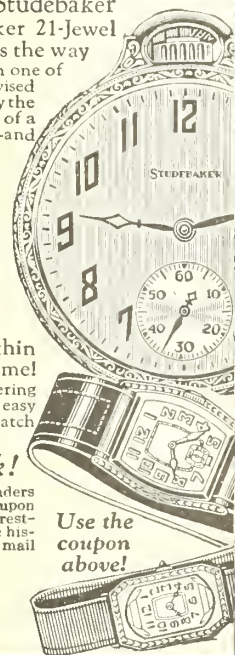
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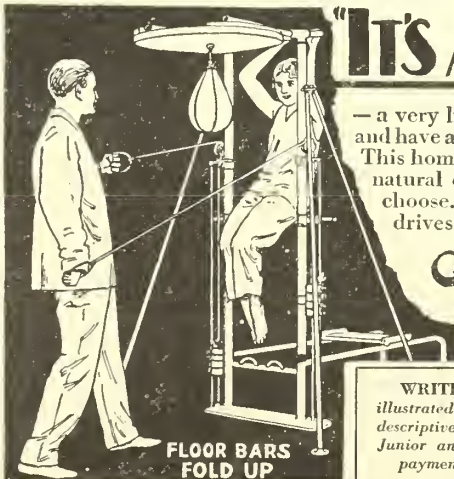
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God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 61)

confused than ever. I had to get this thing straightened out somehow before I could sleep. I went back to Frenchy's hole.

"Say, Frenchy, were you out along that patch of woods this morning just after we left those deep dugouts?"

"Yes."

"Then you were with us when we swung across that open space . . ."

"Open space? We didn't go across the open space . . ."

"Didn't go across the open space? . . . Where the hell did we go then?"

"We followed the first platoon off to the left through the woods . . ."

"And you say we didn't run across that open space?"

"We couldn't because as we started for the left a big bunch of guys from another outfit came tearing across the space like mad . . ."

"Oh . . . All right, Frenchy."

The thing began to dawn on me . . . I went back to my hole and thought it all out . . .

I had been lying between Marco and Weed, I remembered, when the runner came up with the order to advance and I had shot off my mouth. (Maybe that was one reason why Marco thought I had beat it some place.) . . . Then I had crept out, back of Weed (who was the last man on the right) to avoid his chauchat and the brush . . . I went out in the open . . . My platoon was all on my left . . . But I did not move left . . . all this time I had been moving to my right . . . How then did I get in front of the platoon? . . .

I had stood up when I got well out in the open and faced south . . . There was a woods in back of me and I had beckoned toward it for the men to come out and a bunch of fellows did come out and we tore across the open space from north to south . . . The men came out of the north woods . . . Yet my platoon was in the east woods . . .

It was all clear to me now. I had led the wrong outfit across that open space.

XXXV

AT SIX o'clock the next morning I saw the company runner, Shorty Parker, stop at Lieutenant Marco's hole. Runners always meant movements of some sort so I went over to find out what was on for the day.

The dope was that our artillery would lay down a box barrage in the woods which were directly in front of us. The barrage would begin at six fifteen and end at six thirty. We were to be moving forward at six thirty and enter the woods at six thirty-two. There would be no rolling barrage following the regular barrage.

The confidential stuff that Shorty gave me was that a strong force of picked German machine gunners had been concentrated at various places in the woods with positive orders to hold their positions at all costs. They were to stick to

their posts in the face of their own barrage, which was to shell the woods. This sacrifice was to be made in order that the balance of a German brigade consisting of several thousand men could make good their escape from the western section of Mont Blanc which they now occupied.

This information was brought to our lines by two Germans who gave themselves up early in the morning. They were a part of the detail that was to be sacrificed.

Promptly at six fifteen our artillery opened up with one big bang. Before this time there had not been a shell falling on either side.

The woods were less than two hundred feet ahead. We sat in our trench on the side nearest our own artillery to protect ourselves against our own shells that were falling short.

At six twenty-nine we were out of the trench and at six thirty we were racing toward the woods. The barrage stopped as suddenly as it had begun. The dead silence that followed seemed unearthly.

We entered the woods on a run and penetrated them to a depth of about ten feet. Then we stopped—and almost staggered back out again!

There, lined up in the woods as close to the edge as they could get and still be concealed, was the whole German brigade, officers and all, standing in close order formation like soldiers on parade. They surrendered to us in a body.

So startling was the effect on us that we simply stood and looked with our mouths open. Had we been met with a hail of machine-gun bullets we would have stumbled on in some way, but to see a line of Germans dressed in their best soldier suits, wearing caps and cleaned shoes, was too much.

The second wave now came crashing through the woods in back of us and almost ran us through with their bayonets. We had to move on to get out of their way. We passed down along the long line of Germans. They watched us going by, dirty and crummy looking as we were, with a look on their faces as much as to say, "All right, clean up the mess we made. We're going on a vacation."

Somebody in back of me said, "It looks as though the war was over now all right."

And I said, "Yes—for them it is."

We pushed on through the woods, passing great piles of lumber, barb wire, tools, narrow-gauge railroad tracks, ammunition, some big guns, lots of smaller guns and dugouts of all descriptions.

Reaching the western boundary of Mont Blanc we swung to the north. Not another German was found. Not a shot had been fired.

And the fellows had all found their voices. It was the first time we had talked out loud since just before leaving Suippes.

We finally took up positions along a

narrow-gauge railroad running near the northern summit of Mont Blanc. Here we fried bacon and boiled coffee. It was the first cooked food we had had in four days.

After the food came the sight-seeing parties. We were like a bunch of kids turned loose in an old attic full of junk. The Germans had built squatty houses among the trees with wooden sidewalks between them. We ransacked these houses and rooted in piles of rubbish that had been thrown out in back of them. We found piles of books and papers.

One type of book seemed very popular as we found a lot of them. They were paper-covered booklets about eight by six inches with pictures of Indians, log cabins and early American settlers on the covers. The Indians were shown trading with whites, offering furs in exchange for beads. The booklets may have been simply story books but some of the fellows that could read German said that they were a form of propaganda showing the crude, uncivilized conditions that existed in America.

The fellows were loading up on every form of junk they could find—tin whistles, old bayonets, helmets, papers, pipes, playing cards.

I asked some of them what they were going to do with the junk.

They said, "Going to take them home."

XXXVI

LIEUTENANT MARCO and I were sitting in a concrete pit that had been used as a foundation for some big gun when I noticed a detail of men moving through our lines. Their clothes were too clean to belong to our outfit so I climbed out of the pit and headed them off.

I said, "What outfit are you fellows with?"

The sergeant in charge said, "We're a salvage detail going forward to salvage the battlefield up ahead . . ."

"This is the front line right here. There hasn't been any battle fought up ahead of us."

"Then where is all that German salvage stock that we heard about?"

"That's in back of you—mostly down in the deep dugouts."

The salvage detail turned around and went back. There was no use salvaging a field before the battle was fought.

The place all around in through here had been used for four years as a German brigade headquarters and supply dump. Down in the deep dugouts were regular storerooms containing supplies of all kinds—small-arm ammunition, machine-guns, rifles, revolvers and parts, box after box of grenades, medical supplies and clothing. A small railroad ran through one system of electric-lighted dugouts. An elevator was used to carry the cars to and from the surface. We had placed guards around these dugouts to keep souvenir hunters out.

Early in the afternoon two French officers came riding up on horses. They had maps in their hands and were check-

ing up to see how far we had advanced.

I was curious to know how far the French were behind us on the left so I moseyed over and asked them:

"Combien kilometres français soldats in the rear?" pointing to the rear.

One of them answered "Twenty kilometers" and sort of smiled.

Our left flank was open for that distance!

Then when everything seemed nice and peaceful and we were beginning to make ourselves believe that maybe the war really was over, the damn German artillery had to open up.

It seemed most ungrateful on their part. Here we had just let a couple of thousand of their men march away in their best clothes and they were now probably away back some place eating the food we should have had. And then another bunch has to turn around and try to blow us up. We couldn't help but feel that our good nature had been imposed upon. It made us mad.

"All right, men—stand by to move out . . ."

And it wasn't long before we were ducking across the road that runs between Suippes and St. Etienne-à-Arnes. After passing down a steep slope we took up positions in a ravine through which a railroad ran.

We were now out in the open country. It seemed like a new world. The land behind us from Suippes to Mont Blanc was one stretch of shell holes, broken barb wire, trenches, dugouts and dead men. Even the air was rotten. But out in this open country everything was fresh and the sun was shining.

We advanced from our ravine position up a slope leading to the north. About a hundred feet out the Germans spotted us and opened up with a terrific machine-gun and artillery fire. It just swept the hill. I was about twenty-five feet in front of the platoon as I wanted to reach the top of the hill before they did but the fire was so hot that we just flopped and stayed down for a while.

I happened to lift my head and look toward the left. A shell landed about fifty feet away. It made a direct hit on a man. I couldn't draw my eyes away. I could pick out plainly the separate parts in the air—the legs, the arms, the body. They seemed to go up in perfect order. . . .

Again I felt the sick, sinking feeling I had had in the field before Bouréshes. The situation now was practically the same—an open field with machine-gun bullets pecking up the ground and shells crashing all around and that body sailing in the air.

I was through. Down went my head into the dirt.

After some minutes my mind cleared a little and I was able to take in the situation around me. Over on my right about a hundred feet was a woods that began a short way down on the slope we were on and extended over the top of the hill.

I crawled toward it on my belly and motioned for the (Continued on page 64)

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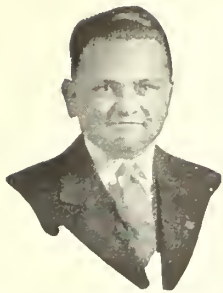
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God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 63)

men back of me to move in that direction also. A tree is a great comfort even if it's a small one. We reached the woods and worked our way to the top of the hill. There was a short valley in front of us and a wooded hill on the other side of it in which were concealed the German machine guns.

We opened fire with our rifles and chauchats. It's a great relief sometimes just to be able to fire your rifle. After a bit the machine-gun fire slackened down and I saw the balance of the company crawling over the top of the hill and gradually working their way down into the valley toward the wooded hill. We entered the same woods and closed over to the left to connect up with the company. We found only two dismantled machine guns and one dead German. All the rest had beat it.

We now pushed to the end of these woods but met with no further interference. It was getting dark and orders were passed to dig in.

Lieutenant Marco and I dug in together. The hole we dug was short and we had to keep our legs bent up or else stick them out over the end of the hole. Shells were bursting around. I kept my legs out and so did Marco.

Each time a shell would explode Marco would say, "How far away did that hit?"

I would say, "Two hundred or three hundred feet."

This happened several times and I had just got through saying "three hundred feet" when a big piece of shrapnel went *schllll* over our hole, landing with a plunk about a foot away.

Marco pulled in his legs quick and said real mad, "Hell, you don't know a damn thing about them!"

XXXVII

THAT same night Sergeant Cronier, the one I had that little run-in with back in the trench, came over to my hole and asked me if he could bring his brother, who was a corporal in our company, back to the rear some place as he was sick.

I told him nothing doing, that neither he nor his brother could be relieved. We were short of men and another attack was to be made in the morning. Marco was there with me but said nothing.

Early the next morning Sergeant Cronier came slowly toward my hole. I was alone. His brother, the corporal, was holding him and helping him along. As they came closer Cronier held out his hand saying,

"Look, I sure got a mean one."

I said, "What is it?"

He said, "See where that piece of shrapnel hit me on the back of the hand?"

There was a small red cut all right. I said, "When did that happen?"

He said, "Just a few minutes ago."

"But there hasn't been any shells busting around here this morning."

"Oh, yes, there was. A piece came flying through the air and struck my hand, didn't it, Alf?"—turning to his brother. Of course, Alf said yes. I felt that he had cut himself but I told him to go back if he wanted to.

Then his brother said, "Can I bring him back?"

"Certainly not. There is no reason for anybody going back with him."

Cronier said, "But we promised our mother that we would both stay together during the war. Won't it be all right if my brother goes back with me and after my hand is dressed we can both come back?"

"Nothing doing! Let your brother bandage up your hand right here and both of you stay."

They left and went back toward their hole. Later in the morning I checked over the platoon to see how many men were left. Both the sergeant and his brother were missing. I guess they kept their promise to their mother all right.

XXXVIII

AT SEVEN o'clock that morning we started forward. Before us lay a hilly country broken up with small patches of woods. Back of us was an outfit with one pounders and Stokes mortars. They were to furnish the barrage for us. The regular artillery had not yet swung into line. I did not mind the one pounders so much but I did not like the idea of advancing under the Stokes mortars. They were a mean weapon and made lots of noise but it always seemed to me that they were fired by-guess-and-by-God.

The fourth platoon was on the extreme right, and due to the land formation and clumps of trees we kept a very irregular line. One minute the line would jam up on the right and that would push us away over. Then there would be a big interval on the left and we would have to close over with a rush.

I didn't notice the German fire so much this morning but that was because of the trouble we were having trying to keep a line. You can't be worrying about two things at once. Besides I could see those Stokes mortar bombs or whatever they are called hitting out in front of us and I kept wondering where the next one was going to hit.

After advancing about two kilometers we got to a good-sized woods. There was nothing for us on the right flank to do but enter it. The balance of the company on the left was still advancing in open country and naturally one can advance much more quickly in the open than through woods. This kept us hopping around in the woods in order to keep up, especially when we came to spots covered with heavy underbrush. I was the last man on the right of our platoon and I kept hollering, "Keep in contact with the outfit on the left . . . Guide left."

I did not want to wander off from the company again as we had done the other day. It seemed to me our platoon was always on some flank. On advances of this kind we never knew where we were going—at least I never did, and if I asked a lieutenant he never knew either. It was simply a case of going on and on until you came in contact with the Germans, which we always did.

Finally we came to a barb-wire entanglement among the trees. It stretched out to the left and to the right. We did not have anything to cut the wire with so it was a case of picking your way through. I got through all right and so did three or four other fellows.

All of a sudden shells started dropping around us. We knew in a second that they were from our own artillery. They were coming in thick. It was plain that we had advanced too far. Nothing ever confused us more than to find our own shells hopping in on us.

There was a mad rush to get back through the barb wire. I tripped and fell before reaching the wire. The fall probably saved my life, because just as I hit the ground I heard a stream of machine-gun bullets pass over me and go plunk in the mud a few feet away.

I lay there bewildered for a few minutes. Then I looked around. I was alone. Several of our shells fell close and the mud they threw up fell on me. I started to get up. *Crack—crack* the machine-gun bullets went right over me, and they were from a machine gun close at hand.

The ground along the side of the wire entanglement where I was had been cleared away of trees and bushes leaving an open space about twenty feet wide. The machine-gunner had this space under observation and I was in his direct line of fire. As long as I lay flat he could not hit me. In fact he didn't shoot at me. Perhaps he thought I was dead. At that, I was more dead than alive. I sweated blood if anybody ever did. This was an entirely new situation for me. I felt that it was a time that called for real prayer if any time ever did. I tried to pull myself up on my knees, but *crack—crack*, and down I went. I tried to pray to myself but it seemed that I was busting inside and that I must give vent to my feelings in a loud voice. I was desperate. I must pray out loud. So I started: "O God—" My voice, to be in keeping with my feelings, should have thundered forth these words, but instead the weakest little sound came from me. I grew hot. I think I blushed. I know I was embarrassed. I stole a look around at the German lines to see if anybody had heard me. They could have shot at me and I could have stood it, but if they had laughed I believe I would have torn after them.

After my fit of stage fright I felt a whole lot better. All the tenseness was gone and I was myself again.

The wire was about ten feet away. I made a spring and a run but tripped and fell flat. I couldn't figure out why I should fall that way but on looking down at my right foot I found that one of my wrap leggings had become unwrapped and was dragging behind. The

machine gun was playing in my direction so I couldn't sit up and fix it. I crawled closer to the wire and then pulled up my leg and unwrapped the rest of the legging and let it go. It was all caked up with yellow mud anyway.

I crept on through the wire and then I saw some fellows from the company who had been in the second wave. They were partly lost and were hitting it over toward the left. I tried to question them but they were beyond words. Feet were in full possession. The only thing I could get out of them was, "We're in our own barrage!"

So I beat it over to the left myself until I came to the edge of the woods. The woods came to a sort of a point and at this point there was an old-time German machine-gun emplacement. It was built in a rather peculiar manner. First there was a good-sized hole and in its southwest corner there was an entrance to a fairly deep dugout. A short narrow trench not over four feet long led from the first hole to a much shallower second hole.

There were quite a number of fellows in the first hole and none in the second hole, so I jumped down into this second hole. Soon an officer came in and then more men, so after a while we had quite a houseful.

Shells were falling around and we knew they were coming from our own batteries. They dropped so fast around us that it seemed as if they were shot from a machine gun. The bunch in the hole were hugging the southern bank—that was the side nearest our batteries. Whoever was doing the firing had this particular hole spotted and he was not sparing with his ammunition.

The officer in the hole said to the runner he had with him, who was also a bugler, "Have you that Véry pistol?"

The runner pulled the pistol out and offered it to the officer but the officer said, "No, you keep it and fire up a shell to tell them to lengthen their range."

The runner asked, "What color?"

The officer said, "I don't know . . . white, I think . . . shoot a white one."

The runner looked in his pack. "I've only got a red one and a green. The red is for a heavy barrage and the green one for gas."

"Shoot the green. They'll know something is wrong and perhaps they'll send somebody out to investigate . . . It's that god damn one-pounder outfit. They never did know anything . . ."

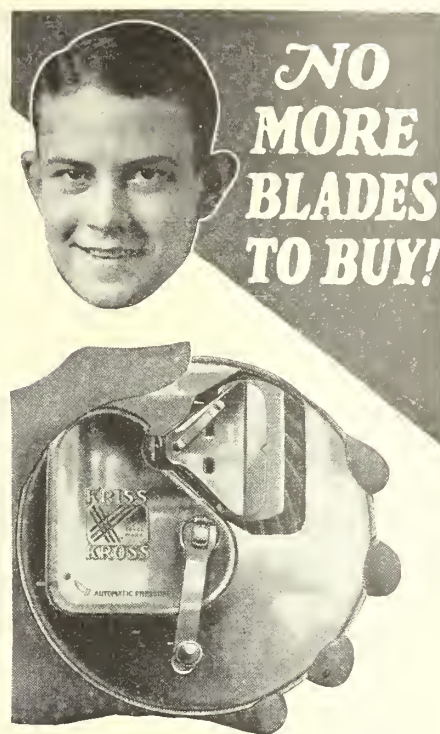
The runner shot up the green light and in a few minutes the shelling ceased.

A short time afterward a fellow appeared at the top of the hole. The officer spoke up: "What the hell are you fellows trying to do back there, blow us up?"

The new fellow said, "We didn't know you were in this hole . . . According to the dope we got, the line should be one hundred yards back. Do you know where the present line is?" He must have been the observer for the one-pounder outfit.

The officer, his runner and the new man left. I did not know any of them.

A little later when things were settled down all the fel- (Continued on page 66)



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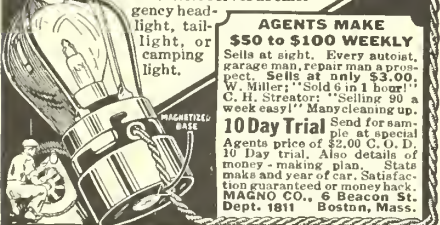
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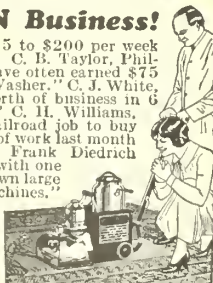
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God Have Mercy on Us

(Continued from page 65)

lows in the hole except one pulled out for some other place. I guess they did not like the looks of the hole. It was too shallow. Besides somebody must have got hit in it recently as there were a number of big spots of blood at the bottom.

There was a legging lying over in a corner and I remembered that I was short a legging so I put it on. It was a shaped legging which led me to think it belonged to an officer. He must have been wounded as the legging had blood on it.

I was still short a platoon so I started scouting around to see if I could find any of the men. In the deep hole next to me I found five men belonging to my platoon. Farther over on the right I located four more and in a hole a short way to the left there were six more. That was all I could find.

About fifty feet back of me I discovered the hole where Captain McDevitt, Lieutenant Marco and another lieutenant were hanging out, so things did not look so bad after all. I did not ask them if there was anything they wanted done for fear they might think of something.

As soon as I knew where most of the platoon was I went back to my hole, broke out the short shovel and started to trim up my new home. The fellow that had been in the hole had left before I got back so I was now the sole owner.

The hole had been dug by Germans and naturally they were interested in protecting themselves from fire that came from the south. The southern bank of the hole was well built up with the mud that had been removed from the hole; the northern bank was bare. I cleaned the hole out thoroughly and scooped out a good-sized hole under the northern bank. All of my mud was thrown up on the bank nearest Germany.

Along in the afternoon the Germans started to shell us and they laid them down thick and fast. They knew the exact range of these holes and were placing their hits mighty close, as they figured we were in them.

I heard a shell hit fairly close in back of me and looking over the side of my hole I saw men lifting Captain McDevitt out of his hole. He had been hit but I couldn't see where. It must have been around the head or shoulders because he could stand when supported, with the help of Lieutenant Marco, who was on his right, and the other lieutenant was on his left. I noticed the captain's left arm was over the lieutenant's shoulder. They walked slowly down the hill to the rear.

I hollered at Marco. He turned around and said that he was going back with the captain and that I was in charge.

I watched the three of them disappear from sight and a feeling of loneliness came over me. I never bothered much with officers either at the front or behind the lines but I always liked to know that they were around. Whether

some of them knew anything or not I don't know, but we gave them credit for knowing more than we did about the war. We knew that we didn't know anything about it. Besides they were handy to have around. In case anything went wrong we had somebody to hang the blame onto and somebody to curse out.

XXXIX

IT WAS getting late and I knew it was necessary to find out what troops were on our right and left, so as soon as the Germans let up their shelling I took two fellows and we skirted along the woods to the left which extended down toward the road running between Suippes and St. Etienne-à-Arnes. I found parts of our company dug in along the woods—just enough to say we had a line. On the right of the hole I was in we could not locate any troops, so we established a lookout to protect this flank.

Early the next morning a runner from our company came up with a request for a report on how many of our men were holding the line. I took a couple of fellows and we went along the woods and made a check-up. I counted seventy-eight men. This included the men that were in holes around my hole. I also discovered that Lieutenant Pelton of the second platoon was in the deep dugout right next to me. I turned my report over to him and he sent it back to the company.

Our company headquarters, I learned, and the galley with Vogel were now back in the neighborhood of Mont Blanc. So was Third Battalion Headquarters.

The Germans shelled our positions all day long and we stuck close to our hole. Coming on toward dusk I saw a chow detail of four men come struggling up the hill with two containers of chow.

One of the meanest jobs I know of is carrying chow. The containers are heavy and awkward to carry. The handles are mean and cut your hands. Besides that it is always customary to curse out the chow detail—either the food is no good or there is not enough of it. We would call them all kinds of dog-robbers, accuse them of eating the food on the way, or of selling part of it to some other outfit.

This chow detail had traveled over two miles to reach us across a very rough country that was under continuous shellfire. When they put the containers down above my hole they were all in.

I was the only sergeant around so it fell to me to make distribution of the chow. It did not take long for the bunch to gang around with open mess kits and cups. I appointed Frenchy and Breen to dish out the chow, and it was real good stuff—bread, red beans and coffee. Vogel always gave us the best he had when we were on the line.

As soon as the fellows around the hole were fed I looked around for a detail to

carry the food over to the rest of the company that was dug in along the woods on the left. Frenchy and Breen agreed to go but I needed one more. There was a fellow sitting to one side eating so I went over to him and said, "You go with these other two fellows when you get through eating and help distribute chow."

He did not let on he heard me so I toed him with my shoe. It was almost dark by this time. I said, "Did you hear me?"

He said, "Yes, but I got a bum leg ligament and I can't walk very well."

I bent over to get a good look at him. It was Gunnery Sergeant Bannerson, the man who should really have been in charge of my platoon. This was the first time I had seen him since we left Suippes.

Bannerson was supposed to be one of those real hard-boiled Marine sergeants right from Haiti. Back at Suippes he had been put in charge of the platoon. He would get the fellows out in the field and pull the old boot-camp drill sergeant's special of making the men stand on one leg and stick the other one out in front. Then he would strut down in front of them yelling, "Hold it that way until I tell you to put it down! . . . Straighten it up more! . . . Worse than a bunch of old men! . . . I don't see how in hell they let a bunch of cripples like you in the Marine Corps!"

He raised particular hell all the time. The only way I got out of drilling under him was by posing around as an embryo officer. Captain McElroy told me at Suippes that I had a commission coming but until it came I would have to go along with the platoon in the regular manner. That meant drill. But when Bannerson started to pull the boot-camp stuff I was through. I stretched out what McElroy told me and made believe that my commission was there and that I was simply waiting for the tailor in Paris to finish my uniform.

Most of the oldtime sergeants were scared of officers. They had all been fed on that "please, Mr. Captain," and "will Lieutenant Stiff permit a sergeant to talk to him?" stuff, but when it came to the new non-coms, both corporals and sergeants—how the oldtimers would ride us!

So by posing around like an officer I got by without having to drill under Bannerson.

John White from Mexico, Missouri, one of the original 97th Company's bunch, called me down one day. He said, "You look like a pouter pigeon going around like that with your chest stuck out."

I said, "If sticking out my chest will keep me from sticking out my foot, I'm going to keep the chest out."

White was a private and I suppose if I had really been an officer he wouldn't have hesitated one minute to tell me what I looked like. We were both raised, militarily speaking, on Parris Island, and to him I would always be just a guy from the company. Try to be military with him or any of the fellows I was raised with and it was, "Just because

you got a couple of stripes on your arm you think you are somebody," or "If you didn't have those stripes . . ."

Anyway, on this night Gunnery Sergeant Bannerson had the appearance and behavior of a very sick kitten with a bum paw. A few nights on the battlefield and the hardness was all gone. I did not let on I recognized him and later on he limped back to the rear. I got Weed to go along with the other fellows to distribute chow.

One of the men on Vogel's chow detail called me aside and said, "Here is some stuff that Vogel sent up to you. He said you would know how to distribute it."

He then slipped me a full cut of Horse Shoe chewing tobacco, four packages of Lucky Strike cigarettes and six packages of Bull Durham. We were all out of tobacco of every description and this was a life saver.

The chow this night was the first real hot food we had had since we left the neighborhood of Suippes six days ago.

Twice that night I led patrols of five men out on our right flank to a distance of four or five hundred yards. The second time out we were moving along the edge of a woods with a wide open space on our left. Suddenly one of the men said, "I saw somebody moving out in that open place."

We stopped. There were a number of dark forms lying out there. We had crossed this space the day before.

I said, "We had better go and look. It might be a wounded man."

It was a clear night and we could see quite a distance. We had just got out of the shadows of the trees when a man rose about a hundred feet ahead of us and started running toward the opposite woods on the north.

I shouted "Halt!"

He continued to run. I pulled out my automatic. The men raised their rifles to their shoulders.

I said, "Wait—but you all keep him covered . . ."

Again I shouted "Halt!" and fired over his head. He kept on going.

For the third time I shouted "Halt!" and when he didn't stop I gave the command "Fire!"

The men fired and the fleeing man dropped. We crossed the field to where he was lying.

We had killed an American soldier.

One of the fellows said, worried, "What the hell shall we do now?"

I said, "Nothing . . . He should have halted . . ."

I stooped down to examine the man. I noticed a shining object in his right hand. It was a watch. I felt the pockets of his blouse. I could feel another watch, also a bunch of paper. Reaching in, I drew some of it out and saw that it was French money.

Then I said to the men, "Come on, I'll show you something . . ."

I led the way back to the place where we first saw this man get up. There were a number of our dead lying there. They were on their backs, their blouses were opened and the pockets of their breeches were turned inside out.

(To be continued)

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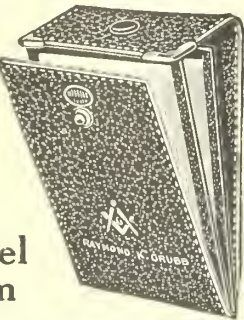
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As We Never Were

(Continued from page 40)

now three machine-gun companies to a regiment. There is also a trench mortar and a 37-millimeter company to each regiment, and there is an automatic rifle to each squad of infantry. The fire power of a regiment has thus been increased many times over 1918.

There have been other changes which amaze an oldtimer. The Army has blossomed out in the matter of the uniform, for example. Almost every wild dream of the most sartorial-minded aviator of war days has been realized.

The blue full dress has come back into being. The infantry wears blue caps with light blue stripes around them and polished visors, these being set off by dark blue coats and light blue pants with white stripes down the legs. Artillery is gorgeous in red trappings, and cavalry shines forth in golden decorations.

The roll collar has been adopted generally, and with this has come into being the British custom of regimental badges

which adorn the lapels of the collars. Enlisted men wear belts, the waist straps of which are similar to those of the Sam Browne.

I happened to pass the laundry which handles most of the washing for the post and entered its precincts. There was pile after pile of pink and green and striped garments passing from mangle to ironing board, and as I walked closer I saw that these were of silk.

"What are these?" I stammered to the head laundryman. He had been an old sergeant, and he grinned at me.

"Is this the washing for the women of the post?" I continued quickly, to drive off a faint but terrible apprehension.

"No, sir, it's silk underwear—the boys have taken to wearing it."

With memories of 1917 holding me in their grip, I came to attention and saluted this evidence of a new Army which had come into being since my time.

In the Seats of the Mighty

(Continued from page 19)

suspicion that it had a political card hidden up its sleeve somewhere. That was in the days, just after the Armistice, when the return of the A. E. F. to the United States and the next party nomination for President were major events of the immediate future. It was at a time when the politicians at home and the press hadn't learned yet what the public attitude was going to be toward returning soldiers. It was at a time when the name of General Pershing was frequently mentioned as the logical candidate for President if the lessons of past history were to be depended upon.

The founders of the Legion in France had no illusions on the subject. On the authority of having attended every meeting, both before and after the Paris caucus, that was held by the Legion, I can say that partisan politics was never discussed except as one of the pitfalls that had to be studiously and religiously avoided.

Try to picture getting the North and South together on a political programme based on an ex-service man's organization, or inducing a few hundred thousand young fighting men to enroll in a campaign to elect their colonels or generals to high office. The mere suspicion of such a thing in the A. E. F. was a stumbling block which had to be blasted out of the course of the Legion's development.

Not that the mission of the Legion was not political at the very outset and in the larger sense of that term. It was. How else secure the legislation that must be had following demobilization—legislation providing proper care and just treatment of the disabled? How else foster the spirit of American citizen-

ship that had gone into the winning of the war than through politics? It was partisan politics, the concerning itself with election of individuals to office, that the Legion cast out of its councils. Getting themselves elected to office was a problem that individual ex-service men who were afflicted with ambition for office must solve for themselves.

Widespread talk at the time of General Pershing for President proved of considerable embarrassment to the Legion. This talk was chiefly among the politicians at home, and represented a fear rather than a wish on their part. But it reached the ranks through letters and the continental editions of American and English newspapers. The Legion frequently was accused of being a sly party to such a plan.

Whether the General himself ever entertained a thought of running for office is to be doubted. It is possible that he adopted an attitude of receptivity to the suggestion, or at least a "position in readiness" to receive and consider a popular demand. High officers occasionally broached the subject with active Legion leaders of the day, but always very unofficially and merely with the idea of eliciting individual opinions.

Pershing-for-President talk persisted for the better part of a year. Both major political parties claimed he was available, due to the uncertainty as to his party affiliation. Certainly he had no political background, and had given his entire life over to the profession of arms from the days of his earliest youth when he went as a cadet to the United States Military Academy. But it was recalled publicly that he was connected with a very prominent political family. His

father-in-law had been a member of the United States Senate and chairman of the powerful Committee on Military Affairs. It was, as a matter of record, during this tenure that General Pershing, then a young cavalry officer, was suddenly jumped over the heads of his senior officers and made a brigadier general of the line. But there was no evidence that this favor endowed him with any enthusiasm for partisan politics. And the manner in which he proceeded to make good as a general gradually wore down the current of resentment and protest that swept the Army at the time of his initial leap from bars to stars.

Finally, as the nominating elections loomed into the immediate foreground, General Pershing eliminated himself from further discussion. He made it clear that he was not a candidate and was not available to either party. What the answer might have been under a more favorable popular reception of the returning soldiers can only be estimated. Probably no man today would refuse the Presidency of the United States if there arose a popular demand for his services.

In any event the powerful group who induced General Wood to run for party nomination learned to their sorrow that it was simply not in the political cards for a war general to win. Public weariness of war on the one hand and close tactical organization of trained and entrenched politicians at home made victory impossible for any soldier.

But, as has been suggested heretofore, the World War record has not been extended yet in full. Glancing over the events of the past ten years and the political developments of today, it might be said that history hasn't really failed to repeat itself. It merely has taken a new turn.

What about the new leadership of the nation, that creeps slowly but surely upon us as one generation passes into the shadows and gives natural place to the virility of a new generation? How are the veterans faring in that transition? Probably the best and most eloquent index is provided by the Congress of the United States. How many realize that the infiltration by natural leadership is placing both houses slowly but surely into the hands of war veterans?

Take the 71st Congress, for example. Sixteen United States Senators, sixty-one Members of Congress in the 1929 session. There has been a corresponding assertion of natural leadership throughout the political subdivisions of the country as a whole. You will find Legion buddies responding to the title of governor. Whole platoons of them have appeared in the country's judiciary, in positions ranging from the Supreme Court of the State to the police bench of the city. You will find veterans in mayors' chairs, in the personnel of important public commissions, and in every type of public service. And the tide is rising, as it will continue to rise.

These infiltrations are not due to veterans' political organizations. Such organizations, where they have been attempted, ordinarily have fizzled. Prob-

ably one of the finest things that will stand on the collective record of achievement of ex-service men when they pass on is that they did not come home to organize pie-greedy political cliques—that they did not constitute themselves a political bloc for the purpose of enforcing legislation in their own behalf.

Permitting nature to take its course with the elective posts of the country has been so much finer, so much more effective. Veterans are rising in power and responsibility not because of a sentiment but because of a public necessity—a necessity for strong, vigorous men in important positions. If the men of the younger generation who went to war are not the natural leaders of the younger generation, then who are? Do you expect to find strong qualities of natural leadership in a man who might very well have served had he minded?

When a generation begins asserting itself strongly in Congress it is on the highroads to the White House, to the cabinet, to the highest responsibilities of the nation. That is axiomatic. Sixteen Senators and sixty-one Congressmen at the session ten years after the Armistice is a mighty strong representation—especially when they reached the capitol on merit and not on a wave of sentiment.

The States that have sent war veterans to the United States Senate form a cross-section of the country. The four points of the national compass are represented. And you will find these ex-service men on powerful committees, already exerting a tremendous influence upon the affairs of the Nation—not as a bloc (there is no ex-service men's bloc in Congress) but as individuals. The Committee on Military Affairs, for example, is headed by an ex-service man, David A. Reed of Pennsylvania. Seven of the seventeen members of that committee served in the ranks of the World War. Here's the list of war-veteran Senators:

HUGO L. BLACK, Alabama
CARL HAYDEN, Arizona
HIRAM BINGHAM, Connecticut
SMITH W. BROOKHART, Iowa
DANIEL F. STECK, Iowa
ARTHUR R. ROBINSON, Indiana
MILLARD E. TYDINGS, Maryland
HARRY B. HAWES, Missouri
ROBERT B. HOWELL, Nebraska
BRONSON CUTTING, New Mexico
FREDERICK STEIWER, Oregon
DAVID A. REED, Pennsylvania
LAWRENCE D. TYSON, Tennessee
TOM CONNALLY, Texas
GUY D. GOFF, West Virginia
HENRY D. HATFIELD, West Virginia

The death of Senator Tyson of Tennessee, on August 24, 1929, reduces the War veterans in the Senate to fifteen.

If the number does not appear sufficiently formidable at this date, it might be remarked that the total constitutes approximately one-sixth of the Senate of the United States. In the House the veteran strength amounts to about one-seventh of the total. Its distribution is even more widespread than that of the Senate, and the number is growing with every session. Look the list over (asterisks note those elected last fall). Every grade is represented from brigadier general down to (Continued on page 70)



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In the Seats of the Mighty

(Continued from page 69)

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- *W. P. LAMBERTSON, Kansas
- *ELVA R. KENDALL, Kentucky
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- JOHN C. SCHAFER, Wisconsin
- HUBERT H. PEAVEY, Wisconsin
- *VINCENT CARTER, Wyoming

In the elections last year there were
five political casualties among the ex-
service men in the House. But the net
gain over the 70th Congress was three
Senators and eight Congressmen; and
the tide is just beginning to rise, accord-
ing to the estimate of John Thomas
Taylor, Vice-Chairman of The American
Legion's National Legislative Commit-
tee.

Mr. Taylor, it might be added, has
very definite ideas about the further
growth of the war veteran roster in
Congress. He believes that another six
years will see the lower House domi-
nated by ex-service men—by a clear

numerical majority of the 435 members
of Congress. He expects to see the
Senate follow at no remote date.

The present dominant group of non-
service men the country over will have
passed long before the new generation
reaches the zenith of its influence. It
must be remembered that the average
American soldier in the World War was
about 22 years old. Many soldiers were
as young as fifteen, and lads of seven-
teen and eighteen served by the thou-
sands.

As to when the World War will pro-
vide the United States with the first of
a succession of Presidents—the not dis-
tant future will answer that query. Take
the case of Private James Buchanan
who served in the war of 1812. It was
not until forty-four years afterwards
that he was elected President, although
two of his generals got to the White
House much earlier. General Andrew
Jackson was elected to the Executive
Mansion in 1828. General William H.
Harrison followed in the election of
1840—and when President Harrison died
very shortly thereafter, he was succeed-
ed by a man who had recruited a com-
pany of volunteers for the war of 1812,
John Tyler.

Another war gave two more generals
the right of way over Private Buchanan.
While Zachary Taylor had served as a
major in the war of 1812 and as brig-
adier general in the Indian Wars it was
as a major general, a grade he attained
in the Mexican War, that he set up his
P. C. in the national capital. When he
died in office he was followed by Vice-
President Fillmore and Fillmore by
Brigadier General Franklin Pierce, who
was elected. When General Pierce ended
his term, Private Buchanan stepped in.

The Civil War produced not one, but
a succession of Presidents—all of them
generals excepting one who was a major.
The first of these, of course, was a full
general, U. S. Grant. He had been pre-
ceded by Andrew Johnson, a staff brig-
adier who, as Vice-President, filled in the
unexpired term following the assassina-
tion of Lincoln. Brigadier General Ruth-
erford B. Hayes was elected President
in 1876 and was followed by Brigadier
General James A. Garfield. Chester
Alan Arthur, who came next, had some
military experience, holding assignment
as Quartermaster General in New York
State during the Civil War. He was fol-
lowed by Brigadier General Benjamin
Harrison, elected in 1888. The last of
the Civil War Presidents was Major
William McKinley.

The Spanish War has produced but
one President to date—Colonel Theo-
dore Roosevelt, whose influence, years
afterward, gave earnest support to the
Colonel's old general, Leonard Wood,
with results that already have been re-
ferred to. Two more ex-service men who
reached the White House loom as giants
out of the pages of American History—
Lieutenant Colonel James Monroe, who

served two terms following his service in the Revolutionary War, and Captain Abraham Lincoln, who served in the Black Hawk Indian Wars.

Within the active lifetime of World War veterans there will be twelve more Presidential elections. Probably there is no reason in history, or in the ordinary elements of probability, to assume that those twelve elections will place an equal number of war veterans in the Executive Mansion. An estimate of half that many might even be high. But it may be set down as a certainty that the World War will have not one but several representatives in the White House, that it will have innumerable places in the cabinets of the future, that its hosts will occupy the governor's chair of every State in the Union, and that its collective influence for the good of the nation will loom high out of the pages of future history.

There has been a favorite story surrounding every great war President from Washington to Roosevelt. It was told persistently of General Grant. Here's the picture: A long line of citizens, notable and less notable, passing through the White House at a Presidential reception.

An erect man pauses nervously before the President for a moment. He is about to be shoved on his way by an aide-de-camp when he finds his tongue.

"Mr. President," he inquires in a piping voice, "don't you remember me, sir?"

"Your face is very familiar," the President parries as he looks hard and searchingly at the man.

"Why, sir, I had the honor of serving as your orderly, Mr. President, at Shiloh. I am Corporal Blank."

One can look along the years of the future. Another of those inevitable lines of citizens, notable and less notable, passing by at a Presidential reception to clasp the Chief Magistrate's hand. A very erect man, grizzled by the years, pauses nervously before the President. He is about to be prompted by an aide-de-camp when he speaks up.

"Mr. President, do you not remember me, sir?"

"Your face is very familiar," the President equivocates politely.

"Why, sir, I had the honor of having you as my orderly, sir, in the Argonne. I am General Blank."

Everybody Up!

(Continued from page 23)

Department Commander, was tireless in his work of arranging for publicity and for the entertainment of distinguished guests. In behalf of Governor Flem D. Sampson, Mr. White conferred on Dan Sowers and Graham MacNamee commissions as colonels on the governor's staff. Mayor William B. Harrison of Louisville pitched the first ball in the opening game of the series. And the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times*, which actively co-operate with the Kentucky Department in many projects each year, played up the stories of the games in wonderful fashion. The gate receipts for the three games were above three thousand dollars, as compared with a scant thousand dollars last year, when the series was held in Chicago—this in spite of the fact that all boys under twelve were admitted to the park free.

Bill Joyce, captain of the Buffalo team, held the New Orleans batters safely in check in the first game, and despite the strenuous efforts of New Orleans's captain, Savvi Carboni, who pitched a beautiful game until the seventh inning, the representatives of the East won. A streak of wildness forced Carboni's retirement from the box, and when Joe Beach, left hander, came in from right field to take up the pitching burden, the bases were filled. Beach struck out the heavy hitting Joe Smith, catcher, but Captain Joyce singled and what turned out to be the winning run flashed over the plate. Beach then gave a base on balls to the next batter, forcing in another run. Buffalo 6, New Orleans 4.

The second game was the wildest and most exciting of the series. New Orleans, first at bat, scored four runs in the first

inning. Buffalo came back with five in its half. When the Southern boys scored two in the next inning after two were out, Wojtkowiak, the Buffalo first baseman, relieved Berger in the box, only to see the New Orleans team get four more runs before the third man was out. Buffalo got four in its half of the second off Carboni, and with nobody down little Frank Federico, who had been performing brilliantly at second, was rushed into the box. He retired Buffalo without further score and continued to shut them out for the rest of the game, while his team piled up six more runs off Wojtkowiak, the Buffalo first baseman who had relieved Berger as pitcher. The final score for the second game was New Orleans 16, Buffalo 9.

In the third game Joyce was again in the box for Buffalo, and had no difficulty in holding the New Orleans boys safe at all times. Carboni again started as pitcher for the Louisiana team, but when Buffalo found him easy, Federico was again called to the mound. This time the New York State youngsters found him easy, collecting five runs to go with the six they had made off Carboni. When Federico hurt his hand in the sixth, Joe Beach came in from right field to take up the pitching burden. For the rest of the game he held the opposition safely while his mates were collecting two runs, but the eastern team's early lead was too much. The score of the final game was 11 to 4.

When the Buffalo and New Orleans teams took the field at Louisville it was as finalists in a tournament again conducted under the efficient direction of Dan Sowers, and participated in by three hundred thou- (Continued on page 73)

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Everybody Up!

(Continued from page 71)

sand boys under the age of seventeen. Teams in the forty-eight States and the District of Columbia battled for forty-nine separate championships. Some of these games started early in March, but most of the teams got under way during May, and a few started just before the dead-line of June 30th. The state champions then participated in twelve regional tournaments, and by the middle of August the teams representing the East had six regional champions in teams representing Buffalo, Lisbon Falls, Maine; Uniontown, Pennsylvania; Louisville, Kentucky; Asheville, North Carolina, and Atlanta, Georgia. These six teams met at Washington in the eastern sectional tourna-

ment, August 20th-22d, President Hoover throwing out the ball for the first game. The Burke brothers team of Buffalo, sponsored by South Buffalo Post of the Legion, was returned victorious over the Lisbon Falls team in the final game.

On August 28th the six western teams—New Orleans, Portland, Oregon; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Springfield, Illinois; Albuquerque, New Mexico, and Mill Valley, California—inaugurated the sectional tournament at Colorado Springs. Three days later the New Orleans White Sox, sponsored by all the New Orleans Legion posts, won the right to represent the West by defeating Portland in the final game.

A Personal View

(Continued from page 31)

ONE OF THE Indians Parker mentions was young chief Quinah, tall, lithe, light complexioned, ideal savage type. Some twenty years previously the Comanches had killed a Judge Parker and captured his wife.

The Story Of Quinah

Parker was rich in Western lands that rose fast in value. One day his estate was claimed and won by this very Quinah, who was son of Mrs. Parker, now dead, by the Indian chief who had abducted her.

IF EVER MEN might be called so they were the old Regulars of the frontier. Wives shared their lot. Indians always hanging about the posts asking for "t'bac" were not hospitable in turn as in these tourist days. They glared at visitors from the posts to their villages. Indian squaws held in contempt the effeminate paleface squaws. An order from Washington, and army husband and wife "changed stations", which might mean a ride of hundreds of miles. Parker mentions how children were put in panniers papoose fashion on pack horses for such journeys. World War veterans who complained of the slow postal service to France will be interested to know that in 1881 Parker had 31 letters in one batch from his wife, and 42 in one batch in 1900 when he was chasing Aguinaldo in the Philippines.

Bands of Brothers

PARKER'S LAST INDIAN fighting was in the chase of Geronimo, the wily Apache, in 1885, through the canyons, over the mountains and across the sands in Arizona and then over the Mexican border. In his wake Geronimo left murdered prospectors and settlers,

The Last Bad Indian

and women and children in isolated cabins. When finally he surrendered it ended the long story of Indian fighting which had begun with Captain John Smith's troubles in Virginia's first settlement.

I FIRST MET Parker just after the fight at Vigan. I see his gaunt figure against bullet-spattered stone walls. I hear the 33d Texans tell the story of how he seemed an Indian himself in his stealth and quickness as he went here and there, a target directing his snipers and little groups. They were not superstitious, but they shared the view of the Filipinos that he had a charmed life. Vigan was a big Filipino town with forty thousand people. Stone cathedral, convent, bishop's palace and other government buildings faced the plaza. In front of them around the plaza ran a stone coping. In the night General Tinio and five or six hundred Filipinos, well armed, jumped the town. They got commanding positions in the buildings. They thought they had Parker's two score pocketed.

But—"Charge em!" Parker took the offensive, plainsman's tactics, Indian tactics, as he divided his men into groups. And every one of these Texans was a sharpshooter.

One lot secured a plunging fire from the tower of the cathedral. Others crept forward under cover of the coping to storm the Filipino sniping nests. Two hundred cartridge shells in a heap told where one Texan had found a vantage point for nailing every head that appeared.

They drove out of town any Filipinos they did not capture. The merit of the success was in the odds, and also in the price so unflinchingly paid in dead and wounded before we finished the job. I never knew a (Continued on page 74)

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A Personal View

(Continued from page 73)

fight in which cool individual headwork and steady nerve were better displayed. Any soldier of old or new Army could be proud to rest his fame on Vigan.

PARKER WAS ON the Mexican border with Pershing, in 1916, commanding a cavalry brigade. He commanded and trained the 32d Division before it went overseas. He was training the 85th when retiring age came. His was the

In Later Days

heartbreak of some of the older men who on account of age were not sent to France—when he was still so young in spirit and mind. But the rule against age held. And he received the Distinguished Service Medal; and will always be Jim Parker, a very distinctive personality. He says what he thinks; for Jim Parker was never one to mumble his words.

BUT BACK TO the frontier days when young lieutenants helped not only to

keep Indians in order but to put the fear of God in outlaws and desperadoes who battened on both settlers and Indians. Once after

After Horse Thieves

riding 250 miles in five days he came in with the thieves as his prisoners and the horses they had taken. "Things have changed since those days," says Parker. "Then our bad men 'went West'. Now they recruit our robbers and holdup men."

TO THOSE who served under him there was never such a soldier as Colonel Ranald Mackenzie, who commanded the

The Man They Loved

Fourth. In after years Parker and other Mackenzie trained lieutenants, now themselves commanders, would think in a crisis: "What would Mackenzie do in my place?" and again, after action, "Mackenzie told me to do it!" Thus precept and example make tradition.

Balangiga

(Continued from page 21)

general rejoicing, but little reading could be done. It was almost time for taps and the little garrison was out of candles anyhow. Long before midnight the command was asleep, save for five sentries patrolling their posts with rifles at an easy right shoulder.

The moon rose, illuminating the bare plaza and glinting on the restless surface of the bay. The main body of the company was quartered in the tribunal, on the east side of the plaza, with two squads under Sergeants Betron and Markley in nipa huts about fifty yards distant from the tribunal and from each other. Near the main barracks the eighty prisoners were confined in two tents. On the west side of the plaza was the church, adjoined by a convent building in which slept the three officers and the reliefs of the guard off duty. Back of the church tumbled the swift and deep Balangiga River. The bay was on the south. To the east and west the matted jungle sloped toward the summits of mountains buried in mist.

During the night the sentries noted several things at variance with the routine of life in Balangiga. Toward evening a funeral procession, with a coffin borne on the shoulders of six strong men, had filed into the church. All night there were comings and goings about the house of worship which gave forth the sounds of chants and songs.

Private Gamlin told the sergeant of the guard that he thought the women and children were leaving town. C Company was no stranger to the islands, having served in the Luzon campaign

before going to China. The sergeant recognized the ritual in the church as a part of the natives' spiritual preparation for an earthquake, and attached no importance to the reported departure of the women. Sentries continued to walk their posts and call the hours: "Three o'clock, and all-I-I's well!" Old soldiers had a sonorous way of singing it out.

All was well indeed, thought the wily Abayan, now mingling with groups about the church, now gliding unseen into the bordering jungle. The coffin, so reverently carried into the chapel, was filled with razor-edged bolo knives. The mourners were picked bolomen from the forces of Vicente Lucban. Likewise were the eighty "tax dodgers" in the Sibley tents by the main barracks. This made a combined force of about three hundred. Four hundred more "regulars" from Lucban's army crept during the night to the very edge of the jungle surrounding the town. Additionally there were the men of the village, all trained in the use of the vicious native knife. C Company was outnumbered twelve to one and suspected nothing.

There was slight need for reveille. The men were up at the break of day devouring their mail. Every bunk was strewn with letters. Musician of the Guard George E. Meyer had received thirty parcels, including photographs of his parents in Minneapolis. At six o'clock he put them down to sound mess call.

Cook Walls had the grub ready. The line formed at his kitchen in the rear of the main barracks. The men who lived in the barracks carried their mess-kits

to the long table shaded by a fly tent nearby. The squads of Sergeant Betron and Sergeant Markley seated themselves on the ground in the shade of their nipa huts. Sergeant of the Guard Scharer, Corporal of the Guard Hickman, Private Bertholf and Francisco, the native servant of Captain Connell, started to consume their meal in the convent building. The officers were in their rooms on the second floor of the convent.

The only members of the scattered garrison under arms were the sentries, now reduced to three. Only to meals were the men permitted to go without loaded rifles. If ten men went bathing in the surf, five stood on the beach as a guard. As the soldiers ate the volunteer workers from Balangiga began to appear on the plaza—rather punctually, it seemed to Sergeant Betron as he passed them on his way to the mess line. The eighty prisoners lounged about their tents within a few yards of the piles of working bolos, picks and shovels.

Sergeant Betron was about the first man to finish his breakfast. Leaving his comrades in the shade of the hut he started to recross the plaza to the main barracks. A moment later the native chief of police, with three or four of his men, strolled past the shack. He spoke to Corporal Burke and the others who were still eating and moved on a few yards to where Private Gamlin was on post.

The chief let Gamlin pass him, and then flinging himself upon the sentry's back, wrenched loose his rifle. Immediately the bells of the church tower began to ring furiously and the terrible native battle yell broke from every quarter.

The police chief was a man of enormous build. He threw Gamlin to the ground and rushed him with the bayonet. The agile American dodged, however, and regaining his feet, eluded the chief's immediate followers and started at a run toward the main barracks for another gun.

In an instant Corporal Burke took in the extent of the attack. Bolomen were streaming from the church. Others swarmed upon the empty barracks, where most of the rifles and ammunition were. Others swung their great knives right and left among the men at the mess table.

"Get your rifles, boys!" yelled Burke, and bounded toward the six-foot bamboo ladder that led to the floor of the elevated hut. He was met by a band of bolomen led by the police chief. Luckily, the chief, in his excitement, forgot to turn the cut-off and could not fire the rifle. Burke, Musician Meyer, Driscoll and Armini managed to mount the ladder, with the natives after them. A slash of a bolo disembowled Armini. The top of Driscoll's head was cut off. Musician Meyer reached for his pistol, but a blow from a native policeman's club numbed his arm. He threw up his other arm in time to parry a bolo thrust. Wounded next in the head and then in the side, the bugler grappled with his assailant.

Meyer was the kid of the company, seventeen years old, and about half the

policeman's size. But Burke, who rolled on the floor with the big chief of police, was a giant. They crashed against a cot, and clutching instinctively, Burke felt his fingers close about a familiar object. He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw in his hand a pistol that belonged to the lone hospital corps man with the company. With this instrument of Providence Burke finished the chief and shot Meyer's assailant just in time to save the boy's life. Little Meyer picked up his own revolver and helped the corporal to clear the hut of bolo wielders.

The last man in the mess line was Sergeant Markley, who had acted as barrack guard at his hut while the others went to the kitchen. He was holding out his plate when he heard the church bells and the battle yell. Bolting across a corner of the plaza toward his shack, he felled a native policeman with a smash in the face with his tin cup and made for the scene of the fight that was raging about the ladder of the hut. One boloman was on the high porch cleaving at the soldiers below. With a running leap Markley landed beside him, took a cut from the knife on his left hand, while a blow from his right fist sent boloman and bolo spinning from the porch. Dashing inside the sergeant saw four Filipinos hacking at Private Vobayda, surprised while seated on his cot rolling his after-breakfast cigarette.

Markley's bunk was the nearest to the door. Grasping his rifle, which was loaded both in the chamber and in the magazine, the sergeant shot one native and the others dived through a window, colliding with Private Swanson, who had chosen that means of entry.

Saving the five rounds in his magazine for a greater emergency, Markley threw a cartridge into the chamber of his rifle and, killing another attacker on the outside, covered the entry of Private Swanson. Leaving Swanson to protect the rear, Sergeant Markley returned to the front door where Corporal Irish, gashed and bleeding, was on the ground defending the ladder against two men armed with great clubs and one armed with a bolo. Markley shot the boloman and the others ran. Irish was dragged up the steps and a third rifle went into action in the shack.

Believing themselves to be the only members of the company alive, the three maintained a continuous fire, using one rifle until it became too hot and then picking up another. In this way they cleared the region of their nipa fortress. Presently the unmistakable pinggg! pinggg! of the Krag-Jorgensen from Corporal Burke's hut led to the discovery that some of the Americans were holding out there. The pistol firing had not been audible above the din.

Markley decided to reinforce Burke. There he found Sergeant Betron and three or four others who had escaped the slaughter at the mess tent and whom Burke had provided with rifles saved by his courage from the enemy. As the senior non-commissioned officer, Betron assumed command of the band, which consisted of six or seven men, all wounded, but armed. (Continued on page 76)

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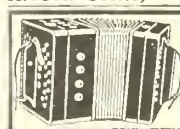
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Balangiga

(Continued from page 75)

Hearing a shout in the neighborhood of the convent Betron thought it might be an officer, and started thither with his little command, divided into two parties, one led by himself and one by Sergeant Markley.

A fire from a skirmish line at the edge of the woods raked the Americans and Betron was wounded in the leg. The voice proved to be that of Corporal Hickman, who reported all officers dead. Major Griswold, the medical officer, and Lieutenant Bumpus had been cut down in their quarters. Warned by his loyal servant, Captain Connell had put up a fierce fight with his fists. Beating off a ring of savages he had leaped from a second story window, landing at the feet of two bolomen who finished him.

Hickman also jumped from the second story. He saw Private Bertholf working frantically at his rifle, which had jammed. Hickman was a rangy Tennessee mountaineer who had been recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor in China. He seized the piece, and while Bertholf and Francisco, the servant, stood off the bolomen with shovels, repaired the rifle and opened fire. He piled the dead in front of him and the attackers withdrew to provide themselves with firearms at the main barracks.

Hickman told Betron that the river behind him was full of natives. There must have been a hundred of them in boats, closing that avenue of retreat. Several fights were going on with soldiers who had been driven into the water. The Americans on shore opened fire and the natives began to scatter, upsetting some of their boats. One fellow, swimming especially well, made a fine target. After missing one shot Private Considine had raised his rifle to fire again when the swimmer shouted, "Don't shoot, boys, I'm one of you!" It was Private Claas, the sole survivor of the water fights.

The beach was defended by a skirmish line of bolomen lying behind a ripple of sand. Sergeant Markley deployed with two men and opened a flanking fire driving the skirmishers into the woods. With the beach cleared and several barotas in their hands, for the first time a chance of life, though a slim chance, was opened to the Americans by the hazard of a retreat in boats to Basey.

Yet Betron and Markley had no thought of abandoning their comrades who might survive the bloody work at the main barracks. Sparing only one man, Private Mumby, to guard the boats, the two sergeants, with eight men, advanced upon the plaza, firing. There they met Sergeant Closson and a scattered force of eight or nine wounded men, all that remained of fifty from the battle that had raged about the mess tents and the barracks.

Private Mumby, who at the beginning of the action was on detail as kitchen police, had just reached to dish up his

own breakfast when he heard the church bells and the native yell. His first thought was of an earthquake or a tidal wave. Then he saw the prisoners seize the working bolos and rush the mess tent, falling upon the men at table and striking them down as they attempted to flee, using their mess-kits as shields against the heavy knives. Mumby then thought of his rifle on the second floor of the barracks.

He dashed for the barracks, which also was alive with natives. Private Booth ran just ahead of him. At the top of the stairs Booth reeled back dead from a bolo blow. Mumby dodged and closed with a native who had seized a rifle from the rack. As they struggled for possession of the gun Mumby received a blow from behind which knocked him down the stairs. He landed on his hands and knees and two natives made a grab for him, but Mumby threw them off and darting into the kitchen seized a butcher knife and a bread knife. Three natives were on him. Slashing the foremost with the butcher knife, Mumby vaulted the counter where a few moments before he had been serving breakfast, the infuriated Filipinos in pursuit.

First Sergeant Randles, an old Indian fighter skilled in the use of the saber, was defending himself with a Japanese sword cane which he always carried. Mumby took his place beside Randles and the two backed off, fighting, until they reached a field oven where water to wash the breakfast gear was heating. They withstood their assailants until one climbed the oven and buried an ax in the skull of the first sergeant.

This left two bolomen facing Mumby. He sank his butcher knife to the hilt in the chest of one and could not draw it out. He struck the other with the bread knife, but the thin blade buckled. The blow threw the native off balance, however, and Mumby made his escape and joined Corporal Burke.

Sergeant John D. Closson, a powerful man, was one of a half dozen who had glanced up in time to escape from the mess tent before the charging bolomen had reached it. He gained the back stairway of the barracks at the same time as the natives and surged upstairs with them. They made no attempt to bolo the sergeant but went straight for the rifles. Closson got a gun first, however, but was downed by a crowd of natives who tore the weapon from his hands.

Regaining his feet Closson began to swing his fists. He received four bolo wounds and one from a stiletto, which severed a nerve, depriving him of control of the left side of his face. But the sergeant snatched a rifle from a native and sprang through a window.

Landing on the ground twenty feet below he was rushed by two bolomen. Closson struck one of them with the rifle, breaking the stock at the smallest

part. The firing mechanism was unimpaired, however, and he shot number two. Noticing that the magazine was loaded the sergeant turned the cut-off and reloaded the chamber from his belt. This shot disposed of the next native who approached. Then a crowd charged Closson and he turned loose the five shots in the magazine.

Fighting was in progress all about the barracks. Here a man defended himself with a shovel, there an American wielded a bolo. Cook Walls in a bloody apron took his stand at the foot of the flag-staff beside a pile of stones which he hurled with superb effect. Considine fought with a baseball bat. Sergeant Betron maintained a deadline about his person with a carpenter's adze.

Drenched with blood, Closson made his way to the main entrance of the barracks. There Considine with his ball bat and De Graffenreid and Manire with spades were trying to break down the door which the natives held from within. Closson fired twice through the door and the four soldiers forced it and fought their way upstairs to the squad-rooms. Closson passed a rifle to Manire. He got another for himself and gave Considine the one with a broken stock.

A native swept Considine off his feet, and raised a bolo to end him. "I'm gone!" cried the man who was down. "No, you're not!" yelled De Graffenreid, as he picked up a gun from the floor and without waiting to raise it to his shoulder dispatched the adversary of Considine.

Three or four more men struggled upstairs and the melee increased in violence.

"For God's sake get him!"

The cry came from Private Buhrer, who clutched one native by the throat. But another savage was stabbing Buhrer with a bayonet and a third swung his bolo for a blow that would have cut the American in two. Private Ralston grasped the upraised bolo in his bare hands, and although his fingers were nearly severed, tore it from the native and started to the assistance of Buhrer. A blow on the head knocked Ralston down and he lost the bolo. A native came at him with a bayonet. From a crouching position Ralston deflected a thrust aimed at his chest. The bayonet passed through his neck and he saved himself by leaping backward from a window.

Closson threw rifles from the windows to some soldiers below, and after an hour of fierce fighting the natives were driven from the barracks and from the plaza. The last stage of this operation was facilitated by the arrival of the detachment of Sergeants Betron and Markley.

The survivors of C Company were now in possession of the town, and unmolested except for a little sniping from the edge of the jungle. But the native marksman, who fired from the hip, was not as dangerous as when he had a bolo in his hand. The retirement had been somewhat tactical, however. The natives were reforming under cover of the jungle for another assault.

Sergeant Betron, who assumed com-

mand of the united force, guessed this and prepared to take to the boats. He ordered a reconnaissance for wounded. A few were found and carried to the beach. A little water and hardtack was stowed in the boats, and the company records secured. Bolts were drawn from the rifles the survivors could not take with them, the pieces being thrown in the river and the bolts put in the boats to be disposed of at sea. These preparations stirred the natives to greater activity. The firing increased and the wail of war conches presaged an attack.

At 7:40 o'clock Sergeant Betron stood on the beach looking at his watch, waiting for Sergeant Markley, who had taken a party to try to burn the town. The rest were in the boats, five in number. The damp wood failed to ignite, and after Private Wingo and Musician Meyer had lowered the flag from its tall staff on the plaza, the men returned to the beach. Markley tossed the colors to Betron.

"I pulled Old Glory down," said young Wingo.

"Good boy!" replied Betron, and rapidly assigned the Markley party to boats.

The seaworthiness of a native barota, or out-rigged dug-out canoe, depends greatly upon the skill with which it is handled. Fortunately the bay was calm. Sergeant Betron's party numbered thirty-four men, thirty of whom were wounded. Several were helpless.

By airline along shore the distance to Basey is about six miles, but the journey by water, necessitating the rounding of a jutting headland, makes it four or five times that far. The men were not two hundred yards from shore when the perilous nature of their undertaking was brought home to them. Natives rushed upon the beach and began to shoot, but this was the least of the fugitives' worries. The unwieldy boats rapidly exhausted the strongest. An adverse tide and freshening wind added complications, and the men were ten hours in clearing the headland, three miles from their starting place. The tropical sun beat down mercilessly. The water supply was wholly inadequate to this snail's pace. Two of the wounded died.

Beyond the headland the breeze strengthened and a choppy sea swamped the boat in charge of Private Bertholf. Some of the men were taken into other boats, which overloaded them. Bertholf and four companions said that they would chance it on their own. When last seen by the main party they were clinging to the half-submerged barota, drifting with the tide toward a rock-bound shore.

Powers was alone in a tiny canoe towed by a larger boat. The tow line kept pulling his bow under water and he asked to be cast off. Wingo got in with him.

"I'll have a better chance paddling my own canoe," he said, and waving farewell to the others the two changed course and paddled vigorously to sea in the direction of the island of Leyte.

Progress was (Continued on page 78)

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Balangiga

(Continued from page 77)

so slow that Sergeant Markley with one man took the smallest and swiftest of the remaining three boats and pushed ahead in search of succor.

This so burdened the two barotas left behind that it was necessary to cast overboard the bodies of the dead, a thousand rounds of ammunition and several rifles. The wind increased and white-capped seas broke over the boats continuously. All were in agony from their salt-drenched wounds and from thirst. The necessity for bailing left little time to man the paddles.

In this situation a fleet of native canoes appeared in their rear, filled with warriors brandishing bolos and spears. Sergeant Betron ordered the paddlers to rest their arms. When the enemy was within easy rifle range he gave the word to fire. One volley threw the attackers into confusion. They dropped two miles astern and eventually disappeared.

By evening the case of the men in the boats was desperate. Several were unconscious, others out of their heads from pain and thirst. The last drop of water had been rationed out and drunk. Only five remained who were capable of paddling or using a rifle. Sergeant Betron attempted a landing for water, but was driven off by bolomen who followed the boats on shore.

Just as the sun began to sink beneath the horizon a steam launch was sighted. Betron displayed his flag, fired a volley, and after that, minute guns; but the wind was blowing the wrong way and the launch was soon lost to view. Then what was taken for a sail boat raised the flagging spirits of the men. But it proved to be a cloud.

Night fell and lights blinked along shore. When the boats drifted near enough the men could hear the mournful wail of the conches which the natives used for long distance communication.

No survivor has been able to give much of an account of how he passed that night.

At 3:30 o'clock in the morning a sentry paced the old Moro sea-wall at Basey. The tide was out. The sentry halted.

What was that croaking noise that sounded remotely like a human voice? The tropical night is full of eerie noises.

"Help, for Christ's sake! For Christ's sake help!"

Still believing that his ears deceived him, the sentry uncovered his dark lantern and looked upon the water.

A few rods away on a shoal were two boats, filled with half-naked and apparently unconscious men.

They were Betron and his twenty-two survivors, of whom three were dying. Four of the number, all who could stand, had hold of the prow of one of the boats and were dragging it around in a circle, while one chanted with a tongue so swollen from thirst that he could not close his mouth:

"Help, for Christ's sake. For Christ's sake help!"

There were five other survivors, including the Filipino, Francisco. Bertholf and four companions who had drifted ashore with their swamped boat were attacked by natives and two of their number killed. Bertholf, Marak and Francisco gathered a few cocoanuts, captured a barota and put to sea, where they were picked up by the U. S. S. *Pittsburg*. Sergeant Markley and Private Swanson, who went ahead to find relief, were twice swamped. They had a fight on shore, seized a boat and eventually reached an American outpost on the island of Leyte. Wingo was never seen or heard of, but the hacked body of Powers, his boat-mate, was found on the coast of Samar.

Then and Now

(Continued from page 44)

mander William F. Giles of Beaufort County Post at Washington, North Carolina, loaned us the snapshot and makes this report regarding it:

"The snapshot which I am enclosing was made near Brioules, France, on November 4, 1918. The Dodge car shown was assigned to Colonel Fisher of the 307th Field Artillery. He drove up to this spot and was stopped due to the report that the road ahead was mined. He stepped out of his car and directed his chauffeur to return to Brioules.

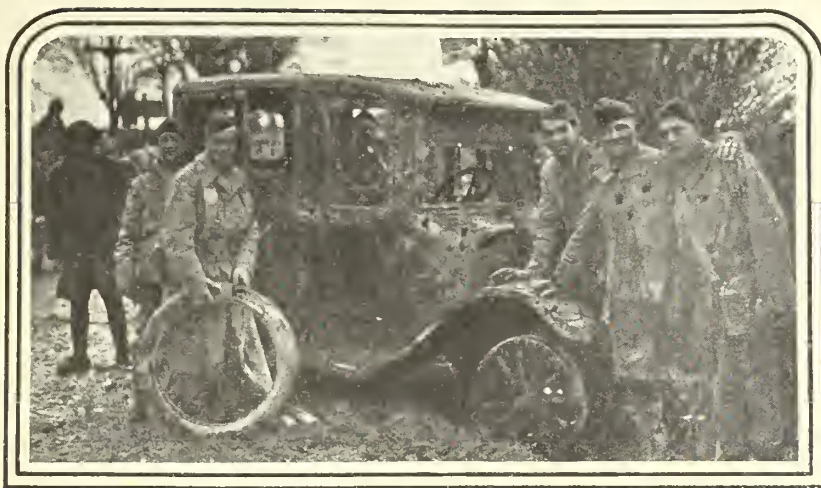
"The colonel had barely left the car to proceed forward on foot, when a German H. E. shell landed directly in front of the machine, instantly killing the driver and shattering the machine.

"The snapshot was taken by a 117th

Engineers photographer and a copy was given to me by E. C. Pitman who was in the 117th Engineer Train. I belonged to Company C, 303d Engineers, and was present when this happened but didn't know that a picture of it existed until Pitman brought it to me.

"Pitman doesn't know any of the soldiers appearing in the picture nor do I, but they most likely were men from some unit of the 78th Division or 42d Division. The chauffeur of the car was the last person I saw killed in the war and I should like to know who he was."

Quite often we receive letters containing stories similar to the foregoing and are requested to help the writers get a line on some wounded man whom they assisted. We're glad to do this, when



William F. Giles, Company C, 303d Engineers, witnessed the shelling which tore up this car near Briuelles, France, November 4, 1918. The driver, chauffeur to Colonel Fisher of the 307th Field Artillery, was killed. Who was he and who are the men in the picture?

sufficient facts are given, particularly the dates and places of such occurrences and the outfits involved.

PITY the poor Post Adjutant! While we sympathize with him, we have another detail to add to his already overloaded shoulders—a detail suggested by Leonard J. Lynch of Earl R. Stewart Post of the Legion in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Lynch is himself an Adjutant—but not of a Legion post. He has served in that office for the 328th Field Artillery Veterans Association, A. E. F., for the past seven years.

The suggestion he makes with reference to rounding up members of his own outfit is one that will benefit all outfit associations. Here it is:

“Adjutants of all American Legion posts: Will you please check over the membership roster of your post to see if any former 328th Field Artillery men are members and, if so, send their names and addresses to me?”

From reports we have received regarding notices in this column, we learn that these notices are of mutual benefit to the veteran societies and to the Legion. So, Post Adjutants, we ask your co-operation in connection with the following announcements, and subsequent announcements which will appear in Then and Now:

SEVENTH DIV.—Annual reunion in Washington, D. C., about the middle of November. For detailed information address: Maj. J. T. Harris, Q. M. C., Washington, D. C.; Capt. A. Freeman, 1808 Chestnut st., Philadelphia; Col. McIntee, Recruiting Station, Newark, N. J., or A. L. Millmore, Board of Education, 31 Green st., Newark.

27TH DIV.—“New York’s Own” National Guard Division will hold a convention in London, England, in May, 1930, followed by a tour of Belgian and French battlefields. For particulars address C. Pemberton Lenart, secy., 100 State st., Albany, N. Y.

32D DIV.—Former members are invited to attend dedication of General Haan Memorial in Arlington Cemetery, near Washington, D. C., Nov. 7th. Divisional reunion in Milwaukee, Wisc., Sept., 1930. Address Byron Beveridge, secy., c/o Wisconsin National Guard Review, State Capitol, Madison, Wisc.

78TH DIV.—Former members are requested to file names and permanent addresses, stating unit in which they served, with Lieut. John Kennedy, secy., 78th Div. Assoc., 208 W. 19th st., New York City.

109TH INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion at the Armory, Broad and Callowhill sts., Philadelphia, Pa., Mon., Jan. 13, 1930. Address Albert E. Garvin, comdr., c/o Elks Club, Philadelphia.

111TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion at Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 10-11. Address Wm. G. Blough, secy., 8531 Pershing st., Wilkesburg Sta., Pittsburgh.

313TH INF.—Reunion at Baltimore, Md., Sat., Nov. 9. Address Benjamin Kann, Adj., Montaucon Post, 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

79TH F. A.—For particulars regarding 1930 reunion address Peter Murdock, 16 Hoyt st., Spring Valley, N. Y.

144TH F. A. (GRIZZLIES), 40TH DIV.—Ninth annual reunion at Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 3. Address Ed. O. McMahon, secy., 802 Pacific Mutual bldg., Los Angeles.

328TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—To complete roster, former members are requested to send names and addresses to Adj. L. J. Lynch, 209 W. Elm st., S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

15TH U. S. ENGRS.—Reunion of regiment at Pittsburgh, Pa., Sat., April 26, 1930. Address R. L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken ave., Pittsburgh 6, Pa.

17TH AND 148TH AERO SQDRNS.—Reunion on Armistice Day, Nov. 11. For information regarding place of meeting address S. B. Eckert, 1608 Walnut st., Philadelphia.

U. S. GEN. HOSP. 31—All patients, enlisted men, officers, and nurses interested in reunion in July, 1930, at Carlisle, Pa., address Mrs. Emma Voigtsberger, U. S. Vets. Hosp., Perry Point, Md., or Miss Magdalena Shumpp, 35 S. Bedford st., Carlisle, Pa.

BASE HOSP. 66—Plans for second annual reunion being made. Former members and patients who are interested in reunion and proposed association, address W. D. Frost, 2955 Decatur ave., New York City.

BASE HOSP. 116—Eleventh annual reunion at Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 9. Address Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 416 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

104TH FIELD HOSP., 26TH DIV.—To complete roster, former members are requested to send names and addresses to John W. Dunlap, 63 Pennacook st., Manchester, N. H.

CO. L, 132D INF., 33D DIV.—All former members are requested to send names and addresses to Lee W. Reuter, 4005 North ave., Chicago, Ill. Reunion in November.

HQ. CO., 329TH INF., 83D DIV.—Former members interested in proposed reunion, address E. A. Papworth, 18 Union st., Oberlin, Ohio.

BTRY. B, 112TH HEAVY F. A.—Annual reunion in the Artillery Armory, Camden, N. J., Nov. 13. Address Sgt. M. L. Atkinson, secy., Artillery Armory, 9th and Wright ave., Camden.

BATTERIES E AND F, 113TH F. A.—Joint reunion at Lenoir, N. C., in 1930. For particulars address Maj. L. B. Crayton, 1st Natl. Bank bldg., Charlotte, N. C., or Sgt. J. C. Powell, secy., 2030 Bay st., Charlotte.

BTRY. E, 122D F. A.—Reunion and Armistice celebration Nov. 16 in Armory ballroom, Chicago. Address Capt. R. L. Kapsa, 234 E. Chicago ave., Chicago.

CO. B, 104TH ENGRS’ ASSOC.—Eleventh annual reunion and banquet, Hotel Walt Whitman, Camden, N. J., Nov. 9. Address Clifford J. Shemeley, 926 Spruce st., Camden.

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READERS of the first instalment of William T. Scanlon's "God Have Mercy on Us" will recall that in one of the moments of ease following the Belleau Wood action, when Scanlon's outfit was resting in a barn, the survivors of the m  le "had a handshaking party" and the platoon wits had a chance to strut their stuff. "The *Whitestone Herald* will hear about this, hey, Carney?" somebody asks. And the reply comes, from Carney or another: "I'll tell the world it will!"

AND it has. Whether it did at the time this department has no means of knowing short of taking a trip to Whitestone, New York, and looking through the *Herald's* 1918 file. But the editor of the *Herald* has kindly sent us a copy of the issue for August 2d of this year with a front-page story the head of which demands to know: "Was Chet Clancy 'Carney' in \$12,500 War Tale?" After quoting the passage in "God Have Mercy on Us" in which the *Herald* is mentioned, the *Herald's* story continues: "Locally, the members of Edward McKee Post are wondering who William T. Scanlon is and just why he selected Whitestone's long established homewekly as a bit of the 'local color' in his gripping tale of the war as it actually is. There are many conjectures as to who 'Carney' of that group may have been. The most logical guess is that 'Carney' is Chester Clancy of Whitestone, a member of the First Battalion, Sixth United States Marines, and in action at Belleau Woods near Montreuil-aux-Lions—the village spoken of in the story. Clancy, who is a half-brother of Senator Alfred J. Kennedy and brother of John W. Clancy, Master of Whitestone Lodge of Masons, is now reported to be in Texas." Yes, Mr. Editor, Carney is Clancy.

BOTH Major General Charles Dudley Rhodes and Major General Milton J. Foreman are in their middle sixties, but their combined military service exceeds in length of time the age of either of them. General Rhodes was graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1889, and is a veteran of the Sioux Indian campaign of 1890-91, the Spanish-American War, the China Relief Expedition, the Philippine Insurrection and the World War. In France he commanded the 157th Artillery Brigade in three major offensives, and just before the Armistice, as he narrates in this issue, he assumed command of the 42d (Rainbow) Division. Milton J. Foreman enlisted in the Illinois National Guard in

1895. During the Spanish-American War he served as captain in the First Illinois Cavalry, of which organization he subsequently became colonel. In the World War he was colonel commanding the 122d Field Artillery, and later was promoted brigadier general. In 1921 he was appointed major general commanding the 33d Division.

IT WILL be disturbing news to many hundred thousand readers of The American Legion Monthly to know that the Society of Legionnaires Who Have Read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Entire is about to shut up shop. The threat made in the April Message Center is going to be fulfilled. When the last report was issued, in the June issue, there were eighty-eight names on the society's roster—the Message Center said eighty-seven at the time, but a subsequent audit boosted the figure by one. In the interval twelve new members have been enrolled, raising the total to exactly one hundred, the figure at which, it was stated in April, the society would give three rousing cheers for itself and then disband. The society, it will be recalled by first-class recallers, was organized in March, 1927, when Legionnaire Gene Tunney, then unretired heavyweight champion of the world, made the statement that he had "struggled through Gibbon." This seemed to the Message Center such a notable feat that an appeal was issued for the names of other Legionnaires who had done likewise. With results only too well known to the devoted followers of this page.

ONE of the dozen newcomers—E. G. Hoyt of Ridgway, Pennsylvania, Historian of Ledden-Young Post—sets a record for members of the society and perhaps for all time. He began to read Gibbon on February 23d of this year and finished on May 8th—two months and fifteen days. Mr. Hoyt does not state whether he was refueled by hand or whether he slept only two nights out of three. Two of the new members have each read Gibbon twice—C. C. Bassett of Goodland, Indiana, and Berns-Burgess Post, and Joseph F. Bonner of Oakland Post and an employee of Edward Hines, Jr., Hospital at Hines, Illinois. Several new members have evidently done their reading as a result of the inspiration provided by earlier members—at any rate they have done their reading since the society was organized. They are H. E. Holmes of Chariton, Iowa; Wiley O. Bolton of Lyons, Kansas;

Edmund H. Levy, Senior Patrol Inspector, United States Immigration Service, Brownsville, Texas, and George J. Dinius of Navy Post of Los Angeles, California. Mr. Levy writes: "I began to read Gibbon in New Orleans. I left New Orleans about five years ago, and it was not until a couple of months ago that I discovered that Henry Skelton, Past Commander of the local Legion post, had a set. So I reviewed the two volumes I had already read and then completed the whole."

ANOTHER Gibbonette is included among the new members. She is Miss Helen M. De Vol of Thane, Alaska. She did her reading in the winter of 1924-25 while teaching in the Indian school at Pipestone, Minnesota. Miss De Vol is a member of Jack Henry Post of the Legion of Anchorage, Alaska. Other new members are Frank W. Rust of Summerland, California, a member of Post 49 at Santa Barbara; Harry E. Insley of Victory Post of Los Angeles and a Past Department Vice-Commander; Dr. Edgar Austin of Plant City, Florida, and Francis W. Marshall of Woodland Post of Chicago.

AS A valedictory testimonial to the great work which the Message Center has been doing in promoting the Gibbon movement it is pleasant to reproduce the following appreciative tribute by Alexander Woolcott of Savenay Post of New York City in his department, "Shouts and Murmurs," in *The New Yorker*: "A campaign has been waged by The American Legion Monthly in a puzzling effort to persuade the veterans to read Gibbon's 'The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' It began with a hearty and signed endorsement of the presumably gratified opus by that muscular bookworm, Mr. Tunney, and after two years of unremitting propaganda, the enrollment of ex-warriors who either had already read it or have since read it has risen to ninety. It has been an uphill fight, made all the more difficult by the indignant and sometimes profane letters from Legionnaires long since wearied of the topic. The feeling will run high at the next convention, if the secret ever gets loose among the delegates that the editor of their Monthly, who has so ably directed the campaign, has not himself gone so far as to read a single page of Gibbon."

The Editor

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Here is how the plan works: We have designed a magnificent colorful display which automatically sells the consumer. At the same time a special message solicits orders from business men with their ads. The dealer is authorized to take orders at the list price furnished him and collect 25 per cent deposit. This deposit the dealer retains as his profit and mails the order to us. We make shipment direct to the customer and collect the balance. Every order that the dealer sends in will show your name as our distributor. Out of this balance we pay you 25 per cent commission. Advertising orders usually run in large quantities, ranging in lots of 100, 500 to several thousand. Estimating very conservatively, we will assume that a dealer will take orders for only 200 imprinted ash receivers per month amounting to \$500.00. On that basis he will collect 25 per cent or \$125.00. Your commission is also 25 per cent of the balance or \$100.00. If you have only twenty-five established dealers averaging 200 imprinted Lift-a-Lites per month, your commission will amount to \$2,500.00. Before you appoint any dealer as your sub-agent for the imprinted lighters, it is necessary that he buy three or six assorted Lift-a-Lite Ash Receivers for resale and display over the counter. Your profit on the resale of Lift-a-Lites to 25 dealers will be \$108.00 in addition to the commission you will receive on all of their imprint orders. You can see at a glance what a money corner this proposition is. You simply can't miss a sale with this plan. Your earnings are only limited by the number of dealers you call on. BUT THIS IS NOT ALL

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